

Me and Mr Jones

[Amy Winehouse](#)

Nobody stands in between me and my man it's me and Mr Jones
What kind of fuckery is this? You made me Mr Slick Ricky
I thought I didn't love you when I did
I can't believe you played me out like that No you ain't worth guest lists plus one of all them girls you kissed
You can't keep lying to yourself like this
I can't believe you played yourself like this Who loves one thing but come Brixton
Nobody stands in between me and my man
'Cause it's me and Mr Jones
What kind of fuckery are we? Nowadays you don't mean dick to me
I might let you make it up to me, who's playing Saturday What kind of fuckery are you? Besides from some of
you being my best black Joe
But I could swear that we were through
I still wonder about the things you do

Songwriters

FREDERICK HIBBERT Published by

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