The Dead South - In Hell I'll Be In Good Company

Tom: Bb Intro: Gm	(Gm F D7 Gm)
(assobio) Gm F Gm Cm Gm D7 Gm	Gm Dead Love couldn't go no further Gm
(banjo) Gm F D7 Gm	Proud of and disgusted by her Gm Push shove, a little bruised and battered F D7 Gm
Gm Dead Love couldn't go no further Gm	Oh Lord I ain't coming home with you
Froud of and disgusted by her Gm	My life's a bit more colder Gm
Push shove, a little bruised and battered F D7 Gm	Gm
Oh Lord I ain't coming home with you	Brass knife sinks into my shoulder F D7 Gm
Gm My life's a bit more colder Gm Dead wife is what I told her	Oh babe don't know what I'm gonna do (Gm D7 Gm)
Gm Brass knife sinks into my shoulder	Gm I see my red head, messed bed, tear shed, queen bee my squeeze
F D7 Gm Oh babe don't know what I'm gonna do	F The stage it smells, tells, hell's bells, miss-spells knocks me on my knees
(Gm D7 Gm)	Gm Cm
\ensuremath{Gm} I see my red head, messed bed, tear shed, queen bee my squeeze F	It didn't hurt, flirt, blood squirt, stuffed shirt, hang me on a tree Gm D7
The stage it smells, tells, hell's bells, miss-spells knocks me on my knees Gm Cm	Gm After I count down, three rounds, in hell I'll be in good company
It didn't hurt, flirt, blood squirt, stuffed shirt, hang me on a tree $% \left({{{\left[{{L_{\rm{s}}} \right]}}_{\rm{star}}} \right)$	Gm F D7 Gm In hell I'll be in Good Company
Gm D7 Gm After I count down, three rounds, in hell I'll be in good	Gm F D7 Gm In hell I'll be in Good Company
company	(assobio) <mark>Gm F Gm Cm Gm D7</mark> Gm

Acordes

