

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 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 the place
But I can't get joy
Thinkin' on you
In the final throes
This is when my buzzer goes
Run out to meet ya, chips and pita
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 soap my feet
Then you notice little carpet burn
My stomach drop 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



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