

The Man From God Knows Where

Tom Russell

Come gather round me children, a story I will tell
I've been around since Jesus met the woman at the well
I've walked these roads ten thousand years, I'm a
ragtime millionaire
I am the rake and the ramblin saint, the man from god
knows where.
Oh, they hung me in Downpatrick, up near St. Patrick's
tomb
But my ghost rose up in the peat fire smoke toward the
rising of the moon
Now as I drift through your villages, all the maidens
stop and stare
There goes old Tom the vagabond, the man from god knows
where.
So its rise up all you ancestores, and dance upon your
graves
I've come to hear your voices now so maybe I'll be
saved
Cursed are we who forget the past, but pray and don't
despair
My song is might haunt your dreams tonight, I'm the man
from god knows where
I've slept beneath your bridges near your oil
refineries
I've gambled on your river boats, Shenandoah; Kanakee
I'm the homeless lad, I'm the orphan child, leaves of
grass sewn through my hair
Yeah, me and old Walt Whitman, we're the men from god
knows where
I've rode the rods on steam trains with a banjo on my
knee
While the ghost of Stepan Foster whispered lines to me
Of the storefront church and the chain gang choir; Black
sorrow filled the air
Then Stephen died on a dross house floor, like a man
from god knows where
I've heard the sound of Indian drums, I've heard the
bugles blow
Before they re-wrote history, into a Wild West show
My kin sailed toward America to steal their Indian
ground
They passed Bill Cody's ships, European bound
So lock up all your daughters, your whiskey and your
gold
I have come to claim my bounty, for the lies that I've
been told
And as I look out on this crowd tonight, I see most of
you don't care
Come lift your glass, reveal your past, to the man from
god knows where...