

# 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 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'