

Martha

And I remember quiet evenings, trembling close to you

V?deo: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aGSNe4r8Epo>

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 about 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, of poetry and prose
And Martha all I had was you and all you had was me
There was no tomorrows, we 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 your kids, you know that I got married too
Lucky 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, of poetry and prose
And Martha all I had was you and all you had was me
There was no tomorrows, we 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, of poetry and prose
And Martha all I had was you and all you had was me
There was no tomorrows, we packed away our sorrows
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And I remember quiet evenings, trembling close to you



Foto: Khánh Hmoong