

Townes Van Zandt, Dead Flowers

And when you're sitting there
In your silk upholstered chair
Talking to some rich folks 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
Send me dead flowers every morning
Send me dead flower by the mail
Send me dead flowers to my wedding
And I won't forget to put roses on your grave

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

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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
No I won't forget to put roses on your grave