Amy Winehouse - You Know I'm No Good

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Tom: Bb
                                                                                 Dm
                                                                This is when my buzzer goes.
Intro: Dm
                                                                Gm
                                                                Run out to meet your chips and bitter,
Dm
                            Gm
                                                                E7
Meet you downstairs in the bar and heard,
                                                                You say when we're married cause you're not bitter
     Α7
                                  Dm
Your rolled up sleeves and your skull t-shirt.
                                                                There'll be none of him no more,
    Dm
                                Gm
                                                                E7
                                                                                         Α7
You say why did you do it with him today?
                                                                I cried for you on the kitchen floor.
                             Dm
     A7
And sniff me out like I was Tanqueray.
                                                                REFRÃO Dm Am E7 Am (2X) -
                                                                riff do Sax
Gm
Cause you're my fella, my guy
E7
Hand me your stella and fly
                                                                Dm
                                                                                  Gm
By the time I'm out the door,
                                                                Sweet reunion, Jamaica and Spain
F7
                       A7
                                                                Α7
                                                                                  Dm
You tear me down like Roger Moore.
                                                                We're like how we were again
                                                                Dm
                                                                                Gm
Dm
                                                                I'm in the tub You on the seat
                  Am
I cheated myself,
                                                                A7
                                                                                     Dm
                                                                Lick your lips as I soak my feet
        E7
            Am
Like I knew I would.
                                                REFRÃO
  Dm
                                                                Gm
                   Am
                                                                Then you notice lickle carpet burn
I told ya, I was trouble,
E7
                      Am
                                                  (Am~) segura
                                                                E7
em Am só na
                                                                My stomach drops yeah and my guts churn
You know that I'm no good.
                                                 la x do refrão
                                                                F
                                                                You shrug and it's the worst,
Dm
                       Gm
                                                                E7
                                                                                      A7
Upstairs in bed, with my ex boy,
                                                                To truly stuck the knife in first.
A7
                         Dm
He's in the place, but I cant get joy.
                                                                REFRÃO (2X)
                                                                                             Dm Am E7 Am (2X - riff do Sax and
                                                                fade Out)
Dm
                        Gm
Thinking of you in the final throws,
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Acordes

