

Pretty Boy Floyd

Ghost Mice

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

Then along came the deputy sheriff in a manner rather rude
Using vulgar words of language, his wife she overheard
Then 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 to the trees and bushes to live a life of shame
Every crime in Oklahoma was added to his name
He ran to the 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 with a letter that did say
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 will rob you with a six-gun and 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