## Amy Winehouse, You Know I'm No Good (Edited)

Meet you downstairs in the bar and heard Your rolled up sleeves in your skull T-shirt

You say, " What did you do with him today? "

And sniffed me out like I was Tanqueray

'Cause you're my fella, my guy

Hand me your Stella and fly

By the time I'm out the door

You tear men down like Roger Moore

I cheated myself

Like I knew Í would

I told you, I was trouble

You know that I'm no good

Upstairs in bed with my ex-boy

He's in a place but I can't get joy

Thinking on you in the final throes

This is when my buzzer goes

Run out to meet you, chips and pitta

You say, " When we married ", 'cause you're not bitter

There'll be none of him no more

I cried for you on the kitchen floor

I cheated myself

Like I knew I would

I told you, I was trouble

You know that I'm no good

Sweet reunion Jamaica and Spain

We're like how we were again

I'm in the tub, you on the seat

Lick your lips as a I soak my feet

And then you notice likkle carpet burns

My stomach drop and my guts churn

You shrug and it's the worst

Who truly stuck the knife in first

I cheated myself

Like I knew I would

I told you, I was trouble

You know that I'm no good

I cheated myself

Like I knew I would

I told you, I was trouble

Yeah, you know that I'm no good