

## What Were The Chances

Damien Jurado

When I left you alone to fight your battles  
Of long winters in motels, what went through your mind?  
How is it that you made it? How is it that you noticed?  
It wasn't me who was looking at you  
Through foggy glass or windows... it was them

I was out in Coolidge with my head on a counter  
Drinking down my chances to ever return to anyone  
No I wasn't faking it the hurt I felt was real  
And all that was holy just slowly disappeared  
Or just appeared in parking lots of truck stops  
The lights all blinking and now all I'm thinking is  
'How the hell did I get here?'

Does your husband know I call you sweetheart?  
Does he know that I call you at all?  
It's not like you're cheating we're only meeting  
In hotels and not your home  
(It's not like we're cheating

We're only meeting in hotels and not your home)

Would you change your last name to mine?  
(Would you change your last name to mine?)

I think your kids will mind

I was in the desert waving planes and burning phonebooks  
To a tune that was famous the year I was born  
Do not leave me dancing alone  
(Do not leave me dancing alone, pick up the phone and call me 1  
over)  
Pick up the phone  
And call me lover  
Say, 'Come and get me, I am home'

Please pick up the phone  
Please pick up the phone