

## **Tuesdays**

# **"Too Late To Be Good"**

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He picks me up in his car at night  
tells me I'm pretty and that he likes  
the way he feels by my side  
he don't know me  
and sometimes when he looks at me  
he catches something fast and something fierce  
a restless hunger deep inside  
there are some things you just can't hide  
I'll never be the kind of girl  
who'll wals or talk or act like I should  
Do what I've gotta in a man's world  
I'm a little too rough - but its too late to be good  
Pink and lace and my heels are high  
My mother says I'll get in trouble some night  
But this town don't scare me, I handle it heroically  
If they think I've got a problem, well the world's at fault  
Miss Right is something for role models  
Where do you find a self image  
I can be soft, can have a hard edge  
Let them say that I'm, I'm just too wild to tame  
'Cause when I go, baby, I'm gona go down in flames

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