Ed Bruce, Ninety Seven More To Go

Ninety-nine years is a long long time to bust your back and the heart of mine
You sweat so much you can't cry tears when you stop to think about ninety-nine years
Ninety-nine years on a harder rock mine I work two years off of my time
Ninety-nine years go so slow when you still got ninety-seven more to go

Wrong kind woman got me in this mess wantin' pretty things and a satin red dress
What I couldn't make she said I have to take and judge said ninety-nine for just this sake
[guitar]
I take a rest when the guard turns his head
Hopin' he'll be nappin' maybe shoot me dead
Those days drag by and the years go slow
But thank God I only got ninety-seven more to go
Ninety-nine years on a harder rock...