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



Gm - Gm - Gm | F - Gm - Cm - Gm - D7 - Gm[whistle]

Gm – F – D7 - Gm

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[[Play twice through]]
      [3x]
Gm
Gm
Dead Love couldn't go no further,
Gm
Proud of and disgusted by her,
Gm
Push, shove, a little bruised and battered
                                  Gm Gm Gm Gm
               D7
Oh Lord I ain't coming home with you
Gm
My life's a bit more colder,
Gm
Dead wife is what I told her
Gm
Brass knife sinks into my shoulder
                                    Gm Gm Gm Gm
         D7
Oh babe don't know what I'm gonna do
Gm – Gm – Gm – Gm | F – D7 – Gm – Gm – Gm – Gm
    [Chorus]
             Gm
    I see my red head, messed bed, tear shed, queen bee, my squeeze
    The stage it smells, tells, hell's bells, miss-spells, knocks me on my knees
    It didn't hurt, flirt, blood squirt, stuffed shirt, hang me on a tree
          Gm
                                        D7
                                                            Gm
    After I count down, three rounds, in hell I'll be in good company
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Gm - Gm - Gm - Gm [2x]
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 [Ending]
 F
 D7
 Gm – Gm – Gm – Gm

 In hell I'll be in good company
 F
 D7
 Gm – Gm – Gm – Gm

 In hell I'll be in good company
 In hell I'll be in good company
 Gm – Gm – Gm – Gm
 Gm – Gm – Gm – Gm

[Outro] Gm – Gm – Gm – F – Gm – Cm – Gm – D7 – Gm [whistle]