

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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