

[Whistle F#m F#m F#m F#m - F#m F#m E E
 & Chorus] F#m F#m Bm Bm - F#m C#7 F#m F#m
 [Link] F#m F#m F#m F#m - E C#7 F#m F#m

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

F#m>G>G#>A
 F#m>G>G#>A

[Chorus] [Intro]
 I see my red head, messed bed
 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 F#m F#m
 In Hell, I'll be in good company F#m F#m

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