

# 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 coloured 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