

Martha

Suckers

Don't say that you would have it any other way,
cos it's a pretty good day to let it get back to you.
It pays, but not enough to make you stay,
it lost all it's cache, and you're dancing on your own.

Martha, don't be long, don't be long, you're gone.
Martha, don't be long, don't be long, you're gone.

Don't say that your hands and knees were made to pray,
cos you're a pretty good lay, so I'll stay here with you.
Threads fray and unravel into a state of dismay,
but that could easily sway back to being ok.

Martha, don't be long, don't be long, you're gone.
Martha, don't be long, don't be long, you're gone.