

Portishead, Sour Times

To pretend no one can find
The fallacies of morning rose
Forbidden fruit, hidden eyes
Curtises that I despise in me
Take a ride, take a shot now

Cos nobody loves me
Its 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

Cos nobody loves me
Its true
Not like you do

Who oo am I, what and why
Cos all I have left is my memories of yesterday
Ohh these sour times

Cos nobody loves me
Its true
Not like you do

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

Cos nobody loves me
Its true
Not like you do

Cos nobody loves me
Its true
Not like you
Nobody loves.. me
Its true
Not, like, you.. do