

You Know I'm No Good

Arctic Monkeys

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 ya, I was troubled
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 cried for you on the kitchen floor I cheated myself
Like I knew I would
I told ya, 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 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 ya, I was troubled
You know that I'm no good I cheated myself
Like I knew I would
I told ya, I was troubled
You know that I'm no good

Songwriters

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