

Prick

"In My Time Of Dying"

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Oh yeah!
Oh, in my time of dying, oh, want nobody to mourn
All I want for you to do is take my body home
Take it home...

Well, well, well, so I can die easy
Well, well, well, so I can die easy
I can die easy.

incoherent distant talking from a very drunken Zakk

Jesus, gonna make up my dyin' bed.
Lord, Meet me, Jesus, meet me. Oh, Meet me in the
middle of the air
If my wings should fail me, Lord. Oh, please meet me
with another pair

Well, well, well, so I can die easy
Well, well, well, so I can die easy
Lord, Yeah!

Jesus, gonna make up.. somebody, somebody...
Jesus gonna make up... Jesus gonna make you my dyin'
bed

Saint Peter, at the gates of heaven... Oh, Won't you just
let me in
I never did no harm. Lord...
Ohhhhh, yeah
Never did you no wrong
Oooooooooo No wrong!

I've only been this young once. I never thought I'd do
anybody no wrong
No, not once.
Lord, I musta done somebody good,
I see their smiling face.
Yeah I see your face child!

Ohhhhh.....
Oh my Jesus

Oh my Jesus
Oh my Jesus
Oh my Jesus

Oh yeah, Oh I'm gonna make it my dyin' day,
Yup.

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