

## The Blank Theory "Sour Times"

Visit "[Sour Times](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

To pretend no one can find the fallacies of morning  
rose  
Forbidden fruit, hidden eyes courtesies that I despise  
in  
Take a ride, take a shot now

'Cause nobody loves me, it is true  
Not like you do

Covered by the blind belief, the fantasies of sinful  
screens  
Bear the facts, assume the dye, end the vows, no need  
to lie, enjoy  
Take a ride, take 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

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 of our disguise  
revolve  
Circumstance will decide

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

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

Visit [The Blank Theory](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.

