

Amy Winehouse, Amy Amy Amy

Attracts me, till it hurts to concentrate,
Distract me, stop me doing work I hate
Just to show him how it feels;
I walk past his desk in heels
One leg resting on the chair
From the side he pulls my hair.

Amy Amy Amy
Although I've been here before
Amy Amy Amy
He's just too hard to ignore
Masculine you spin a spell
I think you'd wear me well
Amy Amy Amy
Where's my moral parallel?

It takes me half an hour to write a verse
He makes me imagine it from bad to worse
My weakness for the other sex
Every time his shoulders flex
The way the shirt hangs off his back
My train of thought spins right off track

His own style, right down to his Diesel jeans
Immobile, I can't think by any means
Underwear peeks out the top
I'll let you know when you should stop
From the picture my mind drew
I know I'd look good on you

Creative energy abused
All my lyrics go unused
When I clock black hair blue eyes
I drift off I fantasize