

Delia Gone

Pat Boone

Delia cursed Tony
On one Saturday night
She cursed him such a wicked curse
That he swore
I'm gonna take your life

Delia gone
One more round
Delia gone

The first time Tony shot Delia
He let her have it in the side
The second time he shot her
Well, she bowed down
Her head and died

Delia gone
One more round
Delia gone

Well, the folks sent down for the doctor
That gent came on dressed in black
He did everything that a doctor could do
But he couldn't bring Delia back

Delia gone
One more round
Delia gone

On Monday, Tony was arrested
On Tuesday, his case tried
The jury brought him down guilty
The judge said ninety-nine years
Is your time, she's gone

One more round
Delia gone

Ninety-nine years in prison
Tony laughed, judge, that's no time
I got me a brother down in New Orleans
Serving nine hundred ninety and nine

The joke's on you, judge
Delia gone, yeah, she's gone

Now old Tony's cooling in the jailhouse
Drinking from a silver cup
Poor Delia's out in the graveyard
Trying her ding dong best to get up

But she's out, boy
One more round
Delia's gone

Oh, mama, oh, mama
Tell me, how can I sleep

When all around my bed side
I keep hearing Delia's feet

Ma, she's transparent
One more round
Delia's gone

Yeah, old Tony trumped
Out to the graveyard
And he looked right in
Old Delia's face

He said, Gal, as much as I love you
I just cannot take your place

Delia's gone
One more round
Have another, fellas
She's not coming back

Delia gone
One more round
Delia's gone