

## Slow Death

The Dictators

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