

Conway Twitty "Over Thirty"

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She woke up this morning and fixed him his breakfast
Just like she's done for so long
She knows when she leaves with the kids for the bus
stop
When she gets back, he'll be gone

She thinks about last night, when he turned out the
night-light
How he didn't hold her again
She's a warm lovin' woman, feelin' unwanted
And she's taken about as much as she can

She's over thirty and under-loved
And she's gettin' hungry for the right kind of touch
And if he don't want her, he know somebody will
She's just over thirty, but not over the hill

She still remembers the way that he held her
Just a few short years ago
And she don't understand why he's turning colder
While she's still feeling the glow

She starts to wonder, if she were younger
How would he treat her tonight
'Cause she's still a woman, and if he don't want her
She might just take any love she can find

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And she's gettin' hungry for the right kind of touch
And if he don't want her, he know somebody will
She's just over thirty, but not over the hill

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