

## Sour Times

Marsha Ambrosius

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

'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

'Cause nobody loves me  
It's true  
Not like you do

Who am I, what and why?  
'Cause all I have left is my memories of yesterday  
Oh these sour times

'Cause nobody loves me  
It's true  
Not like you do

After time the bitter taste  
Of innocence, decent or race  
Scattered seeds, buried lives  
Mysteries of our disguise revolve  
Circumstance will decide ....

'Cause nobody loves me  
It's true  
Not like you do

'Cause nobody loves me  
It's true  
Not like you  
Nobody loves.. me  
It's true  
Not, like, you.. do