

What Is It About Men

[Amy Winehouse](#)

Understand, once he was a family man
So surely I would never, ever go through it first hand
Emulate all the shit my mother hated
I can't help but demonstrate my Freudian fate
My alibi for taking your guy
History repeats itself, it fails to die
And animal aggression is my downfall
I don't care 'bout what you got, I want it all
It's bricked up in my head, it's shoved under my bed
And I question myself again, "What is it about men?"
My destructive side has grown a mile wide
And I question myself again, "What is it about men? What is it about men?"
I'm nurturing, I just wanna do my thing
And I'll take the wrong man as naturally as I sing
And I'll save my tears for uncovering my fears
Our behavioral patters that stick over the years
Cause it's bricked up in my head, it's shoved under my bed
And I question myself again, "What is it about men?"
Now my destructive side has grown a mile wide
And I question myself again, "What is it about men?"
Ooh, it's bricked up in my head and it's shoved under my bed
And I question myself again, "Now what is it about men?"
My destructive side has grown a mile wide
And I question myself again, "What is it about men? What is it about men?"

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