

# What Is It About Men

Amy Winehouse

Understand, once he was a family man  
so surely I would never, ever go through it first hand  
Emulate all the shit my mother hated  
I can't help but demonstrate my Freudian fate  
My alibi for taking your guy  
history repeats itself, it fails to die  
and animal aggression is my downfall  
I don't care 'bout what you got I want it all

It's bricked up in my head, it's 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?

My nurturing, I just wanna do my thing  
and I'll take the wrong man as naturally as I sing  
and I'll save my tears for uncovering my fears  
for behavioural patterns that stick over the years

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