

Sour Times (Produced By Marsha Ambrosius)

[Marsha Ambrosius](#)

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 baby Who am I, what and why?
'Cause all I have left is my memories of yesterday
Ooh these sour times See nobody loves me
It's true
nobody loves me
like you do
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 See nobody loves me
It's true
nobody loves me
it's true
nobody loves me
it's true
nobody loves me
it's true
Not like you do baby
Love me baby

Songwriters

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

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