



Gm D7 Gm  
After I count down, three rounds, in hell I ll be in good company

( Gm F D7 Gm )

Gm  
Dead Love couldn t go no further  
Gm  
Proud of and disgusted by her  
Gm  
Push shove, a little bruised and battered  
F D7 Gm  
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  
F D7 Gm  
Oh babe don t know what I m gonna do

( Gm D7 Gm )

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  
Gm Cm  
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

Gm F D7 Gm  
In hell I ll be in Good Company

Gm F D7 Gm  
In hell I ll be in Good Company

( Gm F Gm Cm Gm D7 Gm )