

# Delilah

Tom Jones

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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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  
Forgive me Delilah, I just couldn't take any more