

## Pretty Little Martha

Loudon Wainwright III

I wrote a song for your big brother,  
And I'm gonna write a song for you.  
I wrote a song for your big brother,  
And I'm gonna write a song for you too.

Don't cry pretty little Martha,  
Don't cry pretty little girl.  
Don't cry pretty little Martha,  
The prettiest girl in the whole damn world,  
Prettiest girl in the whole damn world.

I sang that song for your big brother,  
And I'm gonna sing this song for you.  
I sang that song for your big brother,  
And I'm gonna this one for you.

You're in Quebec with your mother,  
And I'm down here in New York state.  
In Quebec with your mother,  
The world is cruel and so is fate,  
The world is cruel and so is fate.

Oh you know I love your brother,  
And you know that I love you.  
Oh you know I love your brother,  
How I miss the both of you!  
We will be reunited, maybe on your birthday,  
Will be reunited, on the eighth day in month of May.  
On the eighth day in month of May.

I wrote a song for your big brother,  
Now I've written one for you.  
I wrote a song for your big brother,  
Now I've written one for you.

Don't cry pretty little Martha,  
Don't cry pretty little girl.  
Don't cry pretty little Martha,  
The prettiest girl in the whole damn world,  
Prettiest girl in the whole damn world.