

Pam Tillis, Killer Comfort

Those safe at home days
Are gone for little girls
They're out there with the boys
Out in the big bad world
Intense pressure hanging over my head
Tonight I need your super tough lovin' instead

Killer comfort
Killer comfort
Killer comfort
All night

'Cause there's a kind of pain
That only love can kill
And there's a hunger, fame and fortune cannot fill
Tender touch is what I'm talking about
Don't play games now baby
I'm all played out

Killer comfort
Killer comfort
Killer comfort
All night

It's your air conditioning, tequila, chocolate
You're the killer, boy you got it, got it

Killer comfort
Killer comfort
Killer comfort
All night

Killer, killer, killer
All night long