

# Sour Times

## Portishead

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 bows no need to lie enjoy  
Take a ride, take a shot now  
'Cause nobody loves me, it's true  
Not like you do  
Am I what am I?  
'Cause all I have left is my memories of yesterday, the sour time  
  
'Cause nobody loves me, it's true  
Not like you do  
After time the bitter taste of innocence descent or race  
Scattered seed, buried lives mysteries you learnt disguised  
Revolve circumstance will decide  
'Cause nobody loves me, it's true  
Not like you do  
'Cause nobody loves me, it's true  
Not like you do  
Nobody loves me, it's true  
Not like you do

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