

# Wild Mountain Rose

Conway Twitty

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 memories 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