

Poor Man's Poison - Hell's Comin' With Me

tom:

Intro: Em G Bm
Em G Bm

[Primeira Parte]

Em G Bm
They all laughed as he turned around slow
Em
They said you ain't welcome round here anymore
G Bm
You?just?might as well?go
Em G Bm
He wiped the blood from his?face as he slowly came to his knees
Em
He said I'll be back when you least expect it
G Bm Em C
And hell's coming with me
G Bm Em G Bm
Hell's coming with me

(Em G Bm)
(Em G Bm Em)

[Segunda Parte]

Am B7 Em
There is a hill at the bottom of the valley
B7
Where all the poor souls go when they die
Em Am
And if you listen real close, you can hear ?em like a ghost
Em B7 Em
Saying you're never gonna make it out alive
(B7 Em)

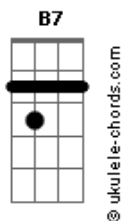
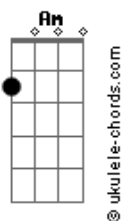
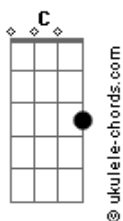
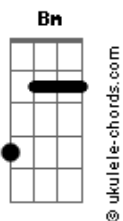
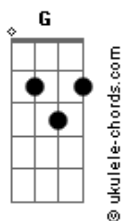
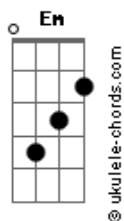
[Terceira Parte]

Em
There is a town at the bottom of that hill
B7
They got a secret that they keep like a slave
Em Am
They got a black magic preacher, we'd do well to let him teach her
Em B7 Em
You'll be headed up that hill to the grave

[Refrão]

G B7
And it is well, with my soul
Em C
You line your pockets full of money that you steal from the poor
G B7
And on your way down the hill, you hear me ringing that bell

Acordes



Em B7 Em
I paid the devil twice as much to keep your soul

[Quarta Parte]

Em
There was a drifter passing through that little valley
B7
He had promised he was coming back to town (Coming back to town)
Em
They didn't know him by his face
Am
Or by the gun around his waist
Em B7 Em
But he'd come back to burn that town to the ground

[Quinta Parte]

Em
First there was fire, then there was smoke
B7
Then that preacher man was hanging by a rope
Em
And then they all fell to their knees
Am
And begged that drifter, begged him please
Em B7 Em
As he raised his fist before he spoke

[Ponte]

Em C B7
I am the righteous hand of God
Em C B7
And I am the devil that you forgot
G B7
And I told you one day you will see, that I'll be back, I guarantee
Em C G B7 Em
And that hell's coming, hell?s coming, hell, hell?s coming, with me

(Em B7 Em B7)
(G B7 Em C)
(G B7 Em B7 Em)

[Refrão]

G B7
And it is well, with my soul
Em C
You line your pockets full of money that you steal from the poor
G B7
And on your way down the hill, you hear me ringing that bell
G
And I say
B7 Em B7 Em
Hell's coming with me