

You Know Im No Good.

Amy Winehouse

Meet you downstairs in the bar and hurt
Your rolled up sleeves in your skull T-shirt
You say, "What did you do it 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 me down like Roger Moore

I cheated myself
Like I knew I 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 your chips and pita
You say, "When we're 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 I soak my feet

Then you notice little carpet burn
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 troubled
Yeah, you know that I'm no good (no good)