Amy Winehouse, Back to Black (Edited)

He left no time to regret, kept his **** wet With his same old safe bet

Me and my head high and my tears dry

Get on without my guy

You went back to what you knew so far removed

From all that we went through

And I tread a troubled track, my odds are stacked

I'll go back to black

We only said goodbye with words

I died a hundred times

You go back to her

And I go back to, I go back to us

I love you much, it's not enough

You love **** and I love puff

And life is like a pipe

And I'm a tiny penny rolling up the walls inside

We only said goodbye with words

I died a hundred times

You go back to her

And I go back to

We only said goodbye with words

I died a hundred times

You go back to her

And I go back to

Black, black, black, black

Black, black, black

I go back to

I go back to

We only said goodbye with words

I died a hundred times

You go back to her

And I go back to

We only said goodbye with words

I died a hundred times

You go back to her

And I go back to black