

Conway Twitty

"This Time I've Hurt Her More"

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She wore that fallin' out of love, look
I even swore by 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.

--- Instrumental ---

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'Bout the kind of love she needs
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Lord, this time I've hurt her more
Than she loves me...

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