

Amy Winehouse, Fuck me pumps.

When you walk in the bar
And you're dressed like a star
Rocking your F me pumps,

And the men notice you,
With ya Gucci bag crew,
Can't tell who he's looking to.

Cos you all look the same,
Everyone knows ya name,
And that's you whole claim to fame.

Never miss a night,
Cos your dream in life?
Is to be a footballer's wife.

You don't like players,
That's what you say-a,
But you really wouldn't mind a millionaire.

You don't like ballers,
They don't do nothing for ya,
But you'd love a rich man six foot two or taller.

You're more than a fan,
Looking for a man,
But you end up with one-nights stands.

He could be your whole life,
If you got past one night,
But that part never goes right.

In the morning you're vexed,
He's onto the next,
And you didn't even get no text.

Don't be too upset,
If they call you a sket,
Cos like the news everyday you get press.

You don't like players,
That's what you say-a,
But you really wouldn't mind a millionaire.

Or them big balers,
Don't do nothing for ya.
But you'd love a rich man six foot two or taller,

You can't sit down right,
Cos ya jeans are too tight,
And you're lucky it's ladies night.

With your big empty purse,
Every week it gets worse,
At least your breasts cost more than hers.

So you did Miami,
Cos you got there for free,
But somehow you missed the plane.

So you did too much E,
Met somebody,
And spent the night getting caned.

Without girls like you,
There'd be no fun,
We'd go to the club and not see anyone.

Without girls like you,
There's no nightlife,
All those men just go home to their wives.

Don't be mad at me,
Cos ya pushing thirty,
And your old tricks no longer work.

You should've known from the jump,
That you'll always get dumped,
So dust off your fuck me pumps.