

Hank Thompson

"Those Things Money Can't Buy"

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Now if I was a millionaire I'd be poor and I'll tell you why
Your eyes your lips and your hair those things money
can't buy

I could own a ship on the sea or a plane that flies
through the sky

But the kisses you once gave to me those things money
can't buy

[fiddle]

When my journey on earth is through and I stand at the
gate in the sky

Thinking of those days we once knew those things
money can't buy

Those things money can't buy are treasures I'll cherish
till I die

Your arms your smile and your sigh those things
money can't buy

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