

Webb Wilder "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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