

# Death Row

**Rico Bell**

Here I am, oh my time's rolling slowly by  
21 years old, waiting on my turn to die  
Every minute Lord, every minute seems like five  
And if it wasn't for the window,  
I'd wonder if the world outside was alive  
Yeah, smokin cigarettes, drinkin' coffee  
And waiting on my last meal, I try to pretend  
I try to pretend but this cell is much too real  
Oh, I should have left that chick alone  
I curse the day, I curse the day she was born, now  
Oh the old men they tell me  
they tell me love is akin to hate  
but before I die, I just gotta get it straight now  
Crush out my cigarette, throw away my coffee and scream

Ahhhhhhh, I don't wanna die  
Oh, I don't wanna die  
Oh, it's too late they'll be comin' for me soon  
It's too late to pray, and anyway, God can't see this room  
I'm startin' to sweat now, It won't be long now  
I can see  
They're gonna put me in that chair  
They're gonna put me in that chair and that's how the end's gonna be  
Yeah, it's gettin cold, it's gettin colder  
And I'm startin' to scream, Ahh I don't wanna die  
Don't leave me here to die

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