

Hank Locklin, Fourteen Karat Gold

A chain of steel a wall of stone could not keep me from you
But while your finger wears a ring of gold what can I do
I'm burning up with love but still I'm left out in the cold
Because you wear a yellow band of fourteen karat gold
I never should have let my heart go roaming by itself
But it gets awful lonesome when your heart sets on the shelf
I should have tied it with a string so it could be controlled
To stay away from a yellow band of fourteen karat gold
[guitar - piano]
I realize that I was wrong that I was all to blame
If there's a ring upon her finger never fan the flame
I'm ready now to pay the price of loving much too bold
A girl who wears a yellow band of fourteen karat gold