

Suzanne Vega "Fifty - Fifty Chance"

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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?

