

## Portishead "Small"

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If I remember the night that we met  
Tasted a wine that I'll never forget  
Opened the doorway and saw through the light  
Motions of movement and I felt delight

She spoke of freedom, "A way in," she said  
"A wisdom that took me away from the bed"  
Spoke of the glory that we had become  
I felt forgiven in all I've become

Small, tasteless, and forgot  
Hoping to see, blinded like me  
You tried to understand, but you're just a man  
Open to scorn just like me  
Failure again  
Tried to pretend  
Who you were then  
Who you are now

Hating the lord  
Hating the lord  
Hating the lord  
Hating the lord

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