

# Poor Tom

Robert Walter

Here's a tale of Tom  
Who worked the railroads long  
His wife would cook his meal  
As he would change the wheel  
Poor Tom, Seventh Son, Always knew what's goin on  
Ain't a thing that you can hide from Tom  
There ain't nothing that you can hide from Tom  
Worked for thirty years  
Sharing hopes and fears  
Dreamin' of the day  
He could turn and say  
Poor Tom, work's done, been lazin' out in the noonday sun  
Ain't a thing that you can hide from Tom  
His wife was Annie Mae  
With any man a game she'd play  
When Tom was out of town  
She couldn't keep her dress down  
  
Poor Tom, Seventh Son, always knew what's goin on  
Ain't a thing that you can hide from Tom  
And so it was one day  
People got to Annie Mae (?)  
Tom stood, a gun in his hand  
And stopped her runnin' around  
Poor Tom, Seventh Son, gotta die for what you've done  
All those years of work are thrown away  
To ease your mind is that all you can say?  
But what about that grandson on your knee?  
Them railroad songs, Tom would sing to me  
Ain't nothing that you can hide from Tom  
Keep-a Truckin'

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