

Bill Anderson

"Ninety-Nine"

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My mama always told me better than to play with a
loaded gun
If I'd've just listened to her she'd've never had a
prisoner for a son
The picture's still in front of my eyes the echo in my
ears
When the jury said he's guilty and the judge said
ninety-nine years
Oh for ninety-nine years I'll watch the sunrise over that
some old sea
Ninety-nine years nothing but an empty cell for
company
Yet there's not very much that stands between me and
the freedom I hold dear
Just a thousand bars a big brick wall and a sentence of
ninety-nine years

I kissed my darling on her tender lips and they took me
by the hand
I had a nice little ride on a ferry boat to the rock where
the prison stands
The warden said as he locked the door I hope you'll like
it here
Just make yourself a home you're gonna be with us
ninety-nine years
I've almost forgotten what my real name is been a
number for so long
Making little bitty rocks out of great big rocks gets old
as the days wear on
But I'll do my best for ninety-nine years just try to stay
alive
Cause the Governor said if I'd be good I'd get out in
ninety-five
Oh for ninety-nine years...

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