

[Whistle Gm Gm Gm Gm - Gm Gm F F
 & Chorus] Gm Gm Cm Cm - Gm D7 Gm Gm
 [Link] Gm Gm Gm Gm - F D7 Gm Gm

Dead love couldn't go no further [Verse]
 Proud of and disgusted by her (Gm Gm x3)
 Push shove, a little bruised F D7
 and battered Gm Gm

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

Gm>G#>A>A#
 Gm>G#>A>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 Gm Gm
 In Hell, I'll be in good company Gm Gm

[Link] [Verse] [Riff] [Intro] [Chorus]
 ([Intro] [Chorus - Last line] F D7 x2)
 [Intro] [Whistle]