

## **Alecia Nugent**

# **"Too Good to Be True"**

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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 true

She'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 true

Take 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 is

As 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 is

A 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

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Well, she's flying like an arrow across the Pontchartrain

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