

## Martina

Barbra Streisand

I can see Martina as a child of three  
In the sad seclusion of her nursery  
Go outside, Martina! Go outside and play  
Never speak, Martina, put your toys away  
So her days were loveless  
And her nights the same  
When she cried for someone  
No one ever came...  
Is it any wonder that her eyes grew cold?  
That she loved nobody and her young heart grew old  
All the children crying from the age of three  
Grow to be Martina's and me...