

Poison, Dead Flowers

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

Hell, 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 that rose pink Cadillac

Making bets on Kentucky Derby Day

Ah, I'll be in my room with my needle and my spoon

And another girl she gonna take my pain away

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