

Pretty Boy Floyd

Kaleo

I'm going to get those laws made
I'm going to get those laws, she wrote
And you can say you're sorry
Oh, it's a little too late, I'm afraid
Yeah

Oh here we go now
They call me Pretty Boy Floyd
Aw yeah

They try to wash their hands off
And put me down for every sting
And I don't need to no star baby
I'm only dead on the loft anyway
You can run, you can fight
But you can't hide

Oh you can't hide
They call me Pretty Boy Floyd

Now when you get to the bottom bail
They wanna see you plea for the stairs
They're gonna take you for every cent
They're gonna bleed you dry, my friend
You can run, you can fight
You can run, you can fight
You can run, you can fight
Oh, but you can't hide

Yeah you can't hide, you can't hide
(No you can't hide)
You can't hide, you can't hide
Oh yeah

Oh hold it
Pretty Boy Floyd

While they carry me off
Lord nobody knows
While they carry me off
Save your sorry soul
While they carry me off
Lord nobody knows
While they carry me off
Lord nobody knows, oh yeah

(Woo hoo)
They call me Pretty Boy Floyd
You can't hide, you can't hide
(No you can't hide)
You can't hide, you can't hide
Oh yeah
Oh yeah you can't hide

They call me Pretty Boy Floyd