

Suzanne Vega, Fifty-Fifty Chance

50-50 chance
The doctor said
In the cardiac room
As she's lying in bed

There's a pan on the floor
Filled with something black
I need to know
I'm afraid to ask

I hug you
I hum to you
I've come to you
I touch you

I tell you
I love you
I sing to you
Bring to you
Anything

Her little heart
It beats so fast
Her body trembles
With the effort to last

I hug you
I hum to you
I've come to you
I touch you

I tell you
I love you
I sing to you
Bring to you
Anything

She's going home
Tomorrow at ten
The question is
Will she try it again?