

She's Too Good For Me

Franc Moody

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You know I've only got myself to blame
'Cause the writing's on the wall, yeah, yeah
And I've nothing left to offer you
Ooh, nothing left at all, no, no
Your red hair, your blue eyes
Your full lips and those long legs
Only serve as confirmation
When I'm without ya, I've no hope
I'm low-life and you still cope
It only proves that you're too patient

Everyone says
She's too good for me
And they're so right, so right
It's a fact, they say
She's too good for me
And they're right, so right

She's slippin' through my fingers
And that's crystal clear to see
'Cause she could've had anyone that she damn wanted
But sadly she got me, oh, no
And it seems you've finally realised
That you're too good for me
And the saddest thing of all
Is that I can't help but agree, oh

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They circle around like vultures waiting for the kill
'Cause I've been punching above my weight
Ever since I met you

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