

Delia's Gone

Johnny Cash

Delia, oh Delia
Delia all my life
If I hadn't of shot poor Delia
I'd have had her for my wife
Delia's gone
One more round
Delia's gone First time I shot her
Shot her in the side
Hard to watch her suffering
But with the second shot she died
Delia's gone
One more round
Delia's gone Well the guilty get a sentence
But I ain't going to tell you mine
Cause I got a brother in Memphis
Who got Life, or ninety-nine
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 Now you give me my hammer
I'll drag the ball and chain
And every rock I bust
I seem to ring out Delia's name
Delia's gone
One more round
Delia's gone Delia's gone
One more round
Delia's gone

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