

The Dead South - In Hell I'll Be In Good Company

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Tom: Bb
                                                                (Gm F D7 Gm )
Intro: Gm
                                                                Gm
                                                                Dead Love couldn't go no further
(assobio)
Gm F Gm Cm Gm D7 Gm
                                                                Proud of and disgusted by her
(banio)
Gm F D7 Gm
                                                                Push shove, a little bruised and battered
                                                                                D7
                                                                Oh Lord I ain't coming home with you
Dead Love couldn't go no further
                                                                My life's a bit more colder
Proud of and disgusted by her
Push shove, a little bruised and battered
                                                                Dead wife is what I told her
                D7
Oh Lord I ain't coming home with you
                                                                Brass knife sinks into my shoulder
                                                                Oh babe don't know what I'm gonna do
My life's a bit more colder
                                                                (Gm D7 Gm )
Dead wife is what I told her
Brass knife sinks into my shoulder
                                                                I see my red head, messed bed, tear shed, queen bee my squeeze
Oh babe don't know what I'm gonna do
                                                                The stage it smells, tells, hell's bells, miss-spells knocks
                                                                me on my knees
(Gm D7 Gm )
                                                                Gm
                                                                \mathsf{Cm}
                                                                It didn't hurt, flirt, blood squirt, stuffed shirt, hang me on
I see my red head, messed bed, tear shed, queen bee my squeeze a tree
                                                                Gm
The stage it smells, tells, hell's bells, miss-spells knocks
                                                                Gm
me on my knees
                                                                After I count down, three rounds, in hell I'll be in good
It didn't hurt, flirt, blood squirt, stuffed shirt, hang me on Gm
                                                                                      D7
                                                                      In hell I'll be in Good Company
a tree
After I count down, three rounds, in hell I'll be in good
                                                                      In hell I'll be in Good Company
company
                                                                (assobio)
                                                                Gm F Gm Cm Gm D7 Gm
Acordes
                                                            D7
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