

Amy Winehouse, Back to Black (Edited)

He left no time to regret, kept his **** 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 **** 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
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, 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