

Ben Nichols

"Delia's Gone"

Visit "[Delia's Gone](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Well, Delia, oh, Delia, Delia all my life
If I hadn't shot poor Delia, I'd had her for my wife
Delia's gone, one more round, Delia's gone

Well, 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, she was cold and mean
Kind of evil makes me wanna grab my sub machine
Delia's gone, one more round, Delia's gone

First time I shot her, I shot her in the side
It was hard to watch her suffer, 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
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

Visit [Ben Nichols](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.