Spider Monkey

Beth Gibbons

Time is but a memory
The bitter note unsung
Running
Trying to find salvation
From the sorrow that is done

For the life of me
Will the sorrow rise
For this under
Underlies all I see

For time is but a memory
Beautiful for some
Feathered like a majorette
In a rose unsaid and done

Moments
Like a rainbow colored sky
How they come and go
They come and go but why

For unknown
Is our fortune
And our fortune won't let go

And our faith it will die with the sun
It will lie
Underneath
All will see

For time is but a memory
Beautiful for some
Feathered like a majorette
In a rose unsaid and done
But it's all
All for our future
And our future won't let go

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