

# Steve Earle & The Dukes, Dead Flowers

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  
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  
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 US mail  
Say it with dead flowers at my wedding  
And I won't forget to put roses on your grave  
No, I won't forget to put roses on your grave