

Portishead, Lot More

To pretend no one can find
The fallacies of morning rose
Forbidden fruit, hidden eyes
Courtesies that I despise in me
Take a ride, take a shot now
Cause nobody loves me, it's true
Not like you do

Covered by the blind belief
That fantasies of sinful screens
Bear the facts, assume the dye
End the vows no need to lie, enjoy
Take a ride, take a shot now
Cause nobody loves me, it's true
Not like you do

Who am I, what and why
Cause all I have left is my memories of yesterday
Ohh these sour times
Cause nobody loves me, it's true
Not like you do

After time, the bitter taste
Of innocence, descent or race
Scattered seeds, buried lives
Mysteries of our disguise revolve
Circumstance will decide

Cause nobody loves me, it's true
Not like you
Nobody loves me, it's true
Not like you do