She's Too Good For Me

The Bizzarros

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

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

Oh, the games we play
She's too good for me
She's too good for me

Would I prefer him if he washed himself more often than he does?
Would I prefer him if he took me to an opera?
Because he thought Iâ€™d fall for him
This phony perfect man, heâ€™ll always be my [Incomprehensible]

She don't wanna meet my folks
She don't wanna hear my jokes
She don't like to fix my tie
She don't even wanna try

She don't like the books I read
She don't like the way I feed

She don't wanna save my life
She don't wanna be my wife

Oh, the games we play
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