

Dead Flowers

Steve Earle

When you sitting there in that silk upholstered chair
Talking with some rich folk that you know
I hope you don't see me in my ragged company
'Cause you know I could never stand to be alone

Take me down, little Susie, take me down
I know you think you're the queen of the underground
You can send me dead flowers every morning
Send me dead flowers by the mail
Send me dead flowers at my wedding
And I won't forget to put roses on your grave

Well, when you sitting back in a 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

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