

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 from a tree
After I count down, three rounds, in hell I'll be in good company.
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After I count down, three rounds, in hell I'll be in good company...In hell I'll be in good
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