

# She's Too Good for Me

Waylon Jennings

She don't like to hear me sing  
She don't want no diamond ring  
She don't want to drive my car  
She won't let me go that far

She don't like the way I look  
She don't like the things I cook  
She don't like the way I play  
She don't like the things I say

Oh, the games we play  
She's too good for me  
She's too good for me

She don't like the jokes I make  
She don't like the drugs I take  
She don't like the friends I got  
She don't like my friends a lot

She don't like the clothes I wear  
She don't like the way I stare  
She don't like the tales I tell  
She don't like the way I smell

Oh, the games we play  
She's too good for me  
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Would I prefer him if he washed himself more often than he does?  
Would I prefer him if he took me to an opera?  
Because he thought I'd fall for him  
This phony perfect man, he'll always be my [?]

She don't wanna meet my folks  
She don't wanna hear my jokes  
She don't like to fix my tie  
She don't even wanna try

She don't like the books I read  
She don't like the way I feed  
She don't wanna save my life  
She don't wanna be my wife

Oh, the games we play  
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