

Too Good For Me

Shakra

She knows me better than I know myself
She knows my each and every dream
I fix the car, she darns my socks for me
A perfect match -- or so it seems

There was a time when I was young and wild at heart
Nothing could stop me then -- until she came my way

Too good for me
Too nice to handle
Now don't you see
Too much to handle
Too good for me

She brings me beer and puts the TV on
Of course she knows my favorite show
She fakes desire and says it's always fun
It might be true -- I wouldn't know

There was a time when I was reckless and on fire
Nothing could scare me then -- until she came my way

Too good for me
Too nice to handle
Now don't you see
Too much to handle