

# You Sent Me Flying

[Amy Winehouse](#)

Lent you outsiders and my new Badu  
While you were thinking I didn't have a clue  
Tough to sort files with your voice in my head  
So then I bribed you downstairs with a Marlboro Red, uh huh And now I feel so small discovering you knew  
How much more torture would you have put me through?  
You probably saw me laughing at all your jokes  
Or how I did not mind when you stole all my smokes, yeah And although my pride is not easy to disturb, yeah  
You sent me flying when you kicked me to the curb  
With your battered jeans and your Beasties tee  
Now I can't work like this, with you next to me And although he's nothing in the scheme of my years  
It just serves to bludgeon my futile tears  
And I'm not use to this, no no, I observe yeah, I don't chase  
But now I'm stuck with consequences, thrust in my face, yeah  
And the melodramas of my day delivery blows  
And that surpass your rejection, it just goes to show  
A simple attraction that reflects right back to me  
So I'm not as into you as I appear to be Although my pride, yeah, is not easily disturbed  
You sent me flying when you kicked me to the curb  
With your battered jeans, yeah and your Beasties tee, yeah yeah  
Now I can't work like this, no with you next to me yeah yeah His message was brutal but the delivery was kind  
Maybe if I get this down, I'll get it off my mind, yeah  
Oh it serves to condition me and smoothen my kinks  
Despite my frustration for the way that he thinks  
And I knew the truth, when it came, would be to that effect  
At least you're attracted to me which I did not expect  
Didn't think you'd get my number down as such  
But I never hated myself, for my age so much, yeah And although my pride's, yeah, not easy to disturbed, yeah  
You sent me flying when you kicked me to the curb, yeah  
So with your battered jeans, yeah, and your Beasties tee  
Now I can't work like this, no, with you next to me, yeah And although my pride's, yeah, not easy to disturbed,  
yeah  
You sent me flying when you kicked me to the curb  
So with your battered jeans yeah and your Beasties tee  
Now I can't work like this, no, with you next to me

Songwriters

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