

You Know I'm No Good

Wanda Jackson

Always have to push

Meet you downstairs in the bar and hurt
Your rolled up sleeves in your skull t-shirt
You say, "What did you do with him all day?"
And spit 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 me 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

I'm upstairs with my ex boy
He's at my place but I can't get joy
Thinkin' of you but no one knows
This is when my buzzer goes

Run out to meet you, chips and pita
You say when we're married 'cause you're not bitter
There'll be none of him no more
And 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 I soak my feet

Then you notice a carpet burn
My stomach drops, my guts churn
You shrug and it's the worst
Who really stuck the knife in first?

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

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

I told you I was trouble
Yeah, you know that I'm no good