Fuck Me Pumps

Amy Winehouse

When you walk in the bar
And you dressed like a star
Rockin' your f me pumps
And the men notice you
With your Gucci bag crew
Can't tell who he's lookin' to'Cause you all look the same
Everyone knows your name
And that's you whole claim to fame
Never miss a night
'Cause your dream in life
Is to be a footballer's wifeYou don't like players
That's what you say-a
But you really wouldn't mind a millionaire
You don't like ballers
They don't do nothing for ya
But you'd love a rich man six foot two or tallerYou're more than a fan
Lookin' for a man
But you end up with one-night-stands
He could be your whole life
If you got past one night
But that part never goes rightIn the morning you're vexed
He's onto the next
And you didn't even get no taste
Don't be too upset
If they call you a skank
'Cause like the news everyday you get pressedYou don't like players
That's what you say-a
But you really wouldn't mind a millionaire
Or them big baller
Don't do nothing for ya
But you'd love a rich man six foot two or tallerYou can't sit down right
'Cause you jeans are too tight
And your lucky its ladies night
With your big empty purse
Every week it gets worse
At least your breasts cost more than hersSo you did Miami
'Cause you got there for free
But somehow you missed the plane
You did too much E

Met somebody
And spent the night getting caneWithout girls like you
There'd be no fun
We'd go to the club and not see anyone
Without girls like you
There's no nightlife
All those men just go home to their wivesDon't be mad at me
'Cause you're pushing thirty
And your old tricks no longer work
You should have known from the jump
That you always get dumped
So dust off your fuck me pumps

Songwriters
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