

# Martha

## Jefferson Airplane

Martha, she listens for the ticking of my footsteps, patiently  
She sifts the hairy air that's worn and wood-swept, 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 me  
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 waking 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 weaves apart through a token lock, what a great thing to be free  
She weeps, tired and 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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