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Dead Flowers

alessandro · Monday, November 3rd, 2014

Well, when you're sitting there
In your silk upholstered chair
Talkin' to some rich folk that you know
Well, I hope you won't see me
In my ragged company
Well, you know I could never be alone

Take me down, little Susie, take me down
I know you think you're the queen of the underground
And you can send me dead flowers every morning
Send me dead flowers by the mail
Send me dead flowers to my wedding
And I won't forget to put roses on your grave

Well, when you're sitting back
In your rose pink Cadillac
Making bets on Kentucky Derby Day
Ah, I'll be in my basement room
With a needle and a spoon
And another girl to take my pain away

Take me down, little Susie, take me down
I know you think you're the queen of the underground
And you can send me dead flowers every morning
Send me dead flowers by the mail
Send me dead flowers to my wedding
And I won't forget to put roses on your grave

Take me down, little Susie, take me down
I know you think you're the queen of the underground
And you can send me dead flowers every morning
Send me dead flowers by the U.S. Mail
Say it with dead flowers in my wedding
And I won't forget to put roses on your grave
No, I won't forget to put roses on your grave

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