

[Whistle D#m D#m D#m D#m - D#m D#m C# C#  
 & Chorus] D#m D#m G#m G#m - D#m Bb7 D#m D#m  
 [Link] D#m D#m D#m D#m - C# Bb7 D#m D#m

Dead love couldn't go no further [Verse]  
 Proud of and disgusted by her (D#m D#m x3)  
 Push shove, a little bruised C# Bb7  
 and battered D#m D#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

D#m>E>F>F#  
 D#m>E>F>F#

[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 D#m D#m  
 In Hell, I'll be in good company D#m D#m

[Link] [Verse] [Riff] [Intro] [Chorus]  
 ([Intro] [Chorus - Last line] C# Bb7 x2)  
 [Intro] [Whistle]