Pretty Boy Floyd

Joan Baez

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 floyd grabbed a long chain, and the deputy grabb
ed 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 sh
ame
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

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