

# Seven Years



Once I was sev-en years old, my ma-ma told me, "Go make yourself some



friends or you'll be lone - ly." \_ Once I was sev-en 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 - lev en, smoking



herb and drinking burn ing li quor. Never rich so we were out to make that steady fig ure. Once I was e - lev en years old, my daddy told



me, "Go get yourself a wife or you'll be lone - ly." \_ Once I was e - lev - en years old.



I always had that \_ dream \_ like my daddy before me, so I start-ed writ ing songs, I start-ed writing stories. I on - ly see my \_ goals, \_ I don't be - lieve in fail - ure 'cause I know the smallest voic es, they can make it ma jor.



Some thing a bout that glo - ry, just always seemed to bore me 'cause on - ly those I real ly love will ev - er real - ly know me. I got my boys \_ with me, at least those in fa - vor, and if we don't meet before I leave, I hope I'll see you lat - er.



Once I was twenty years old, my sto ry got told be fore the morn ing sun, when life was lone - ly. \_ Once I was twenty years  
Once I was twenty years old, my sto ry got told, I was writ ting about ev - 'ry - thing I saw be - fore me. Once I was twenty years



old. Soon we'll be thir - ty years old. Our songs have been

sold, we've travelled around the world and we're still roam - ing. \_ Soon we'll be thir-ty 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 outseeking glo-ry and some I had to leave be - hind. My brother, I'm still sor-ry.

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

when I wrote a let - ter once. I hope my children come and vis - it once or twice a month. Soon I'll be six - ty years

old. Will I think the world is cold or will I have a lot of children who can warm me? Soon I'll be six-ty years old.

Soon I'll be six-ty 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 six ty years old. Once I was seven years old, my mama told me, "Go make yourself some

friends or you'll be lone - ly." \_ Once I was seven years old. Once I was seven years old.