

# Slow Death

## Flamin' Groovies

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.  
Its 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  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>