

Hells Bells

Cary Ann Hearst

Song: Hell's Bells

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Album: Lions & Lambs

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Bm F#m Bm F#m
Well hell s bells, what you trying to sell?
Bm F#m Bm A - F#m
Put it on the table before they take us to jail.
Bm F#m Bm F#m
What you say, got a bottle to your head,
Bm F#m Bm A - F#m
And you never saw it coming, and your pretty white shirt is red!

[Chorus]

Bm F#m
Well, guess that s what you get!
Bm F#m
When you leaned on me, I heard you asking for it.
D Bm F#m
Did you not come here looking for a fight?
F#m
They say brown liquor make you sleep all right,
Bm A F#m
Cocaine make you grind your teeth all night!

Well who s that calling? Is that your little darling?
Wish she come running? Or will she go back crawling?
On your hands and knees, baby don t you tease,
Sugar momma cut you off at the knees - (HEY!)

Well, guess that s what you get!
When you were leaning on me, I heard you asking for it.
Did you not come here looking for a fight?
Well you say brown liquor make you sleep all right,
Cocaine make you grind your teeth all night!

Well he found you out, and word got around,
That you gave us up without a sound,
You came up for air, put your feet over there,
And you tried to run off, but couldn t go nowhere.

Well, I guess that s what you get!

You were leaning on me, I heard you asking for it.
Did you not come here looking for a fight?
Well ya say brown liquor make you sleep all right,
Cocaine make you grind your teeth all night!

They say brown liquor make you sleep all right,
Cocaine make you grind your teeth all night!
Cocaine make you grind your teeth all night!
Cocaine make you grind your teeth all night!
Cocaine make you grind your teeth all night!