

# 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  
When 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: Amy Winehouse, Mark Ronson  
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