

Martha

Tim Buckley

Operator, number please
It's been so many years
She'll remember my old voice
While I fight the tears

Hello, hello there, is this Martha?
This is ol' Tom Frost
Now I'm calling long distance
Don't worry 'bout the cost

It's been twenty years or more
Now Martha please recall
And meet me out for coffee
Where we'll talk about it all

And those were days of roses
Of poetry and prose
And Martha all I had was you
And all you had was me

There was no tomorrow
We packed away our sorrows
And saved 'em for a rainy day
And I remember quiet evenings
Trembling close to you

I feel so much older now
You're much older too
How's the husband
And how's the kids
You know I got married too

Lucky that you found someone
Who makes you feel secure
We were all so young and foolish
Now we are mature

I was always so impulsive
Guess that I still am
But all that really mattered then
Was that I was a man

Guess that our bein' together
Was never meant to be
But Martha, Martha, I love you
Can't you see and