

'Til Hell's Dang Done Froze Over

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bpm= 100 length = 2:57

Verse 1:

D **G** **C**
I....ain't....no....rich and cool sophist-o-cated guy, you know that's true,
D **D7** **G**
I ain't all smooth an' edj-u-ma-cated like the fellers yer used to.
C
Cain't buy ya purty diamond rings or a big car an' a chauffer,
D **D7** **G**
But I'll love you 'til the cows come home and Hell's dang done froze over.

Verse 2:

Now you got lotsa book-learnin', an' me I ain't got much.
But I'd gone on and grad-u-tated too—if third grade just waren't so tough.
Can't write too good, an' as ya hear, ain't no good song composer—
But I'll love you 'til the cows come home and Hell's dang done froze over.

Chorus 1:

C **G**
'Til Hell's dang done froze over and pigs sail through the skies,
D **G**
When the Pope's done bein' Catholic, and bears act civilized.
C **G**
We'll turn that trailer house I rent into yer bed of clover,
D **D7** **G**
'Cause I'll love you 'til the cows come home and Hell's dang done froze over.

spoken:

Heck, I still count stuff on my fingers—and higher math, that ain't fun.
But if I take off muh socks an' shoes—an' underpants—I can count clear
up t' twenty-one!

Verse 3:

A **D**
So good Lord willin' and the creek don't rise I'll git yer love fer me,
E **E7** **A**
I'll be yer frisky horny-toad, an' you'll be my sweet pea.

