

John Prine, Glory Of True Love

Oh, the glory of true love
Is a wild and precious thing
It don't grow on old magnolias
Or only blossom in the spring
No, the glory of true love
Is it will last your whole life through
Never will go out of fashion
Always will look good on you

You can climb the highest mountain
Touch the moon and stars above
But Old Faithful's just a fountain
Compared to the glory of true love

Long before I met you darlin'
Lord, I thought I had it all
I could have my lunch in London
And my dinner in St. Paul
I got some friends in Albuquerque
Where the governor calls me "Gov";
You can give 'em all to Goodwill
For the glory of true love

Glory glory glory glory
You can't never get enough
Time alone will tell the story
Of the glory of true love

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