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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