

# Abilene

**Damien Jurado**

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, find you gone  
Rub 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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