

Sheared Times

Portishead

To pretend no one can find The fallacies of morning rose Forbid
den fruit, hidden eyes Curtises that I despise in me Take a ride,
take a shot now

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

Covered by the blind belief That fantasies of sinful screens Be
ar the facts, assume the dye End the vows no need to lie, enjoy
Take a ride, take a shot now

Who oo am I, what and why Cos all I have left is my memories of
yesterday Ohh these sour times

After time the bitter taste Of innocence decent or race Scatter
ed seeds, buried lives Mysteries of our disguise revolve Circum
stance will decide

Cos nobody loves me It's true Not like you Nobody loves me It's
true Not like you do