

Meet you \_\_\_\_\_ in the bar and hurt  
Your rolled up \_\_\_\_\_ and your skull t-shirt  
You say: What did you do with him \_\_\_\_\_?  
And sniffed me out like I was Tanqueray

'Cause you're my fella, my \_\_\_\_\_  
Hand me your Stella and fly  
By the time I'm out the \_\_\_\_\_  
You tear men down like Roger Moore

I \_\_\_\_\_ myself  
Like I knew I would  
I told you I was \_\_\_\_\_  
You know that I'm no good

\_\_\_\_\_ in bed with my ex-boy  
He's in the place, but I can't get joy  
\_\_\_\_\_ on you in the final throes  
This is when my buzzer goes

Run out to meet ya, chips and pita  
You say: When we married, 'cause you're not \_\_\_\_\_  
There'll be none of him no more  
I \_\_\_\_\_ for you on the kitchen floor

I \_\_\_\_\_ myself  
Like I knew I would  
I told you I was \_\_\_\_\_  
You know that I'm no good

Sweet reunion, Jamaica and Spain  
We're like how we were \_\_\_\_\_  
I'm in the \_\_\_\_\_, you on the seat  
Lick your lips as I soap my feet

Then you notice likkle carpet \_\_\_\_\_  
My stomach drop and my guts churn  
You shrug, and it's the \_\_\_\_\_  
Who truly stuck the knife in first?

(REPEAT)