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REHAB
Words and Music by Amy Winehouse

\( \text{\textit{d} = 150 \text{ Blues}} \)

\( \text{C7} \)

They tried to make me go to rehab... I said, no, no, no, no.

\( \text{RH 1* tacet until 4} \)

I've been black but when I come back, no, no, no, no, no.

[Note: Lyric text continues]

\( \text{G7} \)

I ain't got the time and if my daddy thinks I'm fine, they
C7   F7   C7
tried to make me go to rehab. I won't go. go. go.

Em  Am
1. I'd rather be at home with Ray,
2. The man said, "Why do you think you're here?"
3. I don't ever want to drink again,

F  Ab
I ain't got seventy days,
I just, ooh I just need a friend.
'cause there's no thing, there's no thing, you can
I'm gon na, I'm gon na lose, my bar

Am
27

Teach me, by, ten weeks, that I can't learn

F
I have every one

Ab
30

From Mister Hathaway, always keep a bottle near, I'm on the mend,
G7

"I just think you're depressed."

It's not just my pride.

know it don't come in a shot glass,

This me, "Yeah, baby,

it's just till these tears have

They tried to make me go to rehab, I said.

dried.
Yes, I’ve been black but when

I come back, no, no, no, no, no.

I ain’t got the time, and if my daddy thinks I’m fine, they

tried to make me go to rehab, I won’t go, go, go.
YOU KNOW I'M NO GOOD
Words and Music by Amy Winehouse

\[ j = 100 \]

Lazy

N.C.

Drums

4

Drums cont. sim.

7

1. Meet you down-stairs... in the bar... and hurt... your rolled up sleeves... in your
skull t-shirt. You say "What did you do with him today?"

sniffed me out like I was Tanque ray. '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, I knew I would
I told you I was
trouble
You know that I'm no good
2. Upstairs in bed with my ex boy.
he's in a place but I can't get joy... Think-ing on you in the final throes... this is when my buzzer goes...

Run out to meet you, chips and pit-ty, you say "When we mar-ried," 'cause you're not bit-ter...

"There'll be none of him no more."
cried for you on the kitchen floor
I cheated myself

like I knew I would

told you I was trouble
You know that I'm no good
Am  Dm  Am  E7

3. Sweet reunion, Jamaica and Spain.

Am  Dm  Gm

we're like how we were again.

I'm in the tub, you

A7  Dm

on the seat.

lick your lips as I soap my feet.
Then you notice little carpet burn,
my stomach drop and—

my guts churn.
You shrug and it's the worst, who

tru-ly stuck the knife in first?

I cheated myself
like I knew I would.
ME & MR JONES (FUCKERY)

Words and Music by Amy Winehouse

\[ J = 80 \quad \text{Freely} \]

\[ A^7 \quad G^9 \]

N o - b o - d y stands ______ in between me and my man, it's me and Mis-

\[ F^5 m 7 \quad B^9 \]

- ter Jones... (Me and Mis - ter Jones.)

1. What kind of

\[ J = 90 \quad \text{Swung quavers} \]

\[ E \quad F^5 m \]

fuck - e - ry is this? - You made ______ me miss the Slick Rick Gig.

(Oh, Slick

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you thought I didn't love you when I did.

Rick,

can't believe you played me out like that.

No, you ain't worth guest list,

plus one of all them girls you kiss,

you can't keep lying to yourself like this.
can't believe you played yourself (out) like this.

Rulers one thing but come Brixton nobody stands in be-

-tween me and my man 'cause it's me and Mister Jones.

(Me and Mister Jones.) 2. What kind of fuckery are we?
Now-a-days you don't mean dick to me,
(dick to me.)
I might let you make...

it up to me,
(make it up.)
who's playing Saturday?

What kind of fuckery are you?
Side from Sammy you're

my best black Jew,
(best black Jew.)
but I could swear that we were through,
I still wonder 'bout the things you do.

Mister Destiny, nine and fourteen, nobody stands between me and my man 'cause it's me and Mister Jones.

(Mister and Mister Jones)
JUST FRIENDS
Words and Music by Amy Winehouse

\[ j = 100 \] Gently

When will we get

the time to be

just friends?

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1. It's never safe for us, not even in the evening 'cause I've been drinking,
   not in the morning when your shit works...
   It's always dangerous

   when everybody's sleeping and I been thinking,
can we be alone, can we be alone?

When will we get the time to be

just friends?

When will we get the time to be just friends?
2. And no, I'm not ashamed, but the guilt will kill you, if she don't

first, I'll never love you like.

her.

Though we need to find a time

Instrumental on D.

E

Amaj7

D

3. to just do this shit together for it gets worse,
I want to touch you, but that just hurts.

When will we get the time to be just friends?

When will we get the time to be just friends, just friends?

D.8 al Coda
Coda

When will we get
the time to be
just friends, just

friends?

When will we get
the time to be

just friends, just

friends?

Just friends.
BACK TO BLACK
Words and Music by Amy Winehouse and Mark Ronson

Swung quavers

I. He left no time to regret.

- wet.

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and my head high, and my tears dry,
get on without my guy.
You went back to what you knew, so far
removed from all that we went through.
Dm    Gm
I tread a troubled track, my odds are stacked, I'll go back to black.

Dm    Gm    Bb
We only said goodbye with words, I died a hundred times, you go—

A    N.C.
—back to her, and I go back to... I go back to Tambourine

Drums
We only said goodbye with words, I died a hundred times.

To Coda on repeat *

you go back to her, and I go back to...

Drums

Black, Black, Black.
LOVE IS A LOSING GAME

Words and Music by Amy Winehouse

Fdim7  Cmaj7  G9

1. For you I was a flame,
2. Played out by the band,
3. Tho' I battle blind,

Fm  Cmaj7

love is a losing game,
love is a losing hand,
love is a fate resigned,

G9

five story fire
more than I could stand,
memories mar my mind,

© 2006 EMI Music Publishing Ltd, London WC2H 0QY
love is a losing game,
love is a losing hand,
love is a fate resigned.

One wish, I never played.
Self professed, profound, futile odds.

oh, what a mess we made,
'til the tips were down,
and laughed at by the gods.
and now the final frame,
though you're a gambling man,
and now the final frame,

To Coda

love is a losing game.
love is a losing hand.
love is a losing hand.

1. Fdim7
2. Fdim7
D.8 al Coda

Coda

Cmaj7
TEARS DRY ON THEIR OWN
Words and Music by Amy Winehouse, Nickolas Ashford and Valerie Simpson

\[ \text{\textit{Lively}} \]

\[ \begin{array}{c}
\text{E/B} & \text{F/A#} & \text{A} & \text{Cfm/G#} \\
\text{1. All I can ever be to you, is the darkness that we knew, and this regret I got accus} \\
\text{2. I don't understand, why do I stress a man, when there's so many better things} \\
\text{toned to.} \quad \text{at hand? We could have never had it all,} \\
\text{Once it was so right, when we were at our high, we had to hit a wall, so this is inevitable} \\
\text{at night, I knew I had'n met my match, but every moment we could snatch} \quad \text{I'll} \\
\end{array} \]
don't know why I got so attached, it's my responsibility, you don't
be some next man's other woman soon. I shouldn't play myself again, I should just

owe nothing to me, but to walk away I have no capacity. He_
be my own best friend, not fuck myself in the head with stupid men.

—walks away, the sun goes down, he—takes the day but I'm grown, and in your

grey... in this blue shade, my tears dry on their own.
So we are history, your shadow covers me, the sky above, a blaze.

He walks away, the sun goes down, he takes the day but I'm grown, and in your...
grey in this blue shade, my tears dry on their own.

3. I wish I could say no regrets, and no emotional debts, and

as we kiss goodbye the sun sets. So we are history, the

shadow covers me, the sky above a blaze that only lovers see. He
— walks away, the sun goes down, he takes the day but

I'm grown, and in your grey, my blue shade, my tears dry on their own.

23° deep

Woah, he tears dry.
WAKE UP ALONE
Words and Music by Amy Winehouse and Paul O'Duffy

\[ j = 70 \] Melancholy ballad

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1. It's O.K. in the day, I'm staying busy.

tied up enough so I don't have to wonder where is he, got

so sick of crying, so just lately, when

I catch myself I do a one-eight-y.
I stay up clean the house; at least I'm not drinking.

run a-round just so I don't have to think about thinking, that

silent sense of content that everyone gets

just disappears soon as the sun sets.
He gets fierce in my dreams... seizing my guts, he... floors me with dread...

soaked to the soul... he swims in my eyes... by the bed...

pour myself over him... moon... spilling in...

and I wake up alone.
2. Regardless my heart, I'd rather be restless,

second I stop the sleep catches up and I'm breathless, this

ache in my chest, 'cause my day is done now, the

dark covers me and I cannot run now.
My blood running cold, I stand before him,
it's all I can do to assure him, when
he comes to me I drip for him tonight,
drowning in me we bathe under blue light.
and I wake up alone,

and I wake up alone,

and I wake up alone.
SOME UNHOLY WAR

Words and Music by Amy Winehouse

\[ J = 90 \]

Steadily

N.C.

Am

\[ \text{my man was fighting some unholy war.} \]

(Ooh,)

Bm7\(^{b}5\)

I would be

\[ \text{behind him.} \]

straight shook up beside him,

E

\[ \text{(Ooh,)} \]

Am
with strength he didn't know... it's you I'm fighting for.
aah...)

He can't lose with me in tow... (with me in tow...)
I refuse to let...

him go... (to let him go...)
at his side and drunk on pride... we...
wait for the blow (Ooh, yeah.)

2. Put it in writing.

Backing vocals as verse 1

but who you writing for?

Just us on kitchen floor justice

done, reciting

my stomach standing still, like you're reading

ing my will, he still stands in spite of what his scars say and
I'll battle till this bitter finale, just me, my dignity and this guitar case. Woah... woah...

3. Yes, if my man is fighting some unholy war, and I will stand beside you, ooh, ooh... but who you dying for?
B. I would have died, too.
I'd of liked to, if my man was fighting.

Some unholy war, if my man was fighting.
1. He can only hold her for so long, the lights are on

but no-one's home, she's so vacant, her soul is taken,

he is what she's running from. Now how can he have her heart,

when it got stolen; though he tries
to pacify her 'cause what's inside her never dies

(Dah, woo, hoo.)

2. Even if she's content in his warmth, she gets pained with urgency, urgent kisses, the man she misses.
the man that he longs to be. Now how can he have her heart.

when it got stole so he tries

to pass it by 'cause what's inside I'll never die.
So he tries to pacify her, 'cause what's inside her,

it never dies, woah, so he tries to pacify her,

but what's inside her never dies, dah, dah, dah, woo, hoo!
Doo doo doo, doo doo doo, doo doo doo doo doo.

Doo doo doo, doo doo doo, doo doo doo doo doo.

Doo doo doo, doo doo doo, doo doo doo doo doo, doo doo doo doo doo doo.)
ADDICTED
Words and Music by Amy Winehouse

J = 120 Lively

Drum roll

1. Tell your boy-friend... next time he a-round to buy his own weed and don't
2. Once is e-nough to make me at-tached, so bring me a bag and your
3. I'm my own man, so when will you learn that you got a man but

wear my shit down,
man can come back,
gots to burn,
I wouldn't care if Brave would give me some more,
I'll check him at the door, make sure he got green,
don't make no diff-rence if I end up a lone,
To Coda ©

I'd rather him leave you than leave him my draw.
I'm tighter than airport security team.
I'd rather have myself and smoke my home grown.

When you smoke all my weed

D♭sus⁴  D♭⁷  Gm⁷  C⁷

———

man,
you gots to call the green———

man,
so

Fm⁷  B♭⁷

———

I can get mine, and you get yours———
It's got me addicted. does more than any dick.

did, yeah, I can get mine, and you get yours.

Hey, I can get mine, and you get yours.