

Thomas Monseur**"Delia"**

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Delia was a Hoosier
She left her farm and plow
A melancholy boozier
She gave it up by now

Delia was a sweetheart
Who opened up her soul
She spoke to me when others left me in the hole

Chorus...
I never gave her i-love-yous
I never took her hand
I never waltzed with the woman
I don't think she'd understand
That I had i-love-yous
All over my heart
Glub, glub
Glub, glub

We sat down by the ocean
Talked till 3 or 4
A million friends were with us
Hangin' by the shore

We threw her a party
Hoping she'd return
Why won't she ever call me?
Why?

Chorus

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