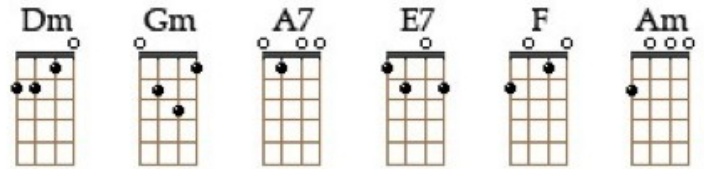


Amy Winehouse

You Know I'm No Good



Dm

Meet you downstairs in the bar and heard

A7

your rolled up sleeves in your skull t-shirt.

Dm

You say "What did you do with him today?"

A7

And sniffed me out like I was Tanqueray.

Gm

Dm

Gm

Dm

Gm

'Cos you're my fella, my guy.

E7

Hand me your Stella and fly.

F

By the time I'm out the door,

E7

A7

You tear me down like Roger Moore.

Dm

Am

I cheated myself,

E7 Am

like I knew I would.

Dm

Am

I told ya, I was trouble.

E7

Am

You know that I'm no good.

Dm

Gm

Upstairs in bed with my ex boy.

A7

Dm

He's in the place, but I can't get joy.

Dm

Gm

Thinking of you in the final throes,

A7

Dm

This is when my buzzer goes.

Gm

Run out to me, your chips and pitta.

E7

You say "when we married," [...

...] 'cos you're not bitter.

F

There'll be none of him no more.

E7

A7

I cried for you on the kitchen floor.

[Chorus]

Dm Am E7 Am [2x]

Dm

Sweet reunion,

Gm

Jamaica and Spain.

A7

Dm

We're like how we were again.

Dm

Gm

I'm in the tub and you're on the seat.

A7

Dm

Lick your lips as I soak my feet.

Gm

Then you notice lickle carpet burn

E7

My stomach drops and my guts churn.

F

You shrug and it's the worst,

E7

A7

who truly stuck the knife in first?

[Chorus]

Dm Am E7 Am

A