

## Conway Twitty "Wild Mountain Rose"

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High on the mountain  
Where the wild flowers grow  
I fell in love with  
My wild mountain Rose.

Rose lived high on the mountain  
With the bright lights of the city below  
She dreamed of the day we would go there  
Just me and my wild mountain Rose.

But like the wild wind I drifted from her  
Far below to the bright lights of town  
I promised to come back and get her  
But time passed and I'd let her down.

Now high on the mountain  
Where the wild flowers grow  
There's nothing but mem'ries  
Of my wild mountain Rose.

One night in town they told me  
Of this beauty in a place where lonely men go  
And they talked of her red lips and her black hair  
And they called her their wild mountain Rose.

And tonight I saw Rose for the first time  
In town in her new city clothes  
And I'm to blame for the scarlet light that's burning  
In the life of my wild mountain Rose.

Now down in the valley  
Where the lonely wind blows  
I lost the love of my  
Wild mountain Rose...

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