

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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