

## 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