

Delia

Bob Dylan

Delia was a gambling girl and gambled all around
Delia was a gambling girl, she laid her money down
All the friends I ever had are gone Delia's dear ol' mother took a trip out West
When she returned, little Delia had gone to rest
And all the friends I ever had are gone Delia's daddy weeped, Delia's momma moaned
Wouldn't have been so bad if the poor girl died at home
All the friends I ever had are gone Curtis' looking high, Curtis' looking low
He shot poor Delia down with a cruel forty-four
All the friends I ever had are gone High up on the housetops, high as I can see
Looking for them rounders, looking out for me
All the friends I ever had are gone Men in Atlanta, tryin' to pass for white
Delia's in the graveyard boys, six feet out of sight
All the friends I ever had are gone Judge says to Curtis, "What's this noise about?"
"All about them rounders Judge, tryin' to cut me out"
All the friends I ever had are gone Curtis said to the judge, "What might be my fine?"
Judge says, "Poor boy, you got ninety-nine"
All the friends I ever had are gone "Curtis' in the jail house, drinking from an old tin cup
Delia's in the graveyard, she might never, never get up
All the friends I ever had are gone Delia, oh Delia, how can it be?
You loved all them rounders, never did love me
And all the friends I ever had are gone Delia, oh Delia, how can it be?
You wanted all them rounders, never had time for me
All the friends I ever had are gone

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