

# Amy Winehouse, You Send Me Flying

Amy Winehouse

Frank

You Send Me Flying

Lent you outsidaz and my new Badu  
while I was thinking you didn't have a clue  
tough to sort files with your voice in my head  
So then I bribed you downstairs with a malboro red  
so now I feel so small discovering you knew  
How much more torture would you have put me through?  
you probably saw me laughing at all your jokes  
or how I did not mind when you stole all my smokes

And although my pride is not easily disturbed  
you sent me flying when you kicked me to the kerb  
With you battered jeans and your beastie tee  
Now I can't work like this with you next to me

And although he is nothing in the scheme of my years  
it just serves to blugdeon my futile tears  
And I'm not use to this, I observe, I don't chase  
So now I'm stuck with consequences, thrust in my face  
And the melodramas of my day delivery blows  
that surpass your rejection it just goes to show  
a simple attraction that reflects right back to me  
so I'm not as into you as I appear to be

And although my pride's not easily disturbed  
you sent me flying when you kicked me to the kerb  
With you battered jeans and your beastie tee  
Now I can't work like this with you next to me

His message was brutal but the delivery was kind  
maybe if I get this down I'll get it off my mind  
It serves to condition me and smoothen mi kinks  
despite my frustation for the way that he thinks  
and I knew the truth, when it came, would be to that effect  
At least you're attracted to me which I did not expect  
didn't think you get my number down and such  
but I never hated myself for my age so much

And although my pride's not easily disturbed  
you sent me flying when you kicked me to the kerb  
With you battered jeans and your beastie tee  
Now I can't work like this with you next to me