Seven Years

Once I was seven years old, my ma-ma told me; “Go make yourself some friends or you’ll be lone-ly.” Once I was seven years old.

It was a big, big world, but we thought we were big ger. Pushing each oth-er to the lim its, we were learning quick er.

By e-le-v-en, smoking her-b and drink ing burn ing li-quot. Nev-er rich so we were out to make that stead-y fig-ure.
Once I was e-lev-en years old, my dad dy told me, "Go get yourself a wifer or you'll be lone-ly." Once I was e-lev-en years old.

I always had that dream like my daddy before me, I on-ly see my goals, I don't be-lieve in fail-ure

so I start-ed writ ing songs, I start-ed writ ing sto ries. Something a-bout that glo-ry, just al-ways seemed to bore me

'cause I know the smallest voic es, they can make it ma-jor. I got my boys with me, at least those in fa-vor,

'cause on-ly those I real-ly love will ev-er real-ly know me. Once I wast-ten-years old, my sto-ry got

and if we don't meet be-fore I leave, I hope I'll see you lat-er. Once I wast-ten-years old, my sto-ry got
told before the morning sun, when life was lonely. Once I was twenty years old.
told, I was writing about everything I saw before me. Once I was twenty years old.

Once I was twenty years old.

Soon we'll be thirty years old. Our songs have been sold, we've travelled around the world and we're still roaming. Soon we'll be thirty years old.

I'm still learning about life. My woman brought children for me so I can sing them all my songs and I can tell them stories.
Most of my boys are with me, some are still out seeking glory and some I had to leave behind. My brother, I'm still sorry.

Soon I'll be sixty years old. My daddy got six one. Remember life and then your life becomes a better one. I made a man so happy.

When I wrote a letter once. I hope my children come and visit once or twice a month. Soon I'll be sixty years old. Will I think the world is colder will I have a lot of children who can warm me? Soon I'll be sixty years old.
Soon I’ll be sixty years old. Will I think the world is cold or will I have a lot of children who can hold me? Soon I’ll be sixty years old.

Once I was seven years old, my ma-ma told me, “Go make your self some friends or you’ll be lone-ly.” Once I was sev-en years old.

Once I was sev-en years old.