Beth Gibbons & Rustin Man "Spider Monkey"

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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

[Incomprehensible]

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