

# 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 sung  
The rising tide of milk and honey  
Flowing round and round  
Light of day and dark of night  
They merge without a sound  
Take 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 again  
Inventor 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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