

Dottie West, Cold Hand Of Fate

The dawn of springtime gave birth to a new love
For you and me that it was born too late
For we both have been placed in the arms of others cheated by the cold hands of fate
Fate has no conscience no mercy for me and you
And the cold hand of fate wrote the book of who loves who

So let the snow of the winter cover our love
And for the sense of misfortune we'll pay
But we know in our hearts this love will live forever cheated by the cold hands of fate
And fate has no conscience...