

Brian Webb, Martha

My friend Martha works at
the bar down the street
I don't like her like that
I just think she's pretty
She's been crying all night
talking about a boy

I said, "Martha its not some kind of contest
that says in the end, if you love someone the most
you will get to keep them"
she says, "maybe it should be. I just want someone
to run their fingers through me
like was barely tangled hair.
You could pull just a little. I swear,
I'd be better for the wear.
You could cup your hands
like you were holding something precious."

[Chorus]
But I don't want to let you go
and I don't know why. I don't know why
And I don't want to let you know
I don't know why. I don't why
But then again
There are always reasons for letting go
You're just caught in season with so little to show
Its alright. This is only life
You wrestle everything you've been
You're 16 again
You're 16.

Its such a Brave New World for my little generation
I'm just afraid we might die from a case of low expectations
We're selling joy for a promise that we won't feel sad anymore

But Martha, she likes girls now. So we got that in common
She says "if they want to love me, man, I ain't gonna try to stop 'em"
Well careful, girl. You know love is love
it can hurt all the same

[Chorus]