

# Marty Robbins, She's Too Good To Be True

Sometimes late at night I wake up dreamin'  
I reach and feel for her, she's too good to be true  
And then I touch the sleepin' softness of my woman  
And, half asleep, she turns to whisper, I love you

Yes, she's too good to be true but she is  
And in my arms she reassures me with a kiss  
And she's everything I've wanted in a woman  
Yes, she's too good to be true but she is

Each day I go to work it's like forever  
Till that evenin' sun will bring me home again  
But then she's waitin' at the door with her sweet lovin'  
And tonight she'll be so good to me again

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And she's everything I've wanted in a woman  
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