

Eddy Arnold, I Wouldn't Trade The Silver In My M

(Fred J. Coots - Jack Little)

I wouldn't trade the silver in my mother's hair
For all the gold in the world
The hands that rocked my cradle
Through all my baby days
Are treasures from the sky
That money cannot buy

God gave us mothers
And tried to be fair
When he gave me mine
I got more than my share
I wouldn't trade the silver in my mother's hair
for all the gold in the world.

--- Instrumental ---

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