

In Hell I'll Be In Good Company

The Dead South

Dead love couldn't go no further
Proud of and disgusted by her
Push shove, a little bruised and battered
Oh Lord I ain't coming home with you

My life's a bit more colder
Dead wife is what I told her
Brass knife sinks into my shoulder
Oh babe don't know what I'm gonna do

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

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