

Earl Thomas Conley, This Time I've Hurt Her More

She wore that falling 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
Cause this time I've hurt her more than she loves me

(Bridge)
I've been too busy drinking
She's been too busy thinking
About the kind of love she needs
And a 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 than she loves me

(Repeat Bridge)