

Ms. Martha

Curtis Mayfield

She sit on her porch every day at about past noon
But from her eyes, I just see a sad and blue
Is there anything that I can do for you?
She'd say, "No my son, the Lord will see me through"
his name was Little Ray
Red in his eyes and all he know is getting paid
Sell his soul to the devil if he could
Ms. Martha, she do her best, like we know she always would

Sometimes I'm up, and times I'm down
It's like one way in, and no way out
But we oughta know each other
And spread love around the world, not hate amongst each other
Like Ms. Martha
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Standing at her place, just to see the waste
Never much to say, kept an empty face
Could it be, she just doesn't have a man
Or maybe, we just don't understand
There are so many things I wish to do for you
Follow your heart to make the dreams come true
(She said) the reason why I haven't passed away

I lived to make sure you'd see a better day
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