

# Joshua Kadison, Delilah Blue

A cigarette burns itself out in a crushed up co'cola can ashtray.  
In front of a busted up old mirror,  
Delilah Blue is checking out his tired satchet.  
Getting bored or just disappointed with his own reflection  
he just waves it all away.  
Taking to his good friend Black-Eyed Susan, he says,  
&quot;Maybe we should go out West?  
Get a tan and fake the rest...  
This ol' life is just a test,  
just a test anyhow.&quot;  
Then back to his own reflection he says,  
&quot;Oh, Delilah Blue, what do we do now?&quot;

The night manager of the Stardest Motel is banging louder  
on number seven's door, saying,  
&quot;If you two queens don't pay up for all last week, you can't stay here no more.&quot;  
And Delilah laughs as Black-Eyed Susan says, &quot;Silly bitch is such a bore.&quot;  
In a while they know she'll walk away,  
it's just a drunken game she likes to play.  
Besides, she knows they always pay.  
They always pay somehow.  
Oh, Delilah Blue, what do we do now?

Chorus:  
&quot;Oh, Delilah Blue, what do we do now? What do we do now?  
Magnolia memories fill my eyes and the sweet bird of youth done flown away  
but don't let anybody ever say  
this old dancer never had her day  
'cause this old dancer always knew we'd make it through, Delilah Blue.&quot;

Delilah's in the bath tub now and it's Black-Eyed Susan's turn to ramble.  
&quot;The President of the United States is on TV  
tellin' everybody the country's doin' fine.  
Well, he must be talkin' 'bout some other country  
cause honey, he sure as hell ain't talkin' 'bout mine.  
Wish I could strut up to the White House steps in Shirley Temple drag and sing  
'Brother can you spare a dime?'  
Hey, Miss D, I could always pawn that Jayne Mansfield thing.  
How much cash you think that old rag'd bring?  
My ruby red dress I used to wear to sing  
back when they'd whistle and they'd wow.  
Oh, Delilah Blue, what do we do now?

## CHORUS

&quot;Does the year 2000 ever scare you 'cause it's comin' up so fast?  
This getting older thing seems to be more about just learnin' how to last.  
Flippin' through my old phone book, Delilah, all our mad, mad friends...  
we were such a cast.  
What do I keep this old dog-eared thing for?  
Most our friends ain't even here no more.  
I'm feeling lonely as a ghost town whore left still standin' up somehow.  
Oh, Delilah Blue, what do we do now?&quot;

With a towel turban on his head,  
Delilah Blue appears in the golden aura of bathroom light.  
&quot;Tell you a little secret, Susan, I learned a long, long time ago.  
It's kept me on my feet all these years, high heels too,  
I got the strap marks to show.

You can take it or you can leave it, oh baby, guess I don't really know.  
But it seems to me  
between the blues we cannot name  
and all the rage we try to tame  
we're only pawns in our own game  
Try not to let it wrinkle your pretty brow.&quot;  
And just before he cuts the light,  
he catches his own reflection in the mirror and smiles at the sight.  
&quot;Try not to let it wrinkle your pretty little brow.  
Oh, Delilah Blue, what do we do now?

CHORUSx2

'cause this old dancer thought she knew, we'd make it through,  
oh, this old dancer thought she knew, Delilah Blue,  
what do we do now?