

Thin Lizzy, Heart Attack

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