

Dead Flowers
Rollings Stones / Townes Van Zandt

Well, when you're sitting there in your silk upholstered chair
Talking 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

C	G	F	C
C	G	F	C
C	G	F	C
C	G	F	C

**Take me down, little Susie, take me down
I know you think you're the queen of the underground**

G	G	C	C
G	G	C	C
F	F	C	C
F	F	C	C
F	F	C	C
C	G	F	C

**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
I'll be in my basement room with a needle and a spoon
And another girl can 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
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