

GWAR, Poor Ole Tom

This is the story of Poor Ole Tom

He wakes encrusted 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
"(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
You kick him, kick him in the teeth

"(Poor Tom)" Poor Ole Tom
"(Poor Tom)" Poor Ole Tom
"(Poor Tom)" Poor, poor, poor, poor
"(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)" Oh, no
"(Poor Tom)" Oh, no
"(Poor Tom)" Oh, no
"(Poor Tom)" Oh, no

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
"(Poor Tom)" Poor Ole Tom

"(Poor Tom)"
"(Poor Tom)"
"(Poor Tom)"
"(Poor Tom)" He doesn't make a sound