

Me & Mr. Jones (Live In London)

[Amy Winehouse](#)

Nobody stands in between me and my man
It's me and Mr. Jones (me and Mr. Jones) What kind of fuckery is this?
You made me miss the Slick Rick gig (oh, Slick Rick)
And thought I didn't love you when I did (when I did)
Can't believe you played me out like that (ah) No, you ain't worth guest list
Plus one of all them girls you kiss (all them girls)
You can't keep lying to yourself like this (to yourself)
Can't believe you played yourself (out) like this Ruler's one thing, but come Brixton
Nobody stands in between me and my man
'Cause it's me and Mr. Jones (me and Mr. Jones) What kind of fuckery are we?
Nowadays you don't mean dick to me (dick to me)
I might let you make it up to me (make it up)
Who's playing Saturday? What kind of fuckery are you?
'Side from Sammy, you're my best black Jew
But I could swear that we were through (we were through)
I still want to wonder 'bout the things you do Mr. Destiny, nine and fourteen
Nobody stands in between me and my man
'Cause it's me and Mr. Jones (me and Mr. Jones)
Yeah (me and Mr. Jones)

Songwriters

WINEHOUSE, AMY Published by

Lyrics © EMI Music Publishing Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>