

In Hell I'll Be in Good Company

Writers: Daniel Kenyon, Scott Pringle,
Colton Crawford, Nathaniel Hilts



[INTRO]: [Gm] [F] [Gm] [Cm] [Gm]
[D7] [Gm]

[WHISTLE]

[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,
Oh [F] Lord I ain't [D7] comin' home
with [Gm] you

[Gm] My life's a bit more colder,
[Gm] Dead wife is what I told her,
[Gm] Brass knife sinks into my shoulder,
Oh [F] Babe don't know [D7] what I'm
gonna [Gm] do

[Gm] I see my red head, messed bed,
tear shed, queen bee, my squeeze.
The stage it smells, tells,
Hells bells, mis-spells, knocks me on [F]
my knees

It didn't [Gm] hurt, flirt, blood squirt,
stuffed shirt, hang me from a [Cm] tree
After I [Gm] count down, three rounds,
In [D7] Hell I'll be in good [Gm]
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,
Oh [F] Lord I ain't [D7] comin' home
with [Gm] you

[Gm] My life's a bit more colder,
[Gm] Dead wife is what I told her,
[Gm] Brass knife sinks into my shoulder,
Oh [F] Babe don't know [D7] what I'm
gonna [Gm] do

[Gm] I see my red head, messed bed,
tear shed, queen bee, my squeeze.
Stage smells, it tells, Hells
bells, mis-spells, knocks me on [F] my
knees

It didn't [Gm] hurt, flirt, blood squirt,
stuffed shirt, hang me from a [Cm] tree
After I [Gm] count down, three rounds,
In [D7] Hell I'll be in good [Gm]
company

In [F] Hell I'll be in [D7] good [Gm]
company

In [F] Hell I'll be in [D7] good [Gm]
company

[OUTRO]

[Gm] [F] [Gm] [Cm] [Gm] [D7] [Gm]

[WHISTLE]