

## **Buckley Tim**

### **"Martha"**

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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...

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