

Kitty Wells, Pace That Kills

Too many parties and too much drinking too many sweethearts too little thinking

I love you darling I always will but honey you're devoted to the pace that kills

What kind of future is there before you a wife and children would only bore you

So till God call you to pay your bill your restless heart must travel after pace that kills

[steel - fiddle]

You're traveling down brave with eyes wide open

And I'm through pleadin' and tired of hopin'

You're always searching for bigger thrill

And honey I could never stand the pace that kills

What kind of future is there before you...