

## **Brian Webb**

### **"Martha"**

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My friend Martha works at  
The bar down the street  
I don't like her like that  
I just think she's pretty  
She's been crying all night  
Talking about a boy  
I said, "Martha it's not some kind of contest  
That says in the end, if you love someone the most  
You will get to keep them"  
She says, "maybe it should be. I just want someone  
To run their fingers through me  
Like was barely tangled hair.  
You could pull just a little. I swear,  
I'd be better for the wear.  
You could cup your hands  
Like you were holding something precious."

[Chorus]

But I don't want to let you go  
And I don't know why. I don't know why  
And I don't want to let you know

I don't know why. I don't why  
But then again  
There are always reasons for letting go  
You're just caught in season with so little to show  
Its alright. This is only life  
You wrestle everything you've been  
You're 16 again  
You're 16.  
Its such a Brave New World for my little generation  
I'm just afraid we might die from a case of low  
expectations  
We're selling joy for a promise that we won't feel sad  
anymore  
But Martha, she likes girls now. So we got that in  
common  
She says "If they want to love me, man, I ain't gonna try  
to stop 'em"  
Well careful, girl. You know love is love  
It can hurt all the same  
[Chorus]

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