

# Portishead, Small

If I remember the night that we met  
Tasted a wine that I'll never forget  
Opened the doorway and saw through the light  
Motions of movement 'n' I felt alive  
She spoke of freedom, &quot;The way in&quot; she said  
&quot;The wisdom that took me away from the bed&quot;  
Spoke of a glory that we have become  
I felt forgiven and what I've become

Small, tasteless and flawed  
Hoping to see, blinded like me  
You tried to understand, but you're just a man  
Hoping to score just like me

Thrill, you were again  
Tried to pretend, who you were then  
Who you are now  
Late in the law (late in the law)  
Late in the law (late in the law)

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