

# 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?