

Amy Studt**"You Know I'm No Good"**

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Meet you downstairs in the bar and hurt
Your rolled up sleeves in your skull t-shirt
You say what did you do with him today?
And sniffed 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 men down like roger moore

I cheated myself
Like I knew I would
I told ya, I was trouble
You know that I'm no good

Upstairs in bed, with my ex boy
He's in a place, but I can't get joy
Thinking of you in the final throws, this is when my
buzzer goes

Run out to meet you, chips and pitter
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 trouble
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 on the seat
Lick your lips as I soak my feet

Then you notice little carpet burns
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 trouble, you know that I'm no good
I cheated myself, like I knew I would
I told ya I was trouble, yeah ya know that I'm no good

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