

When the world is all at odds  
And the mind is all at sea,  
Then cease the useless tedium  
And brew this cup of tea.  
There is magic in its fragrance,  
There is solace in its taste,  
And the laden moments vanish  
Somehow into space.  
The world becomes a lovely thing,  
There's beauty, as you'll see.  
All because you briefly stopped  
To brew a cup of tea.



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