

# She's Too Good for Me

Sting

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  
But 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  
But oh the game we play  
She's too good for me  
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Would she prefer it if I washed myself more often than I do  
Would she prefer it if I took her to an opera or two  
I could distort myself to be the perfect man  
She might prefer me as I am

She don't want to meet my folks  
She don't want to hear my jokes  
She don't want to fix my tie  
She don't even want to try  
She don't like the books I read  
She don't like the way I feed  
She don't want to save my life  
She don't want to be my wife  
But oh the games we play  
She's too good for me  
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