

You Know I'm No Good – Amy Winehouse

Meet you downstairs in the bar and hurt
Your rolled up sleeves and your skull t-shirt
You say what did you do with him today?
And sniff 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 me down like Roger Moore

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

Upstairs in bed, with my ex boy
He's in the place, but I can't get joy
Thinking of you in the final throws
This is when my buzzer 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 ya, I was troubled
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 soap my feet,
Then you notice likkle carpet burn,

My stomach drop and my guts churn,
You shrug and it's the worst,
Who truly stuck the knife in first

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Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych