

Hank Snow, 90 Miles An Hour (Down A Dead End

I took you home from a party
and we kissed in fun,
a few stolen kisses and no harm was done.
Instead of stopping when we could,
we went right on,
until suddenly we found the brakes were gone.

You belong to someone else and I do too.
It's just too crazy being here with you.
As a bad motorcycle with the devil in the
seat,
Doin' 90 miles an hour down a dead end street.

I didn't want to want to now I have no choice.
It's too late to hear the warning voice.

All I hear is thunder as our two hearts beat,
Doin' 90 miles an hour down a dead end street.

You're not free to belong to me
and you know I can never be your own.
Your lips on mine are like sweet sweet wine,
but we're headed for a wall of stone.

Warning signs are flying by us but we pay no heed,
Instead of slowing down the pace we keep pickin' up
the speed.
Disaster's getting closer every time we meet.
Doin' 90 miles an hour down a dead end street.