

Before This Day Ends

Kitty Wells

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

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