

Delia`s Gone

[Johnny Cash](#)

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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