

# Delia`s Gone

[Al Stewart](#)

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

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