DARIA, You know I'm no good

Meet you downstairs in the bar and heard,
Your rolled up sleeves and your skull t-shirt,
You say "Why did you do with him today?"
And sniffed me out like I was Tanqueray,
'Cause you're my fella, my guy
Hand me your Stella and fly,
By the time I'm out the door,
You tear men down like Roger Moore

I cheated myself,
Like I knew I would
I told you, I was trouble
You know that I'm no good

Upstairs in bed with my ex-boy,
he's in a place but I can't get joy
Thinking on you in the final throes,
This is when my buzzer goes
Run out to meet you, chips and pitta,
You say "when we married,"
Cause you're not bitter,
"there'll be none of him no more"
I cried for you on the kitchen floor

I cheated myself,
Like I knew I would
I told you, I was trouble
You know that I'm no good

Sweet reunion Jamaica and Spain,
We're like how we were again,
I'm in the tub, you on the seat,
Lick your lips as a I soak my feet
Then you notice likkle carpet burns,
My stomach drops and my guts churn,
You shrug and it's the worst,
Who truly stuck the knife in first

I cheated myself,
Like I knew I would
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