

# Dr. Dog, Die, Die, Die

It turns out cigarettes can kill you  
Cause when you didn't come back  
Every time that I thought of you  
I smoked a whole pack

I was up to about seventeen packs a day  
I was refueling too  
About every hour or so  
I drank a bottle of white mule

I wasn't thinking about turquoise  
I wasn't thinking about gold  
I wasn't thinking about thinking  
Or about getting old

Got to be so I didn't care  
If I was leaving or loving  
Oh, what I was  
And what I was becoming

I don't want to in your arms  
I just want to die  
Don't want to die in you arms  
I just want to die

And like a marionette doll  
Oh, manned by a fool  
I went into the chicken shed  
Started looking for tools

Well I worked for a month  
Build some sky and some clouds  
And I built some myself some angels  
With trumpets so loud

Well they played hallelujah  
And I knew I was done  
I walked through a golden gate with pearl inlays  
Saw a never setting sun

Well I knew I was dead  
I couldn't do no more harm  
Well I built myself a heaven  
Where you died in my arms

Well you died in my arms when I died  
Well you died in my arms when I died  
Well you died in my arms when I died  
You died in my arms when I died