

Song For Martin

Judy Collins

In Rough Rock, Arizona he lived for many years alone
A gangly kid from Colorado, who could sing the sweetest songs
I first heard Woody's songs from him in a cabin in the snow
Seems like it was yesterday but it was years and years ago

He moved to Arizona in nineteen sixty-one
Got a job at the Indian school - he was livin' in the sun
My life was movin' fast by now, I was always on the run
My country life was far behind and the circus had begun

Marty, I know it got lonely out there
Coyotes cryin' at midnight in the cold desert air
The heart that sorrow broke in you can never be repaired
Mart, I know I let you down somewhere

I knew that me and Marty, we should have been good friends
I always knew the paths we walked were meant to cross again
We talked on the telephone once or twice a year
His voice was so familiar, his memory was clear

I'll never know what brought him to where he finally stood
A shotgun pointed at his head in a cabin in the woods
But somehow I could hear it, it struck my heart as well
For the unknown man who needs a hand
For the friend I'll never know

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