

[Whistle Fm Fm Fm Fm - Fm Fm D# D#  
& Chorus] Fm Fm Bbm Bbm - Fm C7 Fm Fm  
[Link] Fm Fm Fm Fm - D# C7 Fm Fm

Dead love couldn't go no further [Verse]  
Proud of and disgusted by her (Fm Fm x3)  
Push shove, a little bruised D# C7  
and battered Fm Fm

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

Fm>F#>G>G#

[Chorus]

Fm>F#>G>G#

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 Fm Fm  
In Hell, I'll be in good company Fm Fm

[Link] [Verse] [Riff] [Intro] [Chorus]  
([Intro] [Chorus - Last line] D# C7 x2)  
[Intro] [Whistle]