

# Delia

Burl Ives

Delia  
Oh, Delia  
Delia all my life  
If I hadn't have shot poor Delia  
I'd have had her for my wife  
Delia's gone  
One more round  
Delia's gone

I went up to Memphis  
And I met Delia there  
Found her in her parlor  
And I tied her to her chair  
Delia's gone  
One more round  
Delia's gone

She was low down and trifling  
And she was cold and mean  
Kind of evil  
Make me want to grab my submachine  
Delia's gone  
One more round  
Delia's gone

First time I shot her

I shot her in the side  
Hard to watch her suffer  
But with the second shot she died  
Delia's gone  
One more round  
Delia's gone

But jailer  
Oh, jailer  
Jailer, I can't sleep  
'Cause all around my bedside  
I hear the patter of Delia's feet  
Delia's gone  
One more round  
Delia's gone

So if your woman's devilish  
You can let her run  
Or you can bring her down and do her  
Like Delia got done  
Delia's gone  
One more round  
Delia's gone