

Pete Seeger, Pretty Boy Floyd

Gather round me children
A story I will tell
About pretty boy Floyd, the outlaw
Oklahoma knew him well
Twas in the town of Shawnee
On a Saturday afternoon
With his wife beside him in a wagon
It was into town they rode

Well, a deputy sheriff called him
In a manner rather rude
Using vulgar words of language
And his wife she overheard

Well, pretty boy grabbed a log chain
The deputy grabbed his gun
And in the fight that followed
He laid that deputy down

He took to the woods and timber
He lived a life of shame
Every crime in Oklahoma
They laid on to his name

He took to the river bottoms long
The north Canadian shore
And many a starving farmer
He opened up his door

They tell about a stranger
The same old story goes
How pretty boy paid their mortgage
And he saved their little home

Yeah, they tell about a stranger
Who came to beg a meal
And underneath his napkin
He left a thousand dollar bill

Into Oklahoma city
It was on a Christmas day
Come a whole wagon load full of groceries
And a note on which did say

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

Through this world I've rambled
I've seen many funny men
Some will rob you with a six-gun
And some with a fountain pen

But as through your lives you travel, boy
As through your lives you roam
You won't never see no outlaw
Drive a family from their home