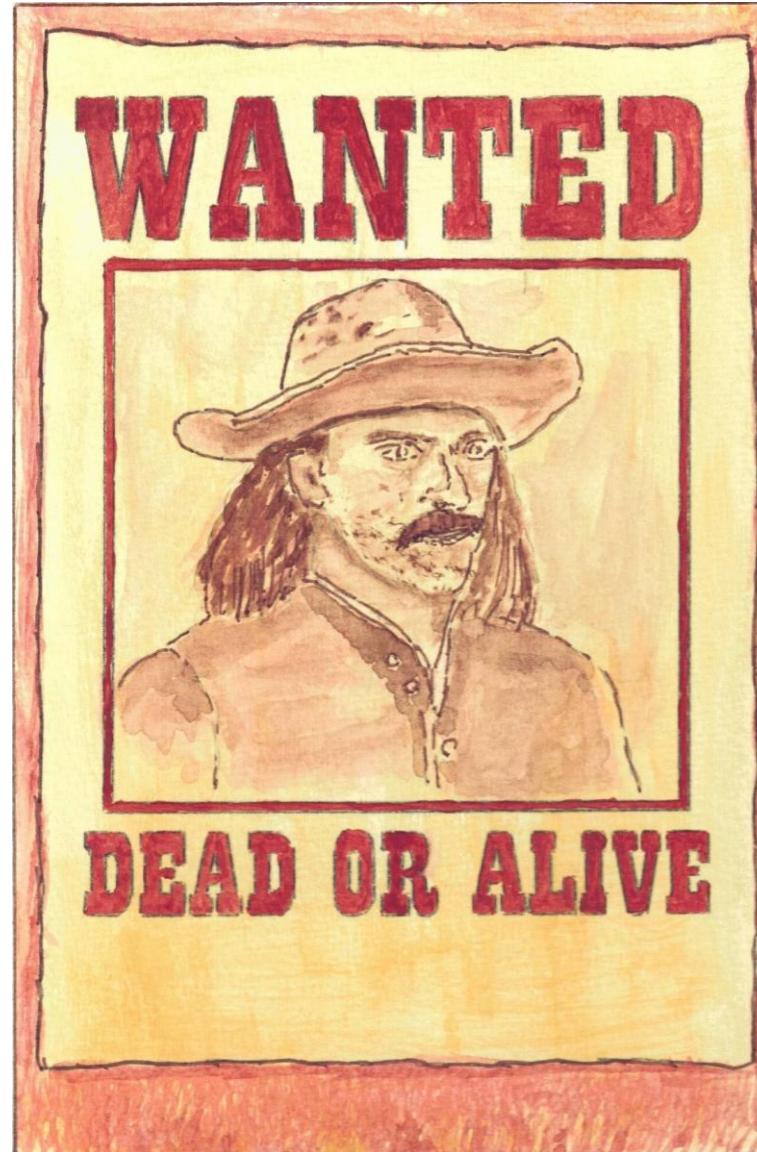


Tom Clark

Tom Clark, the king of evil reigned,
His cup a bloody grail,
Like Mordred dimmed our Camelot,
Tom's evil ways prevailed.

Page 2

1 of 11



Alex Pruitt

One night in Florence at a bar

Alex played Tom Poker

Tom staked his horse on one last game

But was beaten and snookered.

Page 19

2 of 11

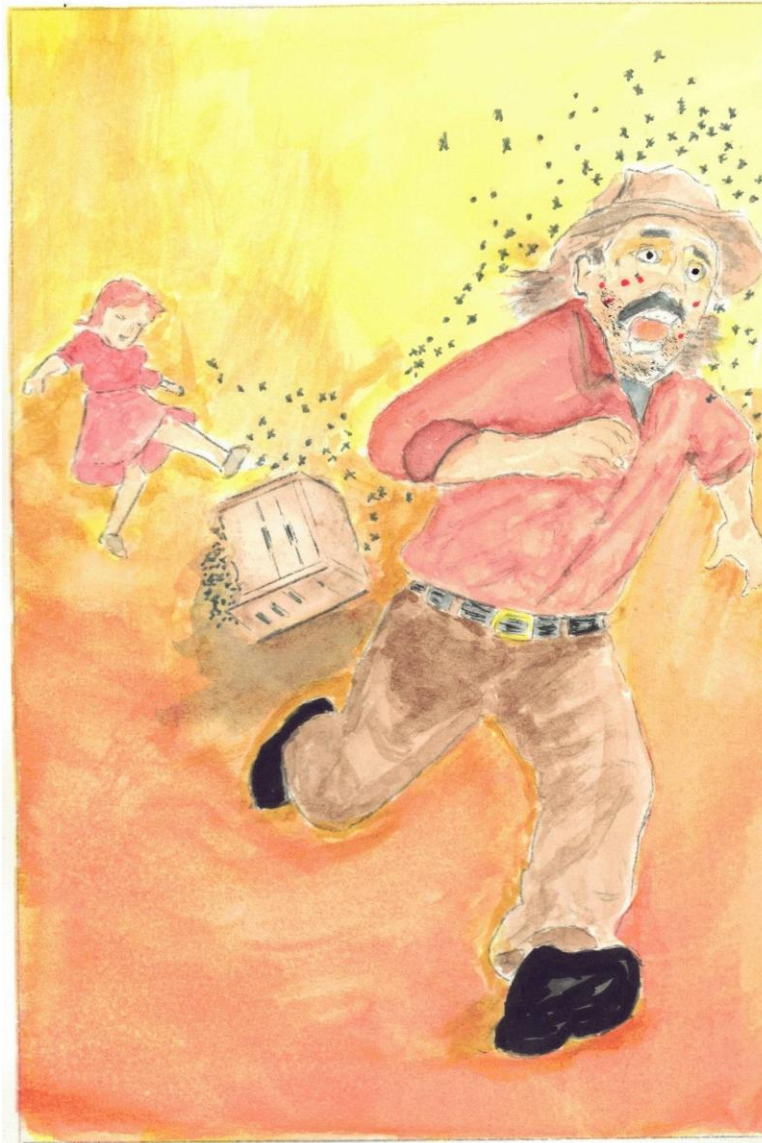


Columbia Perryman

Columbia Perryman, a girl of eleven,
Saw a chance to tease 'em.
Declared that there was honey left----
No better way to please 'em.

Page 29

3 of 11

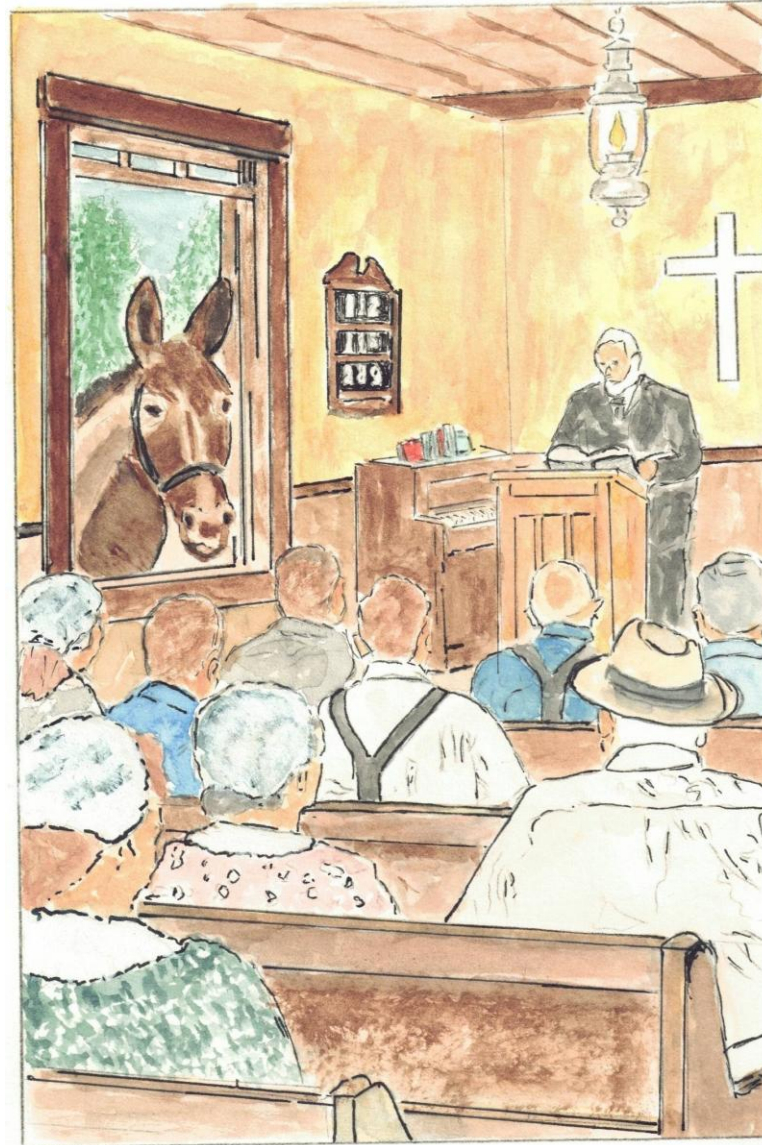


Bill Johnson - OleDutch

Just one thing was quite peculiar
Of a Sunday morning ----
Bill would give the mule a bath
Or she'd give him a warning.

Page 34

4 of 11

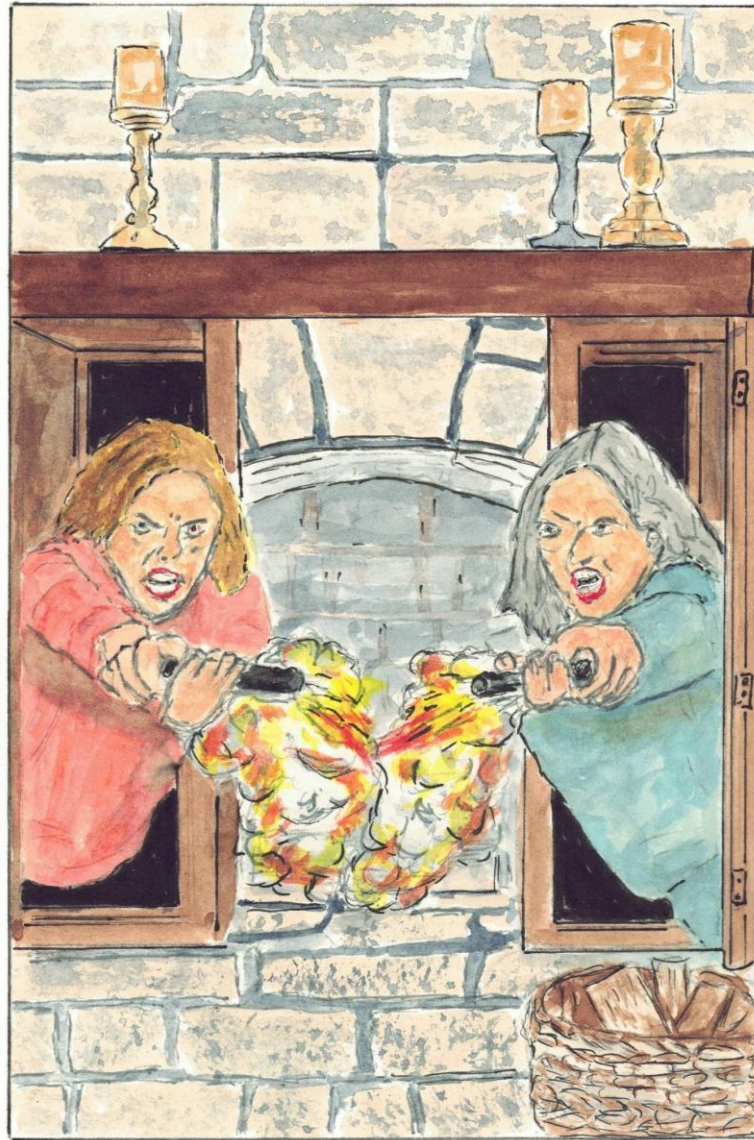


Davie Adkisson's Girls

At this, as if the walls could hear
Trouble in the parlor,
Two portals astride the fireplace wall
Opened to greet the robbers.

Page 48

5 of 11



Sally Chisholm

He turned his gun and shot Sallie,
grazing her on her shoulder.
But she came on, scratching and clawing;
Tom could not control her.

Page 51

6 of 11



The Bigger Gang

The remnant, a solemn chorus came
to Tom's benighted cave.
So many Buggers missing that
the mood was very grave.

Page 60

7 of 11



Tom Clark

Tom Clark was full of piss and spite;
he had one mode of being.
Took back up what he had left
of murder and of stealing.

Page 67

8 of 11

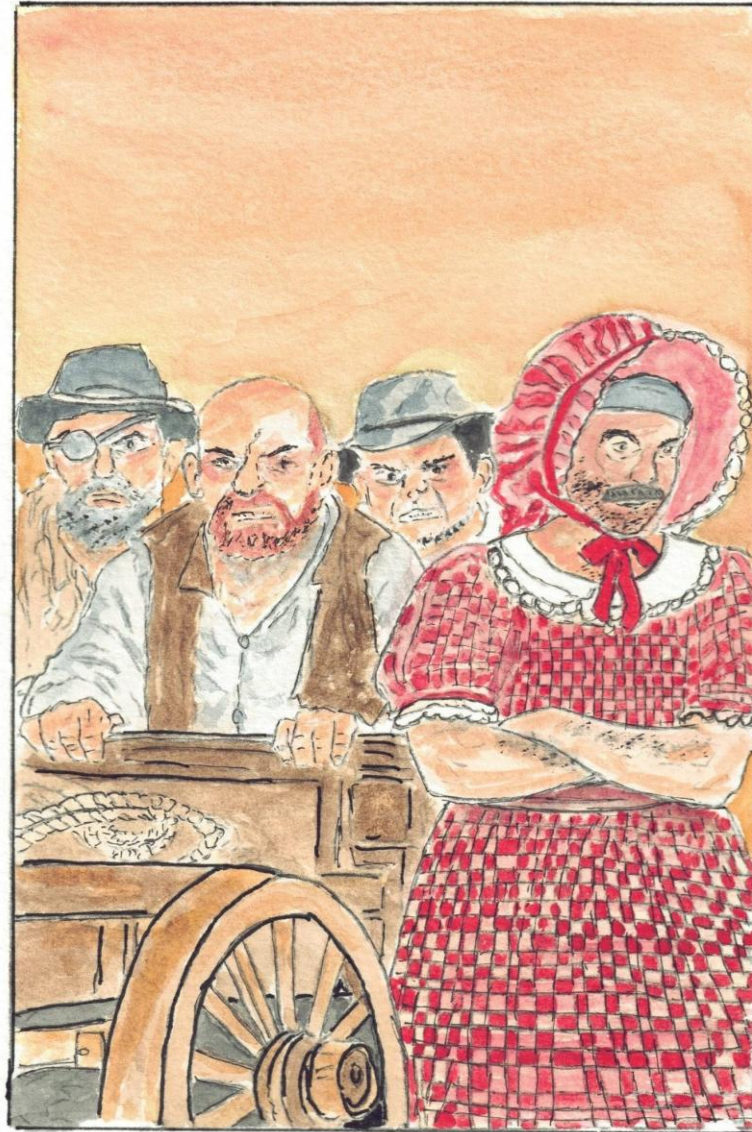


Mother Hubbard - Tom

Behind the surrey on the road
walked a strange old lass.
She wore a Mother Hubbard bonnet
and a gingham dress.

Page 70

9 of 11



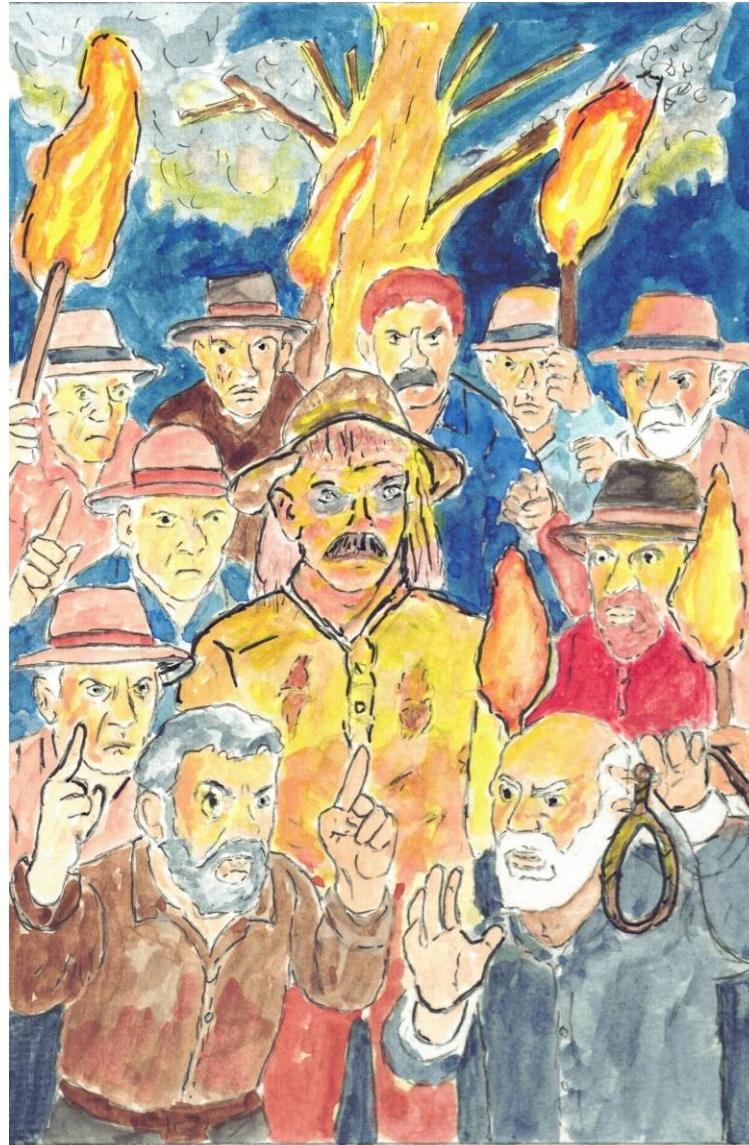
The Hanging

In that moment, Judge made a vow
to keep a vigil there.

He would stand for what was lost
If anybody cared.

Page 80

10 of 11



No Man Would Ride Over Him

The coffin lay beneath the road
standing upright then,
the traffic riding over Tom
his misery to never end.

Page 84

11 of 11

