Pretty Boy Floyd
(Guthrie)

F    / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / /

/F
If you’ll gather ‘round me, children
Bb      F
A story I will tell
Bb      C7
‘Bout Pretty Boy Floyd, an outlaw
F
Oklahoma knew him well

F
It was in the town of Shawnee
Bb      F
A Saturday afternoon
Bb      C7
His wife beside him in his wagon
F
As into town they rode

F
There a deputy sheriff approached him
Bb      F
In a manner rather rude
Bb      C7
Vulgar words of anger,
F
An’ his wife she overheard

F
Pretty Boy grabbed a log chain
Bb      F
And the deputy grabbed his gun
Bb      C7
In the fight that followed
F
He laid that deputy down

F
Then he took to the trees and timber
Bb      F
To live a life of shame
Bb      C7
Every crime in Oklahoma
F
Was added to his name
But a many a starving farmer
The same old story told
How the outlaw paid their mortgage
And saved their little homes

Others tell you 'bout a stranger
That come to beg a meal
Underneath his napkin
Left a thousand dollar bill

It was in Oklahoma City
It was on a Christmas Day
There was a whole car load of groceries
Come with a note to say:

“Well, you say that I’m an outlaw
You say that I’m a thief,
Here’s a Christmas dinner
For the families on relief”

Yes, as through this world I’ve wandered
I’ve seen lots of funny men
Some will rob you with a six-gun
And some with a fountain pen

And as through your life you travel
Yes, as through your life you roam
You won’t never see an outlaw
Drive a family from their home