

## 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