

# You Know I'm No Good

## Amy Winehouse

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 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 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

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