

Marty Robbins, Over High Mountain (2)

Over high mountains not too far away
Is a valley I'm longin' to see
There lives a maiden who wants be mine
But her family cares nothin' for me

Her Mother knows that her daughter found love
In the arms of a poor mountain man
Her Father tells her, have nothin' to do
With the boy from the high mountain clan

Those in the valley have castles and wealth
Does that make them better than I
My dreams are my wealth and I've plenty of them
And my castles reach up to the sky

'Cause I am poor have I no right to love
Even though I am loved in return
True love can never be measured in riches
And money cannot make it burn

Her wealthy Father believes that a man
Should be judged on the ground that he owns
Since I have only the price of an acre
He wants me to leave her alone

But I'm determined, I'm young and I'm strong
It's true love that I'm workin' for
I'll buy me an acre down there in the valley
And soon have a hundred or more

Nola and I will be married and Heaven
Will bless with a boy and a girl
And we'll teach them true love can never be measured
By riches they've gained in this world