

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 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

'Cause nobody loves me
It's true
Not like you do

'Cause nobody loves me
It's true
Not like you
Nobody loves.. me
It's true
Not, like, you.. do