Earl Thomas Conley "This Time I've Hurt Her More (Than She Loves Me)"

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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
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 Than she loves me

Lord this time I've hurt her more Than she loves me

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