

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 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, misspells
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 In hell I'll be in Good Company

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>