

Damien Jurado

"Abilene"

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I fell in love with a girl of nineteen
A black-haired girl I called Abilene
Young girl, where's your husband?
Sadly, she replied, I do not have one
Then it's you I'll marry with your parents' permission

No fine sir, they will not let me marry
For I am a young girl
And you are a man without money
Then I'll come by your window
Tonight when they both will be sleeping

Outside your window in a carriage I will be waiting
They'll awake to find you gone
Open their eyes and think they're dreaming
And never did they think
That their Abilene would leave them

Now fine sir, where is it you shall take me?
Is it in the mountains high
Or is it the deep blue sea?

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