Over Thirty (Not Over the Hill)

Conway Twitty

She woke up this morning and fixed him his breakfast
Just like shes done for so long
She knows when she leaves with the kids for the bus stop
When she gets back, hell be goneShe thinks about last night, when he turned out the night-light
How he didnt hold her again
Shes a warm lovin woman, feelin unwanted
And shes taken about as much as she canShes over thirty and under-loved
And shes gettin hungry for the right kind of touch
And if he dont want her, he know somebody will
Shes just over thirty, but not over the hillShe still remembers the way that he held her
Just a few short years ago
And she dont understand why hes turning colder
While shes still feeling the glowShe starts to wonder, if she were younger
How would he treat her tonight
'Cause shes still a woman, and if he dont want her
She might just take any love she can findShes over thirty and under-loved
And shes gettin' hungry for the right kind of touch
And if he dont want her, he know somebody will
Shes just over thirty, but not over the hill

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