

Pretty Boy Floyd

Christy Moore

Come gather round me people and a story I will tell
About Pretty Boy Floyd the outlaw, Oklahoma knew him well
In the town of Shawnee all on a Saturday afternoon
With his wife beside him in the truck as into the town he rode

There a deputy approached him in a manner very rude
Using vulgar language that his wife she overheard
Pretty Boy grabbed a log chain and the deputy grabbed his gun
In the fight that followed he laid the deputy down

He took to the woods and mountains of the Canadian river shore
Pretty Boy found a welcome at many a poor farmer's door
He took to the woods and mountains and led a life of shame
Every crime in Oklahoma was added to his name

There is many starving farmer the same old story told
How Pretty Boy paid their mortgage and saved their little homes
More speak about a strange man who came to beg a meal
And underneath his napkin left a thousand dollar bill

In the town of Shawnee all on a Christmas day
There came a car filled with groceries and a message that did say
You say I am an outlaw, you say I am a thief
Here's a Christmas dinner for the children on relief"

As round the world I travel I've met all kinds of men
Some rob you with a six gun, some with a fountain pen
But as round the world I travel and round the world I roam
I've yet to see an outlaw drive a family from their home