

Anna Aaron

"The Drainout"

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Oh Delilah make not too much haste
let me wait for death I already taste
and itâ€™s d break free where I not tangled in the lace
and the rose round you hips
and itâ€™s not the horses or the armies that kill me
but itâ€™s one lie from your lips
Oh Delilah love jealous as the grave
my heart you rend and my head you shave
in sight of you I do not even have the strength
to bite your arm when it grips
and itâ€™s not the horses or the armies that kill me
but itâ€™s one lie from your lips

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