

The Black Crowes, 99 Lbs.

Twenty-five pounds of pure cane sugar
She's got in each and every kiss
You wouldn't know what I'm talking 'bout
If you never had a love like this
Well, I don't mean to be frank with you all
It's a natural fact
Good things come wrapped up in small, small packages now
Well you can't argue with that
Oh, oh, yeah
Ninety-nine pounds of natural born goodness
Ninety-nine pounds of soul, oh, oh
Ninety-nine pounds of natural born goodness
Ninety-nine pounds of soul
Twenty-five pounds of tenderness
She got in each and every touch
Twenty-five pounds of understanding my woman
'Cause I was the one running 'round town worrying too much
Twenty-four pounds of Sunday
That I can't see, yeah
And it all adds up to ninety-nine big pounds
Oh, I'm talking about a feline friend
Ninety-nine pounds of natural born goodness
Ninety-nine pounds of soul
Ninety-nine pounds of natural born goodness
Ninety-nine pounds of soul
Ninety-nine pounds of natural born goodness
Ninety-nine pounds of soul
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