

# David Houston, My Woman's Good To Me

Your lips are warm and close to mine I know they taste like warm red wine  
And if I'd let myself go I know I fall  
But someone's waiting all alone by an lonely telephone  
And though I'd love to stay I know I fall  
Cause I can't forget her no I can't forget her my woman's good to me  
Her eyes are not as blue as yours her lips are not as soft as your  
And I'd kiss you she'd prob'ly never know  
And though tomorrow brings the sun I'll have to live with what I done  
And though I'd love to stay I'd never go  
Cause I can't forget her no I can't forget her my woman's good to me  
My woman's good to me