

# Delilah Blue

Joshua Kadison

A cigarette burns itself out in a crushed up co'cola can ashtray  
In front of a busted up old mirror  
Delilah Blue is checking out his tired sachet  
Getting bored or just disappointed with his own reflection  
He just waves it all away Taking to his good friend black eyed Susan, he says  
"Maybe we should go out West?  
Get a tan and fake the rest, this ol' life is just a test  
Just a test anyhow"  
Then back to his own reflection he says  
"Oh, Delilah Blue, what do we do now?" The night manager of the Stardest Motel is banging louder  
On number seven's door, saying  
"If you two Queens don't pay up for all last week  
You can't stay here no more" And Delilah laughs as black eyed Susan says  
"Silly bitch is such a bore"  
In a while they know she'll walk away It's just a drunken game she likes to play  
Besides, she knows they always pay  
They always pay somehow  
Oh, Delilah Blue, what do we do now? Oh, Delilah Blue, what do we do now?  
What do we do now?  
Magnolia memories fill my eyes  
And the sweet bird of youth done flown away But don't let anybody ever say  
This old dancer never had her day  
'Cause this old dancer always knew  
We'd make it through, Delilah Blue Delilah's in the bath tub now  
And it's Black-Eyed Susan's turn to ramble  
The President of the United States is on TV  
Tellin' everybody the country's doin' fine Well, he must be talkin' 'bout some other country  
'Cause honey, he sure as hell ain't talkin' 'bout mine  
Wish I could strut up to the White House steps  
In Shirley Temple drag and sing  
'Brother can you spare a dime?' Hey, Miss D, I could always pawn that Jayne Mansfield thing  
How much cash you think that old rag'd bring?  
My ruby red dress, I used to wear to sing  
Back when they'd whistle and they'd wow  
Oh, Delilah Blue, what do we do now? Oh, Delilah Blue, what do we do now?  
What do we do now?  
Magnolia memories fill my eyes  
And the sweet bird of youth done flown away But don't let anybody ever say  
This old dancer never had her day

'Cause this old dancer always knew  
We'd make it through, Delilah Blue Does the year 2000 ever scare you  
'Cause it's comin' up so fast?  
This getting older thing seems to be  
More about just learnin' how to last Flippin' through my old phone book  
Delilah, all our mad, mad friends we were such a cast  
What do I keep this old dog-eared thing for? Most our friends ain't even here no more  
I'm feeling lonely as a ghost town whore  
Left still standin' up somehow  
Oh, Delilah Blue, what do we do now? With a towel turban on his head  
Delilah Blue appears in the golden aura of bathroom light  
Tell you a little secret, Susan, I learned a long, long time ago  
It's kept me on my feet all these years, high heels too  
I got the strap marks to show You can take it or you can leave it  
Oh baby, guess I don't really know  
But it seems to me between the blues we cannot name  
And all the rage we try to tame We're only pawns in our own game  
Try not to let it wrinkle your pretty brow  
And just before he cuts the light  
He catches his own reflection in the mirror And smiles at the sight  
Try not to let it wrinkle your pretty little brow  
Oh, Delilah Blue, what do we do now? Oh, Delilah Blue, what do we do now?  
What do we do now?  
Magnolia memories fill my eyes  
And the sweet bird of youth done flown away But don't let anybody ever say  
This old dancer never had her day  
'Cause this old dancer always knew  
We'd make it through, Delilah Blue Oh, Delilah Blue, what do we do now?  
What do we do now?  
Magnolia memories fill my eyes  
And the sweet bird of youth done flown away But don't let anybody ever say  
This old dancer never had her day  
'Cause this old dancer always knew  
We'd make it through, Delilah Blue 'Cause this old dancer thought  
She knew, we'd make it through  
Oh, this old dancer thought  
She knew, Delilah Blue, what do we do now?

Songwriters

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