

Lizzy Thin**"Heart Attack Gorham Lynott Wharton"**

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Mama I'm dying of a heart attack, heart attack, heart attack

I love that girl but she don't love me back

My girl she tells me that we're breaking up, breaking up, breaking up

My heart can't handle the strain that's shaking it

She tried to tell me no so long ago

I would not listen but now I know

Papa I'm drinking for an overload, overload, overload

The gun in my pocket is all ready to explode

Papa I'm dying of an overdose, overdose, overdose

I tried to warn you don't come too close

I tried to tell you way back when we were young

I tried to warn you there was something wrong

Mama I'm dying

Oh Papa I'm dying, dying

Heart attack

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