

Sour Times

The Civil Wars

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

Because 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 bows, no need to lie en
joy
Take a ride, take a shot now

Because nobody loves me, it's true
Not like you do

Am I what am I?
Because all I have left is my memories of yesterday, the sour t
ime

Because nobody loves me, it's true
Not like you do

After time the bitter taste of innocence descent or race
Scattered seed, buried lives, mysteries you learned disguised
Revolve circumstance will decide

Because nobody loves me, it's true
Not like you do

Because nobody loves me, it's true
Not like you do

Nobody loves me, it's true
Not like you do