

Kitty Wells

"Before This Day Ends"

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They say that my kind of love is blind
Some even say I must have lost my mind
But if I knew I'd never kiss your lips again
I'd rather die before this day ends.

Seeds of gossip always grow
Till they kill the fragrant of the sweetest rose
But if I thought that you would let a doubt come in
I'd rather die before this day ends.

--- Instrumental ---

All of everything is nothing without you
And many dreams I dream the way I do
Without your love before another day begins
I'd rather die before this day ends.

Seeds of gossip always grow
Till they kill the fragrant of the sweetest rose
But if I thought that you would let a doubt come in
I'd rather die before this day ends...

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