

[Whistle Dm Dm Dm Dm - Dm Dm C C  
 & Chorus] Dm Dm Gm Gm - Dm A7 Dm Dm  
 [Link] Dm Dm Dm Dm - C A7 Dm Dm

Dead love couldn't go no further [Verse]  
 Proud of and disgusted by her (Dm Dm x3)  
 Push shove, a little bruised C A7  
 and battered Dm Dm

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

Dm>D#>E>F  
 Dm>D#>E>F

[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 Dm Dm  
 In Hell, I'll be in good company Dm Dm

[Link] [Verse] [Riff] [Intro] [Chorus]  
 ([Intro] [Chorus - Last line] C A7 x2)  
 [Intro] [Whistle]