

Led Zeppelin, Poor Tom

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 noontday 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'