

Poor Ole Tom

GWAR

This is the story of poor ole tom:

He wakes, crusted in vomit

He sobs, his bowels release

His face is painted like a clown

His face contorts in agony

Poor Tom - Poor Ole Tom

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You wake and wait

But you don't want to wait

You drag yourself from sleep

But look, Tom is coming kick him, kick him in the teeth

He is a buffoonish harlequin

With a nasty habit of getting

The shit - the shit kicked out of him

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...