

[Whistle      Am Am Am Am - Am Am G G  
 & Chorus] Am Am Dm Dm - Am E7 Am Am  
 [Link] Am Am Am Am - G E7 Am Am

Dead love couldn't go no further [Verse]  
 Proud of and disgusted by her (Am Am x3)  
 Push shove, a little bruised G E7  
 and battered Am Am

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 Am>Bb>B>C  
 [Chorus] Am>Bb>B>C  
 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 Am Am  
 In Hell, I'll be in good company Am Am

[Link] [Verse] [Riff] [Intro] [Chorus]  
 ([Intro] [Chorus - Last line] G E7 x2)  
 [Intro] [Whistle]