50-50 Chance

Suzanne Vega

Once I stood alone so proud
Held myself above the crowd
Now I am low on the ground.From here I look around to see
What avenues belong to me
I can't tell what I've found.Now what would You have me do
I ask you please?
I wait to hear.The mother, and the matador,
The mystic, all were here before,
Like me, to stare You down.You appear without a face,
Disappear, but leave your trace,
I feel your unseen frown.Now what would you have me do
I ask you please?
I wait to hear
Your voice,
The word,
You say.
I wait to see your sign
Would I
Obey?I look for you in heathered moor,
The desert, and the ocean floor
How low does one heart go.Looking for your fingerprints
I find them in coincidence,
And make my faith to grow.Forgive me all my blindnesses
My weakness and unkindnesses
As yet unbending still.Struggling so hard to see
My fist against eternity
And will you break my will?Now what would you have me do
I ask you please?
I wait to hear
Your voice,
The word
You say
I wait
To see your sign
Could I
Obey?

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