

# Portishead, Sour Sour Times

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