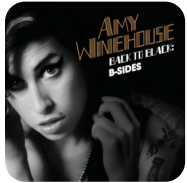


# Back to Black – Amy Winehouse

He left no time to regret,  
kept his dick wet  
With his same old safe bet  
Me and my head high  
and my tears dry  
Get on without my guy  
You went back to what you knew  
so far removed  
From all that we went through  
And I tread a troubled track,  
my odds are stacked  
I'll go back to black  
We only said goodbye with words  
I died a hundred times  
You go back to her  
And I go back to,  
I go back to us  
I love you much, it's not enough  
You love blow and I love puff  
And life is like a pipe  
And I'm a tiny  
penny rolling up the walls inside  
We only said goodbye with words  
I died a hundred times  
You go back to her  
And I go back to,  
We only said goodbye with words  
I died a hundred times  
You go back to her  
And I go back to,  
Black,  
Black,  
Black,  
Black  
Black,  
Black,

Black  
I go back to  
I go back to  
We only said goodbye with words  
I died a hundred times  
You go back to her  
And I go back to,  
We only said goodbye with words  
I died a hundred times  
You go back to her  
And I go back to black



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych