

Amy Amy Amy

Amy Winehouse

Attracts me, till it hurts to concentrate,
Distract me, stop me doin 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
Your just to hard to ignore
Masculin you spin a spell
I think you'd wear me well
Amy Amy Amy
Wheres my morel parallel

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

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His own style, right down to his deisel jeans
Imobile, i can't think by any means
Underwhere petes at the top
I'll let you know where you should stop
From the picture my mind drew
I know I'd look good on you

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

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