

Jeff Bates, That'll Get You Ten

Just two years an' seven days,
Between me an' legal age.
Just one clerk in that liquor store,
Between me an' that front door.
My coat had deep pockets,
An' he prob'bly had a gun.
Well, I reckon he was watchin' 'cause he said: "Son,
"That'll get you one."

"One year pickin' up trash on the highway.
"One phone call to hear your Momma's heartbreak.
"If you think it's worth it, don't let me stop you, son,
"'Cause that'll get you one."

She had a beer in her hand, she was comin' on strong,
An' I was just this close to takin' her home.
Things were lookin' good when we left that bar,
Till she stopped an' said: "That's my car."
That's when I saw the sticker,
That said: "Franklin County High."
Well, I didn't even kiss the girl goodbye.
'Cause that'll get you five.

Five years bustin' up rocks on the chain gang,
Poundin' and a bang straight plates in the same sink.
Wond'rin' if I'm ever gonna make it out alive.

An' those tan breaks might get me thinkin' 'bout a jail break.
Askin' my Mom to slip a file in my bun cake:
Those bloodhounds'd prob'ly haul me back in:
An that's another ten.

Boss man climbin' down my back,
Won't cut me one inch of slack.
'Tween that steel beam an' the ground below,
It'd be a nasty fall if the wind should blow.
I don't see a witness, an' we're up here awful high.
If he should lose his balance,
He might not survive.
But that'd get you life.

Pumpin' that iron with the boys on the cell-block.
Tyin' my soap to a rope so it don't drop,
An' some ol' boy thinks my biceps look nice.

Writin' to the governor an' beggin' for a pardon,
Thinkin': "That's how Merle Haggard got started."
Swappin' cigarettes for Momma's apple pie.

Lookin' through the glass an' talkin' to my lawyer.
Memorizing Moby Dick an' Tom Sawyer.
Tellin' the parole board: I learned wrong from right:

Yeah, that'd get you life.
Yeah, that'd get you life.