Dead Flowers

Gilby Clarke

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 Suzie, take me down
I know you think you're the queen of the underground

And you can send me dead flowers every morning, oh yeah yeah
Send me dead flowers by the mail
Say it with dead flowers at my wedding, oh yeah yeah
And I won't forget to put roses on your grave, eh yeah

When you're sitting back in your rose pink Cadillac
Making bets on Kentucky Derby day
Well I'll be in my basement room with a needle and a spoon
And another heart to take my pain away, eh yeah

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Lyrics submitted by james cardi.

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