

Sour Times (live UK 98, date/venue unknown)

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 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
Oh these sour times
'Cause nobody loves me
It's 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
Nobody loves me
It's true
Not like you do

Songwriters

HENRY BROOKS, OTIS TURNER, GEOFF BARROW, BETH GIBBONS, LALO SCHIFRIN, ADRIAN
UTLEY Published by

Lyrics © Peermusic Publishing, Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>