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STRONGER THAN ME
WORDS AND MUSIC BY AMY WINEHOUSE AND SALAAM REMI

\( \text{N.C.} \)

1. You should be stronger than me,
2. You should be stronger than me,
3. "The respect I made you earn,

you been here seven years longer than me.
but instead you're long er than frozen turkey.
thought you had so many lessons to learn." I said

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EMI MUSIC PUBLISHING LTD, LONDON WC2H 0QY
Don't you know you're s'posed to be the man? Not
Why'd you always put me in control?
"You don't know what love is, get a grip"

Pale in comparison to who you think I am. You always wanna
All I need is for my man to live up to his role. You always wanna
Sound as if you're reading from some other tired out script. I'm not gonna meet

I don't care. I always have to
I'm okay. I always have to
An - y - time I just wanna rip

You're gotta comfort me when I'm there.
But that's
Comfort you everyday
But that's
Your body over mine
Please tell,
Gm  A7aug  Dm
what I need you to do, stroke my hair, 
what I need you to do, are you gay?

't'Cause

crime?"

crime?"

crime?"

F6  G9
I've forgotten all of young love's joy,

feel like a lady and you my lady boy.

F6  G9
you my lady boy.

Gm  A7aug  Dm
You should be stronger than me,

Gm  A7aug
you should be stronger than
YOU SENT ME FLYING

WORDS AND MUSIC BY AMY WINEHOUSE AND FELIX HOWARD

\[ j = 100 \]

1. Lent you Out - si - daz and my new Ba - du.
2. And al - though he's no - thing in the scheme of my years,
3. His mes - sage was bru - tal, but the de - livery was kind.

While you were think - ing I didn't have a clue...
It just serves to blud - geon my fu - tile tears.
Maybe if I get this down, I'll get it off my mind.

Tough to sort files...
And I'm not used to this.
It serves to condition me

with your voice in my head.
I ob - serve, I don't chase.
and smooth my kinks.

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Bm\(^{7/5}\)  Bmaj7  Aaug7  Dm
So then I bribed you down-stairs with a Marlboro Red.
But now I'm stuck with these consequences thrust in my face.
Despite my frustration for the way he thinks.

Em\(^{7/5}\)  Aaug7  Dm  Em\(^{7/5}\)  Aaug7
now I feel so small discovering you knew.
the melodramas of my day deliver blows.
I knew the speech, when it came, would be to that effect.

Dm  Em\(^{7/5}\)  Aaug7  Dm
— me through? You probably saw me laughing at all your jokes.
—or to show. A simple attraction that reflects right back to me.
did not expect. Didn't think you'd get my number down as such.

Em\(^{7/5}\)  Aaug7  Dm
how I did not mind when you stole all my smokes.
I'm not as into you as I appear to be.
I've never hated myself for my age so much.
And al-though my pride's, yeah, not ea-sy to dis-turb, yeah.

You sent me fly-ing when you kicked me to the kerb.

With your bat-tered jeans and your Beast-ies tee.

Now I can't work like this, no, with you next to me.
And although my pride’s, yeah, not easy to disturb, yeah.

You sent me flying when you kicked me to the kerb.

With your battered jeans and your Beasties tee.

Now I can’t work like this, no, with you next to me.
Her name is Cherry. We just met. But already she knows me better than you. She understands me after eighteen years, and you still don't see me like you ought to do.
May-be we could talk 'bout things if you were made of wood and strings. While I love her ev-ry sound, I don't know how to tune you down. 'Cause you're so thick and my pa-tience is thin, so I got me a new best friend with a pick-up that puts you to shame. And Cherry is her name. And when I'm lone-ly Cherry's there, and she plays a-long while I sing out my.
Dmaj7
I could be crying and you don't care. You won't

Em9 A7 Dmaj7

maybe we could
call me back you're stubborn as a mule.
talk 'bout things if you were made of wood and strings.

Em9 A7 Dmaj7

You might think I've gone too far. I'm talking 'bout my new guitar.
FUZZ ME PUMPS
WORDS AND MUSIC BY AMY WINEHOUSE AND SALAAM REMI

\[ J = 100 \]

1. When you walk in the bar_ and you’re dressed like a star__, rock-ing your F - me pumps.

(2.) more than a fan__, look ing for a man, but you end up with one__ night stands__

(3.) can’t sit down right__, ’cause your jeans are too tight, and you’re luck - y it’s la - dies night__

G

And the men no - tice you__, with ya Gucci bag crew__, can’t

He could be your whole life__, if you got past one night__, but

With your big empty purse__, ev’ry week it gets worse__, At

tell who__ he’s look - ing to__, ’Cause you all look the same__, ev’ry-

that part__ nev - er goes right__, In the morn - ing you’re vexed__, He’s__

least your breasts cost more than hers__, So you did Mi - a - mi__, ’cause you
one knows your name, and that’s your whole claim to fame. Neve-r miss a night, ’cause
on to the next, and you didn’t even get no text. Don’t be too up-set, if they
got there for free, but some-how you missed the plane. You did too much E-

your dream in life is to be a foot-ball-er’s wife. You don’t like
call you a sket, ’cause like the news every day you get press.
meth some-body, and spent the night get-ting caned. With-out

play-ers, that’s what you say. But you real-ly would n’t mind a mil-lionaire. You don’t like

ball-ers, they don’t do no-thing for ya. But you’d love a rich man six-foot-two or tall-er. You’re

You
girls like you, there'd be no fun... We'd go to the club and not see anyone... Without

girls like you, there's no nightlife... All those men just go home to their wives... Don't

be mad at me... 'cause you're pushing thirty... and your old tricks no longer work... You should've

known from the jump that you'll always get dumped, so dust off your fuck me pumps.
KNOW YOU NOW

WORDS AND MUSIC BY AMY WINEHOUSE, EARL SMITH, DELROY COOPER, DONOVAN JACKSON, ASTOR CAMPBELL AND GORDON WILLIAMS

\[ \text{j = 144} \]

1. You're just a little boy under that hat.
2. My girl says I'm too sensitive to run with you.

But I'm not listening to her.

Don't come with that.

You think everything gets handed to you free.

Yes, I'm perceptive.

So when I'm done with you.
But it's not that easy,
you'll wish your head back the way it were.

I gotta know you now.

We may never meet again.

I gotta know you now and then.

w/ad lib. vocal
I'm not ruling you out, I'm just in doubt.

to what you say you're all about.

I gotta know you now.
I gotta show you now and then.

I gotta know you now and then.

Play four times

gotta know you now. We may never meet again.

Repeat to fade
I heard love is blind

WORDS AND MUSIC BY AMY WINEHOUSE

I could-n't re-sist him. His eyes were like yours, his

hair was ex-act-ly the shade of brown. He's just not as tall,

but I could-n't tell. It was dark and I was ly-ing down.

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You are ev'-ry-thing.
He means no-thing to me.

I can't e-ven re-mem-ber his name.
Why you so up-set?

Ba-by you were-n't there,
and I was think-ing of you when I came.

What do you ex-pect?
You left me here a-lone.
I drank so much, and needed your touch.
Don't overreact.

I pretended he was you.
You wouldn't want me to be lonely.

How can I put it so you understand.

I didn't let him hold my hand.
But he
Em7

looked like you, I guess he looked like you.

Dmaj7

No he wasn't you, but you can still trust me.

Em7

This ain't infidelity, It's not cheating, you were on

my mind. yes he looked like you, but I heard love is blind.
MOODY’S MOOD FOR LOVE

WORDS BY DOROTHY FIELDS
MUSIC BY JIMMY MCHUGH AND JAMES MOODY

TEO LICKS

WORDS AND MUSIC BY AMY WINEHOUSE AND LUKE SMITH

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smile and then I'm wrapped up in your magic, there's music all around me, crazy music, music that keeps

calling me so very close to you, turns me your slave.

2. See additional lyrics

come and do with me any little thing you want to, any thing,

baby just let me get next to you... So am I insane or do I really see hear-
-ven in your eyes?

Bright as stars that shine up above you

in the clear, blue sky. How I wor-ry 'bout you, just can't live my life with-out you. Ba- by come here don't

have no fear. Oh, is there a won-der why I'm real-ly feel-ing

in the mood for love. So tell me why stop to think a-bout this wea-ther my dear? This

...little dream might fade away. There I go talking out of my head again, baby won't you

Baby, you make me feel so good, let me take you by the hand. Come let us visit out there in that

...new promised land. Maybe there we can find a good

Freely

place to use a loving state of mind. I'm so tired of living without and never knowing what love's a-
Come and put our two hearts together
That would make me strong and brave
Oh, when we are one, I'm not afraid, I'm not afraid
If there's a cloud up above us
Come on and let it rain
I'm sure our love together
Would endure a hurricane
Oh my baby
Won't you please let me love you and
Get a release from this awful misery
What is all this talk about loving me, my sweet
I am not afraid, not anymore, not like before
Don't you understand me, now baby please
Pull yourself together, do it soon
My soul's on fire, come on and take me
I'll be what you make me my darling.
TAKE THE BOX

WORDS AND MUSIC BY AMY WINEHOUSE AND LUKE SMITH

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\( \text{EMI MUSIC PUBLISHING LTD, LONDON WC2H 0QY AND COPYRIGHT CONTROL} \)
now my head's hurting. You say I always get my own way.

so fucking angry. I don't want to be reminded of you.

But when I

in the shower when I got there, and I'd have wanted to stay.

left my shit in your kitchen, I said goodbye to your bedroom. It smelled of you. Mister

You were so beautiful before today but then I heard what you say.

false pretense, you don't make sense.

I just don't know you, but you made me cry, where's my kiss goodbye?

Man that ugly. The Moschino bra you bought me last Christmas.

I think I love you.
(Put it in the box, put it in the box.) Frank's in there and I don't care.

(Put it in the box, put it in the box.) Just take it, take the box. Take the box.

box. Just take it, take it, take the
box. And now just take it, take the box. Take the box.
(THERE IS)
NO GREATER LOVE

WORDS BY MARTY SYMES
MUSIC BY ISHAM JONES

Freely
\( \frac{J = 69}{\text{Freely}} \)

There is no
great-er love__
then what I feel___ for you.

(2.) no
great-er thrill_
than what you bring___ to me.

No sweet -er song,___
No sweet -__
no___ heart____ so true.

There is

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{1.} \\
\text{E/G}^g \\
F^f \\
F^f m^7 \\
F^f m^7/B \\
B^b^7 \\
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{E/G}^g \\
F^f \\
F^f m^7 \\
F^f m^7/B \\
B^b^7 \\
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{1.} \\
\text{E/G}^g \\
F^f \\
F^f m^7 \\
F^f m^7/B \\
B^b^7 \\
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{2.} \\
\text{F^f} \\
\text{A/B} \\
\text{E^g} \\
\end{align*} \]

-er song,___
than what you sing, sing___ to me.
You're the sweetest thing that I've ever known.

And to think that you are mine, you are mine alone.

Greater love in all the world, it's true.

Greater love than what I feel for you.
IN MY BED

WORDS AND MUSIC BY AMY WINEHOUSE AND SALAAM REMI

\[ J = 88 \]

N.C.

\( Cm7\)\(^{b5} \)

\( F7\)\(^{b9} \)

\( Bb7 \)

Wish I could say it breaks my heart like you did in the beginning.
I never thought my memory of what we had could be intruded.

\( Cm7\)\(^{b5} \)

\( F7\)\(^{b9} \)

\( Bb7 \)

It's not that we grew apart. A nightingale no longer singing.
But I couldn't let it be. I needed it as much as you did.
It's some-thing I know you can't do, sep-a-rate sex with e-mo-tion.  
Now it's not hard to un-der-stand why we just speak at night.  

I sleep a-lone, the sun comes up, you're still cling-ing to that no-tion.  
The on-ly time I hold your hand is to get the an-gle right.  

Ev-ry-thing is slow-ing down, riv-er of no re-turn.  

Re-cog-nize my ev-ry sound. There's no-thing new to learn.
You'll never get my mind right, like two ships passing in the night, in the night.

Want the same thing when we lay, otherwise mine's a different way, it's a different way from where I'm going. Oh, it's you again.

Listen, this isn't a reunion, so sorry if I turn my head.
Yours is a familiar face, but that don't make your place safe in my bed, my bed, my bed.
WHAT IS IT ABOUT MEN

WORDS AND MUSIC BY AMY WINEHOUSE, FELIX HOWARD, PAUL WATSON, LUKE SMITH, GORDON WILLIAMS, EARL SMITH, WILBURN COLE, DELROY COOPER AND DONOVAN JACKSON

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a - li - bi
for tak - ing your guy: his - to - ry re -peats it - self: it fails:
2. nur - tur - ing. I just wanna do my thing. And I'll take the wrong man as naturally as I
to die. And a - ni - mal ag - gres - sing. And I'll save my tears for un -
- tion is my down - fall. I don't care what you got, I want it all:
- cov - er - ing my fears, for be-havior - al patterns that stick o-ver the years:
It's
bricked up in my head and shoved un - der my bed. And I ques -tion my - self a gain:
What is it 'bout men? My destructive side has grown a mile wide. And I
question myself again. What is it 'bout men? What is it 'bout men?

I'm What is it 'bout men? Ooh, it's
bricked up in my head and shoved under my bed. And I question myself again.
What is it 'bout men? My destructive side has
grown a mile wide. And I question myself again.
What is it 'bout men? What is it 'bout men?

Repeat to fade
HELP YOURSELF

WORDS AND MUSIC BY AMY WINEHOUSE, JIMMY HOGARTH,
FREDERICK JAMES AND LARRY STOCK

1. When I walk in your shoes, I understand a man confused. They
2. You got a degree in philosophy. So you think you’re clever than me. But

much too big, but I don’t care. I feel the weight your shoulders bear.
I’m not just some drama queen. ’Cause it’s where you at, not where you been.

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AND WARNER/CHAPPELL MUSIC LTD, LONDON W6 8BS
[THIS SONG CONTAINS A SAMPLE FROM “YOU WON’T BE SATISFIED (UNTIL YOU BREAK MY HEART)”
BY JAMES & STOCK © WARNER/CHAPPELL MUSIC LTD, LONDON W6 8BS]
Now I really empathise looking through your blood-shot eyes. And
What do you expect from me, to hold your head above the sea and

Amaj7 Dmaj7 C#m7 E7

I know you you so frustrated. But we all become what we once hated. Besides,
carry you even though you bigger? Don't you know you crush my tiny figure? And

Amaj7 Dmaj7 C#m7 F979

Bm7 E7 Bm7 E7

any way no body can be that wise. anyway we're still so young and this isn't yesterday.
I can't help you if you won't help yourself.

You can only get so much from someone else.

I can't help you if you won't help yourself.
You might be twenty five, but in my mind
I see you as sixteen years old most the time.
And

I, I'm just a child and you're full grown,
and you are like nothing that I've ever known.

You are like nothing that I've ever known.

Repeat to fade
OCTOBER SONG

WORDS AND MUSIC BY AMY WINEHOUSE, MATT ROWE AND STEFAN SKARBEK

\[ J = 96 \]

1. To-day, my bird flew a-way, Gone to find her big blue jay. Star-light, before she took flight, I sang a lullaby of bird-land every night.

2. With dread I woke in my bed to shoot ing-pains up in my head. Love-bird, my beautiful bird, spoke until one day she just couldn't be heard.

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I sang a lullaby every night,
She spoke until one day she could not be heard.
Sang for my Ava every night,
She just stopped singing.

Ava was the morning, now she's gone,
She's reborn like Sarah Vaughan.

In the sanctuary she has found,
Birds surround her sweet sound.

Ava flies in paradise,
And Ava flies in paradise.
Ava was the morning, now she's gone. She's reborn like Sarah Vaughan.

In the sanctuary she has found, birds surround her sweet sound. And

Ava flies in paradise, and Ava flies in paradise.

Repeat to fade

With vocal ad lib.
AMY AMY AMY

WORDS AND MUSIC BY AMY WINEHOUSE, FELIX HOWARD, MATT ROWE AND STEFAN SKARBEK

\[ \text{\( \text{Cm} \quad \text{F/G} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{F/G} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{F/G} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{F/G} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{F/G} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{F/G} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{F/G} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{F/G} \\)} \]

1. Attract me
2. It takes me
3. His own style

'til it hurts, to concentrate.
half an hour, to write a verse.
right down to his Diesel jeans.

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Distraught, I
He makes me
Immobilized
Stop me doing work I hate. And
Imagine it from bad to worse. My
I can't think by any means. Un-

just to show him how it feels.
weakness from the other sex,
derwear peeks out the top.
I walk past his desk in heels.
ev'ry time his shoulders flex.
I'll let you know when you should stop.

One leg resting on a chair.
The way the shirt hangs off his back,
And from the picture my mind drew,
From the side he pulls my hair.

(Amy, Amy, Amy)
Although I've been here before,
Cm  F/G  Cm  F/G  Cm  F/G  Cm  F/G  Cm  F/G
(A - my,)  A - my,  A - my)
he's just too hard to ignore.

Fm  Bb/C  Fm  Bb/C  Fm  Bb/C  Fm  Bb/C
Mas - cu - linity you spin a spell,
Mas - cu - line he spins a spell...
Mas - cu - line you spin a spell...
I think you'd wear me well...

Cm  F/G  Cm  F/G  Cm  F/G  Cm  N.C.
(A - my,  A - my,  A - my)
Where's my moral parallel?

Cm  F/G  Cm
Where's my moral parallel?
(N.C.)

Creative energy...
_abused_and all my lyrics go unused._

And when I clock black hair blue eyes

I drift off, I fantasize

(Amy, Amy, Amy)
Although I've been here before, (Amy, Amy, Amy) he's just too hard to ignore.
Masculinity he spins a spell, I think he'd wear me well. (Amy, Amy, Amy)
Where's my moral p-

Amy
BROTHER

WORDS AND MUSIC BY AMY WINEHOUSE, EARL SMITH, TEO AVERY, GREGORY JACKSON, ASTOR CAMPBELL AND GORDON WILLIAMS

\[ \begin{array}{c}
\text{Cmaj7} \\
\text{Cm7} \\
\text{F7} \\
\text{Bmaj7} \\
\text{G7\#9} \\
\text{G7} \\
\text{Cmaj7} \\
\text{Cm7} \\
\text{F7} \\
\text{Bmaj7} \\
\end{array} \]

\[ \begin{array}{c}
\text{1. Brother,} \\
\text{there's so much that I could never say} \\
\text{to} \\
\text{2. She can't} \\
\text{always be there just to hold you down,} \\
\end{array} \]

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your face. But by now you should know the world and all its ways,
mo- ther, when you are at an age now where life turns a-round,

so find your place. How do I find words that do not con-
my bro- ther. Re-a- lize that you don’t have to an-

des-cend when she bore you be- fore me?
swer to no man, respon-si-bility comes down to you.

’Cause she does n’t need a child, she needs a friend. A son,
But how can I ex- pect you to un- der- stand when you
not a sob story.

live life like you're run through?

Now you must care for her the way she did for you, and your priority it must be her.

Now you must look out for her the way she did for you, 'cause

we'll never be the way we were...
MR MAGIC
(THROUGH THE SMOKE)

WORDS AND MUSIC BY RALPH MACDONALD AND WILLIAM SALTER

\[ J = 100 \]

\[
\begin{align*}
Cm^7/G & \quad F^9 \\
Cm^7 & \quad F^9
\end{align*}
\]

1. Ev'ry day I see you. My hands were made for you.
2. Without you I'm misery. Blue as a mirage.
3. Laying on my bed, I reach over for you.

And you always give me stress-free points of view.
All the songs sound better when you're next to me.
And you so fresh you even make the standards new.

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Pick you up after school. (Mister Magic)
'cause you come naturally,
burn the tip to get you through.

Take a token (Mister Magic) of my love. (Mister Magic)
I see you through the smoke.

1.

2.
With saxophone solo ad lib.
Mister Magic,

Waiting for the smoke
to clear.

I'm waiting for the smoke to clear.

Play six times

With saxophone solo ad lib.
STRONGER THAN ME
YOU SENT ME FLYING
CHERRY,
KNOW YOU NOW
FUCK ME PUMPS
I HEARD LOVE IS BLIND
MOODY'S MOOD FOR LOVE/TEO LICKS
(THERE IS) NO GREATER LOVE
IN MY BED
TAKE THE BOX
OCTOBER SONG
WHAT IS IT ABOUT MEN,
HELP YOURSELF
AMY AMY AMY
BROTHER
MR MAGIC (THROUGH THE SMOKE)