

Amy Winehouse, What It Is About Men

Understand once he was a family man
so surely I would never, ever go through it first hand
Emulate all the shit my mother hated
I can't help but demonstrate my Freudian fate
My alibi for taking your guy
history repeats itself, it fails to die
and animal aggression is my downfall
I don't care 'bout what you got I wanted all

It's bricked up in my head, it's shoved under my bed
and I question myself again: what is it 'bout men?
My destructive side has grown a mile wide
and I question myself again: what is it 'bout men?

I'm nurturing, I just wanna do my thing
and I'll take the wrong man as naturally as I sing
and I'll save my tears for uncovering my fears
for behavioural patters that stick over the years

It's bricked up in my head, it's shoved under my bed
and I question myself again: what is it 'bout men?
My destructive side has grown a mile wide
and I question myself again: what is it 'bout men?