Slow Death

Flamin' Groovies

I called the Doctor
Up in the morning
I had a fever
It was a warningShe said there's nothing I can prescribe
To keep your raunchie bag of bones alive
I got some money
Give me one more shot
She said go kill yourself
I said Thanks a lot.
Its a slow death, slow death, slow death, slow deathI called the preacher
oh holy holy
I begged forgiveness
and then he told meThere's nothing I can prescribe
To keep your raunchie bag of bones alive
I got some money
Give me one more shot
He said go kill yourself
I said Thanks a lot.
I've got to mainline
A hit of morphine
Except the mainline
Is like a bad dreamSlow death eats my mind away
Slow death turns my flesh to clay
slow death, slow death, slow death, slow death
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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