

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?