Delta Dawn

Bruce Low

Delta Dawn, what's that flower you have on
Could it be a faded rose from days gone by?
And did I hear you say he was a-meeting you here today
To take you to his mansion in the sky?
She's forty-one and her daddy still calls her, 'baby'
All the folks around Brownsville say she's crazy
'Cause she walks down town with a suitcase in her hand
Looking for a mysterious dark-haired man
In her younger days they called her Delta Dawn
Prettiest woman you ever laid eyes on
Then a man of low degree stood by her side
And promised her he'd take her for his bride
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