

## Poor Man's Poison - Hell's Comin' With Me

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B7
                                                             I paid the devil twice as much to keep your soul
                           tom:
Intro: Em G Bm
                                                             [Quarta Parte]
       Em G Bm
[Primeira Parte]
                                                              There was a drifter passing through that little valley
                                                             He had promised he was coming back to town (Coming back to
                       G Rm
They all laughed as he turned around slow
They said you ain't welcome round here anymore
                                                             They didn't know him by his face
           Bm
You?just?might as well?go
                                                             Or by the gun around his waist
                                                                                B7 Em
He wiped the blood from his?face as he slowly came to his
                                                             But he'd come back to burn that town to the ground
                                                             [Quinta Parte]
  Fm
He said I?ll be back when you least expect it
                                                             First there was fire, then there was smoke
   And hell's coming with me
                                                                                   B7
         Em G Bm
                                                             Then that preacher man was hanging by a rope
   Hell's coming with me
                                                             And then they all fell to their knees
(Em G Bm)
(Em G Bm Em)
                                                             And begged that drifter, begged him please
                                                              Fm B7
                                                                                     Fm
                                                             As he raised his fist before he spoke
[Segunda Parte]
                                                             [Ponte]
    There is a hill at the bottom of the valley
                                                                           C
                                                                               В7
                                                                  Fm
                      B7
Where all the poor souls go when they die
                                                             I am the righteous hand of God
                                                                  Em C
                                                                                B7
And if you listen real close, you can hear ?em like a ghost
                                                             And I am the devil that you forgot
                                                                                            B7
      Em B7 Em
                                                                      G
                                                             And I told you one day you will see, that I'll be back, I
Saying you're never gonna make it out alive
                                                             guarantee
( B7 Em )
                                                                                        G
                                                                                                 В7
                                                             And that hell's coming, hell?s coming, hell, hell?s coming,
[Terceira Parte]
                                                             with me
                                                             ( Em B7 Em B7 )
                                                             ( G B7 Em C )
( G B7 Em B7 Em )
There is a town at the bottom of that hill
They got a secret that they keep like a slave
                                                             [Refrão]
They got a black magic preacher, we'd do well to let him teach
                                                             And it is well, with my soul
You'll be headed up that hill to the grave
                                                                    Em
                                                             You line your pockets full of money that you steal from the
[Refrão]
               В7
                                                             And on your way down the hill, you hear me ringing that bell
And it is well, with my soul
                                                             And I say
       Em
                                                                             B7 Em
You line your pockets full of money that you steal from the
                                                                 B7 Em
                                                             Hell's coming with me
And on your way down the hill, you hear me ringing that bell
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## **Acordes**

