

# YOU KNOW I'M NO GOOD- AMY WINEHOUSE

Meet you downstairs in the \_\_\_\_\_ and hurt  
Your rolled up sleeves and your skull t-shirt  
You say: What did you \_\_\_\_\_ 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 \_\_\_\_\_ I'm out the door  
You tear men down like Roger Moore

I cheated \_\_\_\_\_  
Like I knew I would  
I told you I was trouble  
You know that I'm no good  
Upstairs in \_\_\_\_\_ with my ex-boy  
He's in the place, but I can't get joy  
Thinking 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 bitter  
There'll be none of him no more  
I cried for you on the \_\_\_\_\_ floor

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

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

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

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

I cheated myself  
Like I knew I would  
I \_\_\_\_\_ you I was trouble  
Yeah, you know that I'm no good

