Sour Times

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 doCovered 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 doAm 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 doAfter 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 doNobody loves me, it's true
Not like you do

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