

# Martha

## Los Trevi

Operator, number please, it's been so many years  
And she'll remember my old voice while I fight the tears  
Hello, hello there, is this Martha? This is old Tom Frost  
And I am calling long distance, don't worry about the cost  
It's been forty years or more now Martha please recall  
And meet me out for coffee where we'll talk about it all  
And those were the days of roses  
Poetry and prose and Martha  
And all I had was you and all you had was me  
And there was no tomorrows  
As we packed away our sorrows  
And we saved it for a rainy day  
And I feel so much older now and you're much older too  
Oh how's the husband and how's the kids?  
You know that I got married too  
Oh lucky that you found someone to make you feel secure  
Oh 'cause we were all so young and foolish and now we are mature  
And those were the days of roses

Poetry and prose and Martha  
And all I had was you and all you had was me  
And there was no tomorrows  
As we packed away our sorrows  
And we saved it for a rainy day  
And I was always so impulsive, I guess that I still am  
But all that really mattered then was that I was a man  
I guess that our being together was never meant to be  
Oh but Martha, oh Martha I love you, can't you see?  
And those were the days of roses  
Poetry and prose and Martha  
And all I had was you and all you had was me  
And there was no tomorrows  
As we packed away our sorrows  
And we saved it for a rainy day  
And I remember quiet evenings trembling close to you

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