

Hank Thompson, Those Things Money Can't Buy

Now if I was a millionaire I'd be poor and I'll tell you why
Your eyes your lips and your hair those things money can't buy
I could own a ship on the sea or a plane that flies through the sky
But the kisses you once gave to me those things money can't buy
[fiddle]

When my journey on earth is through and I stand at the gate in the sky
Thinking of those days we once knew those things money can't buy
Those things money can't buy are treasures I'll cherish till I die
Your arms your smile and your sigh those things money can't buy