

Zeppelin Led

"Poor Tom"

Visit "[Poor Tom](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Here's a tale of Tom

Who worked the rivers run

His wife would cook his meat

But he wouldn't care to eat

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

Sharin' hopes and fears

Dreamin' of the day

He could turn and say

Poor Tom, work's gone, lazin' out in the noonday sun

Ain't a thing that you can hide from Tom

Ain't nothing that you can hide from Tom

His wife was Ellie May

One of many games she played

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

Ain't nothing that you can hide from Tom

And so it was one day

People got to Ellie May

^^^^^^^^ (again, I'm open to suggestions)

Tom took a gun in his hand

And stopped all the 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?

And railroad song is ... he could be

^^^ (any ideas?)

Ain't nothing that you can hide from Tom

Ain't a thing that you can hide from Tom

Ain't a thing that you can hide from Tom

There ain't nothing that you can hide from Tom

Keep-a Truckin'

Keep-a Truckin

Visit [Zeppelin Led](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.