

# You Know I'm No Good

[Amy Winehouse](#)

Meet you downstairs in the bar and heard  
Your rolled up sleeves and your skull T-shirt  
You say "why did you do it with him today?"  
And sniff 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 the place, but I can't get joy  
Thinking of you in the final throws  
This is when my buzzer goes

Run out to meet your chicks and bitter  
You say when we're married, 'cause you're not bitter  
There'll be none of him no more  
I cry for you on the kitchen floor

I cheated myself  
Like I knew I would  
I told you I was troubled  
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're on the seat  
Lick your lips as I soak my feet

Then you notice a lickle carpet burn  
My stomach drops and my guts churn  
You shrug and it's the worst  
To truly stuck the knife in first

I cheated myself  
Like I knew I would  
I told you I was troubled  
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

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