Too Good to Be True

Alecia Nugent

In a sixty-eight Camero, a little girl and a big four lane
Oh, she's flying like an arrow out across the Pontchartrain
To a man down in New Orleans, says he loves her eyes of blue
Swears she'll never want for nothing, he sounds too good to be trueShe's dreaming of the parties, he's sure to take her to
And all the big white houses down on St. Charles Avenue
Well, she twenty-one in May, to shake the small down blues
She knows right where she's heading and it's too good to be trueTake the heart, it's an easy victim for and old silver tongue
And they always seem to pick them, innocent and young
They don't know there ain't no shortcut on the road to happiness
They don't know the simple rule if it sounds too good to be true
It probably isAs she can see those city lights and she should be full of hope
Suddenly she hears her daddy and the last words that he spoke
Sister, always be a good girl, please remember this
I don't care what he's telling you if it sounds too good to be true
It probably isA tender hearts an easy victim for an old silver tongue
And they always seem to pick them, innocent and young
They don't know there ain't no shortcut on the road to happiness
They don't know the simple rule if it sounds too good to be true
It probably isThey don't know the simple rule if it sounds too good to be true
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