

# Ben Nichols, Delia's Gone

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