

Amy Winehouse - Fuck Me Pumps

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Tom: C
                                                                Get no taste.
                                                               B Bm
Don't be too up-set,
Verse 1:
  B Bm
                                                                   Dm Fm
When you walk in the bar,
                                                               If they call you a skank,
 Dm Fm
And you dressed like a star,
                                                               'Cuz like the news,
Bm G
Rockin' your F me pumps.
                                                                   Bm G
                                                               Every-day you get pressed.
 B Bm
And the men notice you,

Dm Fm

With your Gucci bag crew,

C Bm G

Can't tell who he's lookin' to.
                                                               Refrão -----
                                                               You don't like players,
                                                                   D
                                                               That's what you say-a,
                                                                   G
                                                               But you really,
'Cuz you all look the same,
Dm Fm
                                                               Wouldn't mind,
                                                               A million-aire.
Every-one knows your name,
And that's you,
Bm G
                                                               You don't like ballers,
                                                               They don't do,
Whole claim to fame.
                                                                    D
                                                               Nothing for ya,
Ne-ver miss a night,
Dm Fm
                                                               But you'd love a rich man,
'Cuz your dream in life,
                                                                Six foot two or taller.
Is to be a foot-ballers wife.
                                                               Verse 3:
Refrão -----
                                                               You can't sit down right,
You don't like players,
                                                               'Cuz you jeans are too tight,
That's what you say-a,
                                                                  C Bm G
                                                               And your lucky its ladies night.
     G
But you really,
Wouldn't mind,
                                                               With your big empty purse,
Dm Fm
A million-aire.
                                                               Every week it gets worse,
You don't like ballers,
                                                               At least your breasts,
They don't do,
                                                               Cost more than hers.
Nothing for ya,
But you'd love a rich man,
                                                               So you did Mia-mi,
                                                                     Dm
                                                               'Cuz you got there for free,
Six foot two or taller.
                                                               But somehow you,
Verse 2:
                                                                Missed the plane.
You're more than a fan,
Dm Fm
Look-in' for a man,
C
                                                               You did too much E,
                                                               Met somebo-dy,
But you end up,
                                                               And spent the night,
He could be your whole life,

Dm Fm
                                                               Getting caned.
If you got past one night,
   C Bm G
                                                               Refrão -----
But that part never goes right.
                                                               Without girls like you,
                                                               There'd be no fun,
In the morning you're vexed,
                                                               We'd go to the club,
He's onto the next,
And you didn't even,
                                                               And not see any-one.
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Am
Without girls like you,
D
There's no night-life,
G
All those men just,
C
Go home to their wives.

Verse 4:

B
Don't be mad at me,
Dm
Fm
'Cuz you're pushing thirty,

You should have known,
Bm
From the job,
Dm Fm
That you always get dumped,
C
So dust off your,
Bm G
Fuck me pumps.

CHORD DIAGRAMS:

B Bm Dm Fm

EADGBE EADGBE EADGBE EA

 B
 Bm
 Dm
 Fm
 C

 EADGBE x24452
 EADGBE x24232
 EADGBE xx0231
 EADGBE 1x0110
 EADGBE 032010

 Bm
 G
 Am
 D

 EADGBE x24432
 EADGBE 24320
 EADGBE 24320
 EADGBE 24320

Acordes

And your old tricks,
Bm G
No longer work.



