

# Pam Tillis, All The Good Ones Are Gone

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 gone

She'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  
Everyday there's guys she works with  
And even some she flirts with  
But it seems like all the good ones are gone

Chorus  
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  
But you can't take the first man that comes along

Once 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  
Now there just aren't any  
It seems like all the good ones are gone

Chorus

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Cut up and carry on