

Chinese Whispers

The Alan Parsons Project

I saw the light on the night that I passed by her window
I saw the flickering shadows of love on her blind

She was my woman
As she deceived me I watched and went out of my mind

My, my, my, Delilah
Why? Why? Why Delilah?

I could see that girl was no good for me
But I was lost like a slave that no man could free

At break of day when that man drove away, I was waiting
I cross the street to her house and she opened the door

She stood there laughing
I felt the knife in my hand and she laughed no more

My, my, my Delilah
Why? Why? Why Delilah?

So before they come to break down the door
Forgive me Delilah, I just couldn't take any more

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