

Martina

Barbra Streisand

I can see Martina as a child of three
In the sad seclusion of her nursery
Go outside, Martina, go outside and play
Never speak, Martina, put your toys away
So her days were loveless and her nights the same
When she cried for someone, no one ever came
Is it any wonder that her eyes grew cold?
That she loved nobody and her young heart grew old

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