

# Amy Winehouse – F me Pumps

Bsus4 Bm7 Dm Fm6 C Bm G Am D  
 x24452 x24232 xx0231 1x0110 032010 x24432 320003 x02210 xx0232  
 xxx11 12 12 xxx11 12 10 xxx10 10 10 10 9 8 9 8 8 11 12 10 12 12 10

Chorus Am, D, G, C 577555 x57775 355433 x35553

Bsus4 Bm7  
 When you walk in the bar,  
 Dm Fm6  
 and you dressed like a star,  
 C Bm G  
 Rockin' your F me pumps.  
 Bsus4 Bm7  
 And the men notice you,  
 Dm Fm6  
 with your Gucci bag crew,  
 C Bm G  
 Can't tell who he's lookin' to.  
 Bsus4 Bm7  
 'Cuz you all look the same;  
 Dm Fm6  
 every-one knows your name,  
 C Bm G  
 And that's your whole claim to fame.  
 Bsus4 Bm7 Dm Fm6  
 Ne-ver miss a night, 'cuz your dream in life,  
 C Bm G  
 Is to be a foot-ballers wife.  
 Am D  
 You don't like players, that's what you say-a,  
 G C  
 But you really wouldn't mind a million-aire.  
 Am D  
 You don't like big wallets, they don't do nothing for  
 ya,  
 G C  
 But you'd love a rich man, six feet two or taller.  
 Bsus4 Bm7 Dm Fm6  
 You're more than a fan, look-in' for a man,  
 C Bm G  
 But you end up with one-night-stands.  
 Bsus4 Bm7 Dm Fm6  
 He could be your whole life, if you got past one  
 night,  
 C Bm G  
 But that part never goes right.  
 Bsus4 Bm7 Dm Fm6  
 In the morning you're vexed, he's onto the next,  
 C Bm G  
 And you didn't even get no text.  
 Bsus4 Bm7 Dm Fm6  
 Don't be too up-set, if they call you a skank,  
 C Bm G  
 'Cuz like the news; every-day you get pressed.

Am D  
 You don't like players, that's what you say-a,  
 G C  
 But you really wouldn't mind a million-aire.  
 Am D  
 You don't like big wallets, they don't do nothing for  
 ya,  
 G C  
 But you'd love a rich man, six feet two or taller.  
 Bsus4 Bm7 Dm Fm6  
 You can't sit down right, 'cuz you jeans are too tight,  
 C Bm G  
 And your lucky it's ladies night.  
 Bsus4 Bm7 Dm Fm6  
 With your big empty purse, every week it gets  
 worse,  
 C Bm G  
 At least your breasts cost more than hers.  
 Bsus4 Bm7 Dm Fm6  
 So you did Mia-mi, 'cuz you got there for free,  
 C Bm G  
 But somehow, you missed the plane.  
 Bsus4 Bm7 Dm Fm6  
 You did too much E; met somebo-dy,  
 C Bm G  
 And spent the night getting caned.  
 Am D  
 Without girls like you, there'd be no fun;  
 G C  
 We'd go to the club, and not see any-one.  
 Am D  
 Without girls like you, there's no night-life,  
 G C  
 All those men just go home to their wives.  
 Bsus4 Bm7 Dm Fm6  
 Don't be mad at me, 'cuz you're pushing thir-ty,  
 C Bm G  
 And your old tricks no longer work.  
 Bsus4 Bm7  
 You should have known from the jump,  
 Dm Fm6  
 that you always get dumped;  
 C Bm G  
 So dust off your fuck me pumps.

12 10 10 8 8 10 10  
 12 12 10 9 8 12 12  
 11 11 10 10 9 11 12