

Delia's Gone

Harry Belafonte

Tony shot his Delia

T was on a Saturday night

The first time he shot her

She bowed her head and died

Delia's gone, one more round, Delia's gone

Delia's gone, Delia's gone

Delia's gone, one more round, Delia's gone

Called for the doctor

The doctor came too late

Called for the Minister

Take Delia to her fate

Well they took my Delia

Dressed her all in Brown

Took her to the graveyard

And then they laid her down

Delia oh Delia

Where you been so long

Everybody's talking about

My Delia's dead and gone