Too Good for Me

Corey Smith

I was learning how to love and love and learn.
I fell for a girl one county north of the town where I was born.
She was the most athletic senior in the school where her mama taught.
Popular and well-respected, everything that I was not.
But I took a chance and stole a kiss in her daddy's living room
Then drove home lonely in the dark, trembling heart and hands unglued
Setting myself up for heartbreak. What could she see in me?
Strung out with no plans for the future. White trash, filthy as could be.
She was too good for me.
She was too good for me.
When she went off to college, I followed her out West.
She hit the books and I hit the bar rooms,
My head in the clouds with all the rest.
Oh, she was too good.
We got married early summer at an old plantation home,
Both got jobs and starting paying a mortgage and student loans.
A dog and cat like our two children, wed all sit and watch TV.
Til the glass of whiskey I was drinking turned into two or three.
We both knew something was missing 'bout the time that our first young one came.
We trimmed a room with our Alma Mater, picked out a good boy's name.
I watched in awe there as she labored, never felt so close to her.
Hand in hand through every hour, it was all so beautiful.
I cried Honey, you're too good for me.
Still too good for me.
Now I hear them gigglin' down the hallway.
Man, I wish I had the time to play.
But I've got a lot of work to do here.
Yeah, we've got another one on the way.
Oh, it's all too good.
Too good for me.
I ain't seen God but I know he's out there,
Cause that woman still sleeps to the left of me.
I've got more than any man could ask for.
Lord, you've been too good, you've been too good for me.
Oh, you've been too good.
You've been too good for me.

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