

# You Know I'm No Good – Amy Winehouse

Meet you downstairs in the bar and hurt  
Your rolled up sleeves in your skull t-shirt  
You say why did you do it with him today?  
And sniffed me out like I was Tanqueray

'Cause you're my fella, my guy  
Hand me your Stella and fly  
By the time I'm out the door  
You tear men down like Roger Moore

I cheated myself  
Like I knew I would  
I told you, I was trouble  
You know that I'm no good

Upstairs in bed, with my ex boy,  
He's in a place, but I can't get joy,  
Thinking on you in the final throes, this is when my  
Buzer goes  
Run out to meet you, chips and pitta,  
You say "when we married" 'cause you're not bitter  
There'll be none of him no more  
I cried for you on the kitchen floor

I cheated myself  
Like I knew I would  
I told you, I was trouble  
You know that I'm no good

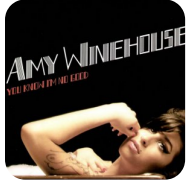
Sweet reunion, Jamaica and Spain  
We're like how we were again  
I'm in the tub you on the seat  
Lick your lips as I soak my feet

Then you notice little carpet burn  
My stomach drops and my guts churn

You shrug and it's the worst  
Who truly stuck the knife in first

I cheated myself like I knew I would  
I told you I was trouble, you know that I'm no good

I cheated myself, like I knew I would  
I told you I was trouble, yeah you know that I'm no good



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych