

Al Stewart, Delia's Gone

Delia's gone
And the days they run so slow
Here in the islands
Delia's gone

It's the only thing you know
Here in the silence
Fine rain combs the sand
The first breath of winter across the land
Try but you won't understand
How she could slip right through your hands
Delia's gone.

Delia's friends no longer come to call
What can they say now
Delia's pictures are hanging on the wall
You can't look away now
Dream figures with moons for eyes
Stare from under an alien sky
Seem to watch as you pass them by
If they should know, they won't say why
Delia's gone.

Delia's gone like a darkening of the sky
A change in the weather
Delia's gone like a moment out of time
Maybe forever
Lines of coffee cups on parade
Soldiers for keeping the night away
Soon, too soon, you'll be moving out
There's nothing here to hold you now
Delia's gone.

Delia left Tony
On a hot summer night
She would not go for him and so
He shot her down at sight
Delia gone, one more round, Delia gone!