

# Amy Winehouse, Fuck me pumps

When you walk in the bar,  
And you dressed like a star,  
Rockin' your F me pumps.  
And the men notice you,  
With your Gucci bag crew,  
Can't tell who he's lookin' to.  
Cuz you all look the same,  
Everyone knows your name,  
And that's you whole claim to fame.  
Never miss a night,  
Cuz your dream in life,  
Is to be a footballers 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,  
Lookin' 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 taste.  
Don't be too upset,  
If they call you a skank,  
Cuz like the news everyday you get pressed.  
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,  
Cuz you jeans are too tight,  
And your lucky its ladies night.  
With your big empty purse,  
Every week it gets worse,  
At least your breasts cost more than hers.  
So you did Miami,  
Cuz you got there for free,  
But somehow you missed the plane.  
You did too much E,  
Met somebody,  
And spent the night getting cane.  
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 just go home to their wives.  
Don't be mad at me,  
Cuz your brushing thirty,  
And your old tricks no longer work.  
You should have known from the job,  
That you always get dumped,  
So dust off your fuck me pumps.