

Jefferson Airplane "Martha"

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(Paul Kantner)

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Martha she listens for the ticking of my footsteps
Patiently.

She sifts the hairy air that's worn and woodswept,
Pleasantly;

She does as she pleases:

She listens for me.

Martha she calls to me from a feather in the meadow,
"Fly to me;

You can dance and sing and walk with me;

And dreams will fade and shadows grow in weed."

She does as she pleases:

She waits there for me.

She does as she pleases:

Her heels rise for me.

My love, she talks to winking windows

As she murmurs to her feet,

Thoughtfully.

She separates in laughter to my side,

Caught for me.

She does as she pleases:

She waits there for me.

She does as she pleases:

Her heels rise for me.

Martha, she keeps her heart in a broken clock,

And it's waiting there for me.

She weeds apart through a token lock:

What a great thing to be free.

She weeps time, starts unspoken;

But when the gate swings,

There she'll be, there she'll be:

In green sun,

On blue earth,

Under warm running shower.

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