

I Wouldn't Trade The Silver In My Mother's Hair

Eddy Arnold

I wouldn't trade the silver in my mother's hair
For all the gold in the world
The hands that rocked my cradle through all my baby days
Are treasures from the sky that money cannot buy

God gave us mothers and tried to be fair
When he gave me mine I got more than my share
I wouldn't trade the silver in my mother's hair
For all the gold in the world

God gave us mothers