

# 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  
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