Martha

Rufus Wainwright

Martha it's your brother calling
Time to go up north and see mother,
Things are harder for her now
And neither of us is really that much older than each other
Anymore

Martha it's your brother calling
Have you had a chance to see father?
Wondering how's he doing and
There's not much time for us
To really be that angry at each other
Anymore.

It's your brother calling Martha
It's your brother calling Martha
Please call me back.

I know how it goes
You gotta ring your little finger,
Hit the tree and see what falls
And make the sun come out
On Sunday afternoon.

All the while you heat the plates
And serve a little wine
And wear a hat and make 'em laugh
And forget that there is nobody
In the room
Anymore

It's your brother calling Martha
Its your brother calling Martha
Please call me back

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