

Jefferson Airplane, Martha

Martha she listens for the ticking of my footsteps, Patiently;
She sifts the hairy air that's warm 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 weed;
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 winking 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 weeds apart through a token lock; What a great thing to be free;
She weeps time, starts unspoken, but when the gate swings there she'll be,
There she'll be: in green sun, on blue earth under warm running shallow water