

Hank Snow, The Highest Bidder

Words & Music by Hank Snow, Mary Jean Shurtz, and Boudleaux Bryant
Recorded by Hank Snow

You put your heart upon an auction block and sold it,
Selfish greed and envy were the auctioneers.
The highest bidder won your heart but he can't hold it;
Love that's bought with gold can only end in tears.
The price I offered was my true love and devotion,
But you laughed and said that love had had its day
When at your feet I laid a heart filled with emotion,
You scorned the only price that I could pay.

May the golden price he paid you for your love, dear,
Keep you with him, may you never drift apart;
'Cause at the auction of regrettal, tears are worthless,
Bids are low for second-handed broken hearts.
When all your wealth and riches cease to give you pleasure,
When you tire of playin' princess, you'll recall
That love alone is life's true everlasting treasure,
And my bid, it was the highest after all.