

Pretty Boy Floyd

The Byrds

Well gather round children, a story I will tell
About Pretty Boy Floyd the outlaw, Oklahoma knew him well
Was in the town of Shawnee on a Saturday afternoon
His wife beside him in a wagon as into town they rode

And along come a deputy sheriff in a manner rather rude
Using vulgar words of language and his wife she overheard
And Pretty Boy grabbed a long chain,
And the deputy grabbed a gun
And in the fight that followed, he laid that deputy down

Then he ran through the trees and bushes
And lived a life of shame
Every crime in Oklahoma was added to his name
He ran through trees and bushes on the Canadian River shore
And many a starving farmer opened up his door

It was in Oklahoma City, It was on a Christmas Day
A whole carload of groceries and a letter that did say
Well you say that I'm an outlaw, you say that I'm a thief
Well, here's a Christmas dinner for the families on relief

As through this life you travel, you meet some funny men
Some rob you with a six-gun, some with a fountain pen
As through this life you ramble, as through this life you roam
You'll never see an outlaw take a family from their home