

# Amy Winehouse, Back To Black

He left no time to regret  
Kept his dick 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 know  
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 loved you much  
It's not enough  
You love blow 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... x2

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