Hank Snow, Highest Bidder

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 [guitar - fiddle] 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 regret all 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 playing princess you'll recall That love alone is life's true everlasting treasure And my bid it was the highest after all