

Lot More

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 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 oo am I, what and why?
'Cause all I have left is my memories of yesterday,
Ohh 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 seed, buried lives,
Mysteries of our disguise revolve,
Circumstance will decide.

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

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It's true,
Not like you

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