

Me & Mr.Jones – Amy Winehouse

Nobody stands in between me and my man
It's me and Mr Jones (me and Mr Jones)
What kind of fuckery is this?
You made me miss the Slick Rick gig
(oh, Slick Rick)
And thought that I didnt love you when I did
(when I did)
Can't believe you played me out like that
No, you ain't worth guest list
Plus one of all them girls you kiss
(all them girls)
You can't keep lying to yourself like this
(to yourself)
Can't believe you played yourself like this
Ruler's one thing, but come Brixton
Nobody stands in between me and my man
'Cause it's me and Mr Jones
(me and Mr Jones)
What kind of fuckery are we?
Nowadays, you don't mean dick to me
(dick to me)
I might let you make it up to me (make it up)
Who's playing Saturday?
What kind of fuckery are you?
'Side from Sammy, you're my best black Jew
(best black Jew)
But I could swear that we were through
(we were through)
I still wonder 'bout the things you do
Mr Destiny, nine and 14
Nobody stands in between me and my man
'Cause it's me and Mr Jones
Mr Jones (me and Mr Jones)
Me and oh





Słowa: brak danych

Muzyka: brak danych