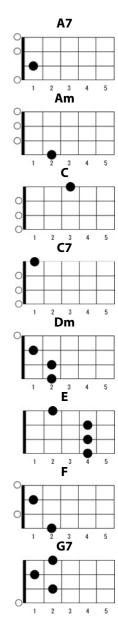
Delilah

Text: Barry Mason Musik: Les Reed 1968



A-Moll




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*At break of day when that man drove away, I was *waiting
*I crossed 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, De*lilah
*Why, why, why, De*lilah
*So be*fore they *come to break down the *door
For*give me Delilah, I *just couldn't take any*more*
*She *stood there *laughing
                                                      G7
*I felt the knife in my *hand and she laughed no *more*
*My, my, my, De*lilah
*Why, why, why, De*lilah
*So be*fore they *come to break down the *door
For*give me Delilah, I *just couldn't take any*more
For*give me Delilah, I just couldn't take any*more
```