

# 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