

Big Umbrella, The Way Of All Storms

Hey Delilah, you've always been a sight for sore eyes
And a winter come and gone couldn't knock you from your course
You're gonna make a lucky man's prize
You are gonna command a fine price someday
You don't need a poor boy like me
I go the way of all storms
Hey Delilah, darlin' you know better than that
Honey now is the time that you should open like a flower
Falling short, I'm falling shor,
Seems that's all I ever do
I'm falling short of you
You don't need a poor boy like me
I go the way of all storms
I'm not the one to ever hold you down
And when I say it's over
Don't make me say it's over
Over and over again
Please have mercy on me