

# Amy Winehouse, Amy Amy Amy

Attracts me, till it hurts to concentrate,  
Distract me, stop me doing work I hate  
Just to show him how it feels;  
I walk past his desk in heels  
One leg resting on the chair  
From the side he pulls my hair.

Amy Amy Amy  
Although I've been here before  
Amy Amy Amy  
He's just too hard to ignore  
Masculine you spin a spell  
I think you'd wear me well  
Amy Amy Amy  
Where's my moral parallel?

It takes me half an hour to write a verse  
He makes me imagine it from bad to worse  
My weakness for the other sex  
Every time his shoulders flex  
The way the shirt hangs off his back  
My train of thought spins right off track

His own style, right down to his Diesel jeans  
Immobile, I can't think by any means  
Underwear peeks out the top  
I'll let you know when you should stop  
From the picture my mind drew  
I know I'd look good on you

Creative energy abused  
All my lyrics go unused  
When I clock black hair blue eyes  
I drift off I fantasize