

# Song for Martin

Judy Collins

In Rough Rock, Arizona he lived for many years alone  
A gangly kid from Colorada, who could sing the sweetest songs  
I first heard Woody's songs from him in a cabin in the snow  
Seems like it was yesterday but it was years and years ago  
He moved to Arizona in nineteen sixty-one  
Got a job at the Indian school - he was livin' in the sun  
My life was movin' fast by now, I was always on the run  
My country life was far behind and the circus had begun  
Marty, I know it got lonely out there  
Coyotes cryin' at midnight in the cold desert air  
The heart that sorrow broke in you can never be repaired  
Mart, I know I let you down somewhere  
I knew that me and Marty, we should have been good friends  
I always knew the paths we walked were meant to cross again  
We talked on the telephone once or twice a year  
His voice was so familiar, his memory was clear  
I'll never know what brought him to where he finally stood  
A shotgun pointed at his head in a cabin in the woods  
But somehow I could hear it, it struck my heart as well  
For the unknown man who needs a hand  
For the friend I'll never know  
Marty, I know it got lonely out there  
Coyotes cryin' at midnight in the cold desert air  
The heart that sorrow broke in you can never be repaired  
Mart, I know I let you down somewhere

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