

## Slow Death

Miles Kane

I called the doctor in the morning  
I had a fever, it was a warning  
She said, "There's nothing that I can prescribe  
To keep your raunchy bag of bones alive"  
I got the money for one more shot  
She said, "God bless you," I said, "Thank you a lot"

I called the preacher, holy, holy  
Begged for forgiveness, that's what he told me  
He said, "There's nothing that I can prescribe  
To keep your raunchy bag of bones alive"  
I've got the money for one more shot  
He said, "God bless you," I said, "Thank you a lot"

Slow death, eat my mind away  
Slow death, turn my guts to clay  
It's a slow, it's a slow, it's a slow  
It's a slow death

Sets to the mainline, a hit of morphine  
Sets to the mainline, it's like a bad dream  
They said, "There's nothing that I can prescribe  
To keep your raunchy bag of bones alive"  
I've got the money for one more shot, shot  
She said, "God bless you," I said, "Thank you a lot"

Slow death, eat my mind away  
Slow death, turn my guts to clay  
Slow death, keep my mind away  
Slow death, turn my guts to clay  
It's a slow, it's a slow, it's a slow  
It's a slow death

It's a slow death  
It's a slow death  
It's a slow death