Sour Times

Portishead

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
'Cause nobody loves me
It's true
Not like you doCovered 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 doWho am I, what and why
'Cause all I have left
Is my memories of yesterday
Oh these sour times
'Cause nobody loves me
It's true
Not like you doAfter time the bitter taste
Of innocence decent or race
Scattered seeds, buried lives
Mysteries of our disguise revolve
Circumstance will decide
Nobody loves me
It's true
Not like you do

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