

## **Amy Winehouse - You Sent Me Flying**

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Tom: C
                                                             It just serves,
                                                              Bb7 A7
Verso 1:
                                                             To bludgeon my,
                                                                Dm
                                                             Futile tears.
Lent you out-si -daz,
And my new Badu.
                                                             And I'm not,
       Bb7 A7
                                                             Am A7
While I was thinking I,
                                                             Used to this,
     Dm
                                                             Dm
Didn't have a clue.
                                                             T observe.
                                                             I don't chase,
Gm Am A7
                                                             Bmb
Tough to sort files,
                                                             But now I'm sick,
                                                                 Bb7
                                                            With conse-quences,
With your voice,
In my head.
                                                             Thrust in my face.
Bmb
So then I bribed you,
 Α7
                                                             Ponte 2:
Downstairs with,
 Dm
                                                                    Fmb
A Marlboro Red.
                                                             And the melodramas,
                                                             A7 Dm
Ponte 1:
                                                             Of my day de-livery blows,
                                                              Emb
 Fmb
                                                             That surpass your re-jection;
So now I feel so small,
                                                                   Dm
  Dm
                                                             It just goes to show.
Discover-ing you knew.
                                                              Fmb
Fmb
How much more tor-ture,
                                                             A simple attraction,
Would you have,
                                                             That reflects,
Dm
Put me through?
                                                                 Dm
                                                             Right back to me,
  Fmb
You probably saw me,
                                                              Emb
                                                             So I'm not as into you,
Laughing at,
                                                                Dm
                                                            As I ap-pear to be.
All your jokes.
 Emb
                                                             Refrão 2:
Or how I did not mind,
When you stole,
                                                             And although my pride,
                                                             \begin{array}{cccc} & \text{Dmb G7} & \text{Cm} \\ \text{Is not easy} & \text{to dis-turb,} \\ \text{Fm} & \text{Eb7} \end{array}
All my smokes.
Refrão 1:
                                                             You sent me flying,
            Fb7
                                                              Dmb
And although my pride,
                                                            When you kicked me,
Dmb G7 Cm
Is not easy to dis-turb,
Fm Eb7
                                                             G7 Cm
                                                             To the kerb.
You sent me flying,
                                                                           Fb7
 Dmb
                                                             With you battered jeans,
When you kicked me,
                                                             Dmb G7 Cm
G7 Cm
To the kerb.
                                                             And your beastie tee,
                                                             Fm Eb7
                                                             Now I can't work like this,
                                                             Dmb G7 Cm
              Eb7
With you battered jeans,
                                                             With you next to me.
Dmb G7 Cm
And your beastie tee,
                                                            Verso 3:
Fm Eb7
Now I can't work like this,
Dmb G7 Cm
                                                             His message was bru-tal,
With you next to me.
                                                             But the delivery was kind.
Verso 2:
                                                                              Bb7
                                                             maybe if I get this down,
                                                                A7 Dm
And although he,
                                                             I'll get it off my mind.
 Am A7
Is no -thing,
                                                             It serves to con-dition me,
In the scheme,
                                                             And smoothen my kinks,
Of my years.
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Bmb
                Bb7
                                                                                      Dmb
Despite my frus-tration,
A7 Dm
                                                                            When you kicked me,
                                                                            G7 Cm
To the kerb.
For the way that he thinks.
Ponte 3:
                                                                                              Eb7
                                                                            With you battered jeans,
Dmb G7 Cm
                  Emb
                                                                            And your beastie tee,
Fm Eb7
And I knew the truth,
  A7
                                                                            Now I can't work like this, Dmb ${\mbox{\sc G7}}$ {\mbox{\sc Cm}}
When it came,
Would be to that effect,
Emb
                                                                             With you next to me.
At least you're,
                                                                            Refrão 4:
Attracted to me,
                                                                                           Eb7
                                                                            And although my pride,
Dmb G7 Cm
Is not easy to dis-turb,
Fm Eb7
             Dm
Which I did not expect.
Emb
                                                                             You sent me flying,
Dmb
Didn't think you'd,
A7 Dm
Get my number down and such,
Emb A7
                                                                            When you kicked me,
                                                                            G7 Cm
                                                                             To the kerb.
But I never hated myself,
   Dm
For my age so much
                                                                                               Eb7
                                                                             With you battered jeans,
Refrão 3:
                                                                            Dmb G7 Cm
                                                                            And your beastie tee,
Fm Eb7
              Eb7
And although my pride,
Dmb G7 Cm
Is not easy to dis-turb,
Fm Eb7
                                                                            Now I can't work like this,
Dmb G7 Cm
                                                                             With you next to me.
 You sent me flying,
                                                                            (Fade)
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## **Acordes**

