

Band of Gold

Petula Clark

I've never wanted wealth untold,
My life has one design;
A simple little band of gold
To prove that you are mine.

Don't want the world to have and hold,
For fame is not my line,
Just want a little band of gold
To prove that you are mine.

Some sale away to Araby
And other lands of mystery,
But all the wonders that they see
Will never tempt me.

Their memories will soon grow cold,
But till the end of time
I'll have a little band of gold,
To prove that you are mine.

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