

This Time I've Hurt Her More (than She Loves Me)

Earl Thomas Conley

She wore that fallin' out of love look
I even swore upon the good book
Still the last lie I told her
Was the one she couldn't believe

No more crying on her shoulder
She won't even let me hold her
And this time I've hurt her more
Than she loves me

I've been too busy drinking
She's been too busy thinking
'Bout the kind of love she needs
And the man she never sees

But lord she's already stood more
Than I was ever good for
And this time I've hurt her more
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