

DOA Dead on Arrival , and I knew this would happen to me sooner or later .
Yes , it's in my system and no, there's nothing I can do about it. Somebody poisoned me last night and I've less than twenty-four hours to go. Somebody slipped it into one of my far too many drinks and I can't remember who or where. It's in my system and there's no way it's gonna come out . It's not like I didn't try all the usual methods like pissing and shitting and puking. No , somebody made sure it went in deep . But who? Who'd want to kill me? Well , I mean , who the hell wouldn't? If you take a stand , you're gonna piss a lotta people off. That's me , that's what I did with my life that's now almost over . But I still have a few cells functioning overtime. I want to know who mickey-finned me. If only I could remember last night's itinerary . Butyes! Now it's all coming back . It's that trick I made the mistake of giving my phone number . Years ago , that was . It's the trick who stole my car when I was living in Manchester. I thought he only helped himself to all my old Roxy Music CDs , but no, he was the one who stole the Mini-Minor. CPA 5938 . Remake/Remodel - the wayward sounds of my wayward youth . Right? Not that they have license plates like that in Canada . But I did hear it through the grapevine that the little weasel had been in Toronto during the last few months. Hanging around Union Station , hanging around the railway tracks , but generally making himself scarce . I mean , if I were him , I'd sure as hell make myself scarce. I'm sure I'm not the only person in the world who wouldn't mind getting my hands on him . Arthur ... that was the name he gave me. Definitely a pseudonym ... he was far too gnarly for a ponce name like Arthur. But there you go. If he's got to be using phony names , then that explains the railway station and the tracks . You can't fly anymore with fake ID . But damn it to hell! If I'd seen Arthur or Weasel or whatever the little turd's name is last night , I would've certainly remembered him. He would've tried for another matinee and I would've told him where to shove it. So either I'm completely off track , or else the boy has higher-up friends here. Yes, Mr. Bad Trick of my life has been working for someone else. But who and then where? It's not like I ever hobnobbed with rich people - the kind of instant millionaires who could afford to throw cash around with absolute zero discretion. Christ! Like I say , the car would've been sold privately and the license plates changed in Manchester , let alone on this side of the pond. Oh hell and damnation! I knew I'd go out sooner or later and this is it , mark my words. There are better ways to go, but there are definitely worse ones too. And time is ticking , and CPA 5938 is fading further and further away from me somewhere else . I might as well enjoy my remaining few hours , because there's no way in hell I could possibly reverse what's now caught in my system.