

Sour Times

Marsha Ambrosius

To pretend no one can find
The fallacies of morning rose
Forbidden fruit, hidden eyes
Curtseys 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
Nobody loves me, it's true
Nobody loves me like you do
Nobody loves me, it's true
Not like you do, baby Who am I? What and why?
'Cause all I have left
Are my memories of yesterday
Ooh, these sour times See nobody loves me, it's true
Nobody loves me like you do
Nobody loves me, it's true
Not like you do After time, the bitter taste
Of innocence, descent or race
Scattered seeds, buried lives
Mysteries of our disguise revolve
Circumstance will decide
See nobody loves me, it's true
Nobody loves me, it's true
Nobody loves me, it's true
Nobody loves me, it's true
Not like you do, baby You love me, baby

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