

# Tom Jones, Delilah

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

[insert trumpet solo here]

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