

# Dallas Frazier, She Wants To Be Good

Last night she let the strong red wine carry her away  
She smoked up her old sunshine as if it still shined every day  
Her hand reached out and touched my face in the shame Lord from my eyes  
She told me I had helped her be her serving proof alive  
Most of us have been with her in her hours of been days  
But none of us deserved to see or touched her pillow case  
Among the men who's helped her sin I'll admit that I been wrong  
We'd better search our hurts before we throw another stone  
She wants to be good but she can't because of men like you and me  
The restless love of wondering men is the only hand she's had  
She wants to be good but she can't she's still lonely and much too weak  
She carries the shame of a long listened names to talk her to be bad  
She wants to be good and she would and she could  
I'm someone that would be good to her