

Cash Johnny

"DELIA'S GONE"

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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 you 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

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