Poor Tom

Skiye

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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