

Dead Flowers - The Rolling Stones

D A G D

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

D A G D A G D A G D A G D

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