DeliaÂ´s Gone

Christian Masser

Delia, oh. Delia
Delia all my life
If I hadn't 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 to her chair
Delia's gone, one more round
Delia's gone

She was low and trifling
And she was cold and mean
Kind of evil make me want to
Grab my sub machine
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

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