

In Hell I'll be in Good Company

The Dead South

Intro whistling the chorus

(Dm)Dead Love couldn't go no further

Proud of and disgusted by her

Push shove, a little bruised and battered

(C)Oh Lord I ain't (A7)coming home with (Dm)you

(Dm)My life's a bit more colder

Dead wife is what I told her

Brass knife sinks into my shoulder

(C)Oh babe don't know (A7)what I'm gonna (Dm)do

Chorus:

I see my red head, messed bed, tear shed, queen bee,
my squeeze.

The stage it smells, tells, hell's bells, miss-spells
knocks me on my (C)knees (A7).

It didn't (Dm)hurt, flirt, blood squirt, stuffed shirt

Hang me from a (Gm)tree

After I (Dm)count down, three rounds, in (A7)Hell I'll be
in good compan(Dm)y

Repeat verse and chorus then finish repeating

in (A7)Hell I'll be in good compan(Dm)y

Outro whistle over chorus