

Amy Winehouse, You Sent Me Flying

Lent you outsiders and my new Badu
While you were thinking I didn't have a clue
Tough to sort files with your voice in my head
So then I bribed you downstairs with a Marlboro red

So now I feel so small discovering you knew
How much more torture would you have put me through?
You probably saw me laughing at all your jokes
Or how I did not mind when you stole all my smokes, yeah

And although my pride is not easy to disturb
You sent me flying when you kicked me to the curb
With you battered jeans and your Beastie tee
Now I can't work like this, no no, with you next to me

And although he is nothing in the scheme of my years
It just serves to bludgeon my futile tears
And I'm not used to this, no, no, I observe, I don't chase
So now I'm stuck with consequences thrust in my face, yeah

And the melodramas of my day deliver blows
That surpass your rejection it just goes to show
A simple attraction that reflects right back to me
So I'm not as into you as I appear to be, yeah

And although my pride, yeah, is not easily disturbed, yeah
You sent me flying when you kicked me to the curb
With you battered jeans, yeah, and your Beastie's tee
Now I can't work like this, no, with you next to me

His message was brutal but the delivery was kind
Maybe if I get this down I'll get it off my mind
Oh, it serves to condition me and smoothen my kinks, yeah
Despite my frustration for the way that he thinks

And I knew the truth, when it came, would be to that effect
At least you're attracted to me which I did not expect
Didn't think you get my number down and such
But I've never hated myself for my age so much, yeah

And although my pride's not easily disturbed, yeah
You sent me flying when you kicked me to the curb
So with you battered jeans, yeah, and your Beastie tee
Now I can't work like this, no no, with you next to me, yeah

And although my pride's not easy to disturbed, yeah
You sent me flying when you kicked me to the curb
So with your battered jeans, yeah, and your Beastie tee

Her name is Cherry, we've just met
But already she knows me better than you
She understands me after eighteen years
And you still don't see me like you ought to do

Maybe we could talk 'bout things
If you was made of wood and strings
While I love her every sound
I dunno how to turn you down

You're so thick and my patience thin
So I got me a new best friend
With a pickup that puts you to shame
And Cherry is her name

And when I'm lonely, Cherry's there
And she plays along while I sing out my blues
I could be crying and you don't care
You won't call me back, you stubborn as a mule

Maybe we could talk 'bout things
If you was made of wood and strings
You might think I've gone too far
I'm talking 'bout my new guitar