

Tom Joad Part 1

Woody Guthrie

Tom Joad got out of the old McAlester Pen
There he got his parole
After four long years on a man killing charge
Tom Joad come a-walkin' down the road, poor boy
Tom Joad come a-walkin' down the road

Tom Joad, he met a truck driving man
There he caught him a ride
He said, "I just got loose from McAlester Pen
On a charge called homicide
A charge called homicide"

That truck rolled away in a cloud of dust
Tommy turned his face toward home
He met Preacher Casey, and they had a little drink
But they found that his family they was gone
He found that his family they was gone

He found his mother's old fashion shoe
Found his daddy's hat
And he found little Muley and Muley said
"They've been tracted out by the cats
They've been tracted out by the cats"

Tom Joad walked down to the neighbor's farm
Found his family
They took Preacher Casey and loaded in a car
And his mother said, "We've got to get away"
His mother said, "We've got to get away"

Now, the twelve of the Joads made a mighty heavy load
But Grandpa Joad did cry
He picked up a handful of land in his hand
Said, "I'm stayin' with the farm till I die
Yes, I'm stayin' with the farm till I die"

They fed him short ribs and coffee and soothing syrup
And Grandpa Joad did die
They buried Grandpa Joad by the side of the road
Grandma on the California side
They buried Grandma on the California side

They stood on a mountain and they looked to the west
And it looked like the promised land
That bright green valley with a river running through
There was work for every single hand, they thought
There was work for every single hand