

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