

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