

Poor Ole Tom

Gwar

This is the story of poor ole Tom
He wakes, crusted in vomit
He sobs, his bowels release
His face is painted like a clown
His face contorts in agony Poor Tom, poor ole Tom
Poor Tom, poor ole Tom
Poor Tom, poor ole Tom You wake and wait
But you don't want to wait
You drag yourself from sleep
But look, Tom is coming
Kick him, kick him in the teeth Poor Tom, poor ole Tom
Poor Tom, poor ole Tom
Poor Tom, poor ole Tom He is a buffoonish harlequin
With a nasty habit of getting
The shit, the shit kicked out of him Poor Tom, poor ole Tom
Poor Tom, poor ole Tom
Poor Tom, poor ole Tom The local Nazi bully boys must be rid of Tom
So the death camp will be immaculate
When they turn the ovens on
They smashed his face in the shit
He writhed in his death throes Poor Tom, poor ole Tom
Poor Tom, poor ole Tom
Poor Tom, poor ole Tom

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