All the Good Ones Are Gone

Pam Tillis

She'll turn thirty-four this weekend
She'll go out with her girlfriends
They'll drink some margaritas, cut up and carry on
There'll be guys and there'll be come ons
She'll probably get hit on
But she thinks all the good ones are goneShe's got friends down at the office
And she can't help but notice
That when the day is over, how they all hurry home
Every day there's guys she works with
And even some she flirts with
But it seems like all the good ones are goneAnd her mama called this mornin'
Said I'm worried about my baby
I wish you had a family of your own
She said mom it's not that easy
You make it sound so simple
She can't take the first man that comes alongOnce she had someone who loved her
Back when she was younger
Now she wonders if she held out a little bit too long
Back then there were so many
But now there just aren't any
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