

Jefferson Jericho Blues

Tom Petty

Well, poor Tom Jefferson
He loved the little maid out back
Midnight creepin' out to the servant's shack
Kept a secret under the bed
Wrapped in a burlap sack

Well, I drove all day and night
Out to Jericho
But in my second mind
I knew it was time to go
Yeah, and I still get nervous every time
That bugle blows

Well, she ain't no good for me
But I just can't let go
If I sit here thinking
My thoughts will overflow
And I can't keep from cryin'
Can't keep time from movin' slow