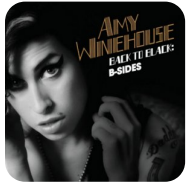


Back to Black – Amy Winehouse

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