

# Johnny Cash, Delia's Gone

Delia, oh, Delia Delia all my life  
If I hadn't have shot poor  
Delia I'd have had her for my wife  
Delia's gone, one more round Delia's gone

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  
And she was cold and mean  
Kind of evil make me want to Grab my sub machine  
Delia's gone, one more round Delia's gone

First time I shot her I shot her in the side  
Hard to watch her suffer  
But 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 you woman's devilish  
You can let her run  
Or you can bring her down and do her  
Like Delia got done  
Delia's gone, one more round Delia's gone