

## Small

Portishead

If I remember the night that we met  
Tasted a wine that I'll never forget  
Opened the doorway and saw through the light  
Motions of movement and I felt delight

She spoke of freedom, "A way in," she said  
"A wisdom that took me away from the bed"  
Spoke of the glory that we had become  
I felt forgiven in all I've become

Small, tasteless, and forgot  
Hoping to see, blinded like me  
You tried to understand, but you're just a man  
Open to scorn just like me

Failure again  
Tried to pretend  
Who you were then  
Who you are now

Hating the lord  
Hating the lord  
Hating the lord  
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