

[Whistle G#m G#m G#m G#m - G#m G#m F# F#
 & Chorus] G#m G#m C#m C#m - G#m D#7 G#m G#m
 [Link] G#m G#m G#m G#m - F# D#7 G#m G#m

Dead love couldn't go no further [Verse]
 Proud of and disgusted by her (G#m G#m x3)
 Push shove, a little bruised F# D#7
 and battered G#m G#m

Oh Lord, I ain't comin'
 home with you - ... In Hell I'll
 My life's a bit more colder Be in Good
 Dead wife is what I told her Company
 Brass knife sinks into my shoulder
 Oh babe, don't know what I'm
 gonna do [Riff]

The Dead South G#m>A>Bb>B
 G#m>A>Bb>B

[Chorus] [Intro]
 I see my red head, messed bed [Intro]
 Tear shed, queen bee, my squeeze
 The stage it smells, tells, hells bells
 Misspells, knocks me on my knees
 It didn't hurt, flirt, blood squirt [In-
 Stuffed shirt, hang me on a tree tro]
 After I count down, three rounds G#m G#m
 In Hell, I'll be in good company G#m G#m

[Link] [Verse] [Riff] [Intro] [Chorus]
 ([Intro] [Chorus - Last line] F# D#7 x2)
 [Intro] [Whistle]