

## Webb Pierce

### "Slow Death"

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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 raunchie 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 death, slow death, slow death, slow death

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

There'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 dream

Slow death eats my mind away  
Slow death turns my flesh to clay  
Slow death, slow death, slow death, slow death

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