

M**"Martha"**

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Operator number please.
It's been so many years.
And she'll 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 about the cost.
It's been 40 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.
Poetry and prose and Martha.
And all I had was you and all you had was me.
And there was no tomorrow's.
As we packed away our sorrows.
And we saved it for a rainy day.

And I feel so much older now.
And you're much older too.
Oh how's the husband and how's the kids.
You know that I got married too!
Oh lucky that ya found someone.
To make ya feel secure.
Oh cause we were all so young and foolish.
And now we are mature.

And those were days of roses.
Poetry and prose and Martha.
And all I had was you and all you had was me.
And there was no tomorrow's.
As we packed away our sorrows.
And we saved it for a rainy day.

And I was always so impulsive.
I guess that I still am.
But all that really mattered then.
Was that I was a man.
I guess that our being together.
Was never meant to be.

Oh but Martha, Martha I love you.
Can't you see.

And those were days of roses.
Poetry and prose and Martha.
And all I had was you and all you had was me.
And there was no tomorrow's.
As we packed away our sorrows.
And we saved it for a rainy day.

And I remember quiet evenings.
Trembling close to you.

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