

Waits Tom

"Martha"

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Operator, number, please: it's been so many years
Will she remember my old voice while I fight the tears?
Hello, hello there, is this Martha? this is old Tom Frost,
And I am calling long distance, don't worry 'bout the
cost.
'Cause it's been forty years or more, now Martha
please recall,
Meet me out for coffee, where we'll talk about it all.

And those were the days of roses, poetry and prose
And Martha all I had was you and all you had was me.
There was no tomorrows, we'd packed away our
sorrows
And we saved them for a rainy day.

And I feel so much older now, and you're much older
too,
How's your husband? and how's the kids? you know
that I got married too?
Luck that you found someone to make you feel secure,
'Cause we were all so young and foolish, now we are
mature.

And those were the days of roses, poetry and prose
And Martha all I had was you and all you had was me.
There was no tomorrows, we'd packed away our
sorrows
And we saved them for a rainy day.

And I was always so impulsive, I guess that I still am,
And all that really mattered then was that I was a man.
I guess that our being together was never meant to be.
And Martha, Martha, I love you can't you see?

And those were the days of roses, poetry and prose
And Martha all I had was you and all you had was me.
There was no tomorrows, we'd packed away our
sorrows
And we saved them for a rainy day.

And I remember quiet evenings trembling close to

you...

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