

Sting, She's Too Good For Me

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
She's too good for me

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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