You Know I'm No Good

Loren Allred

Meet you downstairs in the bar and hurt,
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 I soak my feet,
Then you notice little carpet burn,
My stomach drops 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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