

# Depression

## Cressida

The carlours of living, do you mind how so fine  
When reveal they're just as pale as mine  
So climb on my baby, leave the sun and moon to shine  
Take a tip from the annals of time Your munmurs and tunder  
Your brother lives again  
My baby, who'll save me  
From the roots of depression setting in? Depression might come down  
The lesson, there's a teaching of time

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