

Kitty Wells, Before This Day Ends

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

[piano]

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...