

Webb Wilder, Slow Death

"Slow Death"

I called the doctor
Up in the morning
I had a fever
It was a warning

She said there's nothing I can prescribe
To keep your raunchy bag of bones alive
I got some money
Give me one more shot
She said go kill yourself
I said Thanks a lot.

It's a slow, it's a slow, it's a slow, it's a slow death

I called the preacher
Oh holy holy
I begged forgiveness
And then he told me

He said there's nothing I can prescribe
To keep your raunchy bag of bones alive
I got some money
Give me one more shot
He said Go kill yourself
I said Thanks a lot

I got to mainline
A hit of morphine
Except the mainline
Is like a bad dream

Slow death
Eat my mind away
Slow death
Turns my guts to clay
Slow death, slow death, slow death, slow death