

Back to Black

Amy Winehouse

He left no time to regret, kept his dick wet
With his same old safe bet
Me, and my head high, and my tears dry
Get on without my guy You, went back to what you knew, so far removed
From all that we went through
And I, tread, a troubled track, my odds are stacked
I'll go back to black We only said goodbye with words
I died a hundred times
You go back to her
And I go back to, I go back to, us I love you much, it's not enough
You love blow and I love puff
And life, is like a pipe
And I'm a tiny penny rolling up the walls, inside We only said goodbye with words
I died a hundred times
You go back to her
When I go back to We only said goodbye with words
I died a hundred times
You go back to her
And I go back to Black, black, black, black
Black, black, black
I go back to
I go back to We only said goodbye with words
I died a hundred times
You go back to her
And I go back to We only said goodbye with words
I died a hundred times
You go back to her
And I go back to black

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