

Pretty Boy Floyd

Moriarty

Come gather 'round me, children
Here's a story I wanna tell
About Pretty Boy Floyd, an outlaw
Oklahoma knew him well

It was in the town of Shawnee
On a Saturday afternoon
With his wife beside him in his wagon
As into town they rode

A deputy sheriff approached him
In a manner rather rude
Using vulgar words of anger
And his wife she overheard

Pretty Boy had a log chain
And the deputy had a gun
And in the fight that followed
He laid that deputy down

He took to the trees and the timber
And he lived a life of shame
And every crime in Oklahoma
Was added to his name

He took to the trees and the timber
And get on the river shore
But the outlaw found a welcome
At a-many farmer's door

As a story of a stranger
who came to beg a meal
And underneath his napkin
He left a thousand-dollar bill

It was in Oklahoma City
On an early Christmas Day
With a car load full of groceries
And a little note that say

"Well, you say that I'm an outlaw
You say that I'm a thief
Well here's a Christmas dinner
For your ??? on relief"

As through this world I've travelled
And as through this world I roam
And I've never see an outlaw
To run a family from their home

As through this world I've travelled
I've seen lots of funny men
Some will rob you with a six-gun
And others a fountain pen

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