

Dead Flowers - The Rolling Stones

DEAD FLOWERS (The Rolling Stones)

/ Dsus2 D A G D /

D A G D
Well when you're sitting there in your silk upholstered chair
D A G D
Talkin' to some rich folk that you know
D A G D
Well I hope you won't see me in my ragged company
D A G D
Well, you know I could never be alone

A D
Take me down little Susie, take me down
A D D7
I know you think you're the queen of the underground
G D
And you can send me dead flowers every morning
G D
Send me dead flowers by the mail
G D
Send me dead flowers to my wedding
D A G D
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
Ah, 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 U.S. Mail
Say it with dead flowers in my wedding
And I won't forget to put roses on your grave
No, I won't forget to put roses on your grave