

# 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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