

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

Tom: Bb
Intro: Gm

(assobio)
Gm F Gm Cm Gm D7 Gm

(banjo)
Gm F D7 Gm

Gm
Dead Love couldn't go no further
Gm
Proud of and disgusted by her
Gm
Push shove, a little bruised and battered
F D7 Gm
Oh Lord I ain't coming home with you

Gm
My life's a bit more colder
Gm
Dead wife is what I told her
Gm
Brass knife sinks into my shoulder
F D7 Gm
Oh babe don't know what I'm gonna do

(Gm D7 Gm)

Gm
I see my red head, messed bed, tear shed, queen bee my squeeze
F
The stage it smells, tells, hell's bells, miss-spells knocks
me on my knees
Gm
Cm
It didn't hurt, flirt, blood squirt, stuffed shirt, hang me on
a tree
Gm D7
Gm
After I count down, three rounds, in hell I'll be in good
company

Gm F D7 Gm
In hell I'll be in Good Company

Gm F D7 Gm
In hell I'll be in Good Company

(assobio)
Gm F Gm Cm Gm D7 Gm

Acordes