

## Heart of Gold

By Scott Wilcox (c) 2011

A little baby cries, livin on the south side of town  
His little momma tries, tries to calm her baby down  
She sings him a little song, in a warm lovin way.  
She sings, My little baby boy, will be a big man someday  
But it's not about the riches and it not about the things  
Its not about what you take boy, its all about what you bring

Cause your a good boy you never talk back  
You don't give your momma no heart attack  
You do your work, you go to school, you is-a-busy livin the golden rule  
you don't buy no fancy car, you're more satisfied with who you are.  
No fancy suit or diamond ring, cause all that drama don't mean a thing.

### Chorus

Cause the most precious thing you own is a heart of gold  
Love and faith and kindness can never grow old  
The most beautiful thing you own... is a heart of gold.

The little baby grows, grows up to be a man  
Tempted with fancy cars and a house upon the sand  
Fine women and diamond rings, Well what's a man to say?  
He says, I love my momma and Here's what she'd have to say  
That it's not about the riches and it not about the things  
Its not about what you take boy, its all about what you bring

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