

One of a Group

Cressida

You write on bits of paper
A bus that never ends
You know you missed the reason
why she never was your friend
You jump on all the lillies
While dancing to the sun
And the servant wind has stolen
The songs you never sungThe rising tide of milk and honey
Flowing round and round
Light of day and dark of night
They merge without a soundTake a look behind you at things you'd never see
It's not that time is running out, it's just the sand between
Innocence betrayed you, of that you know you're sure
Snow White has tumbled from your dreams againInventor of a multitude of things that never see the light
Of day or is it night you're not so very sure
Look to this marvel mirror, you can't believe it when
They say you've aged a decade in your last few years

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