Harlan Howard, Chokin' Kind

I only meant to love you don't you know it babe Why couldn't you be contented with the love I gave I've given you my heart but now you want my mind Your love scares me to death girl it's the chokin' kind You can kill a man with bullets poison or a knife But it hurts him more to take his pride and run his life Whatever it is you want girl Lord I hope you find But that hat don't fit my head it's the chokin' kind (quitar)