

# Glory of True Love

[John Prine](#)

Oh, the glory of true love  
Is a wild and precious thing  
It don't grow on old magnolias  
Or only blossom in the spring  
No, the glory of true love  
Is it will last your whole life through  
Never will go out of fashion  
Always will look good on you  
You can climb the highest mountain  
Touch the moon and stars above  
But old faithful's just a fountain  
Compared to the glory of true love  
Long before I met you, darlin'  
Lord, I thought I had it all  
I could have my lunch in London  
And my dinner in St. Paul  
I got some friends in Albuquerque  
Where the governor calls me "Gov"  
You can give 'em all to goodwill  
For the glory of true love  
You can climb the highest mountain  
Touch the moon and stars above  
But old faithful's just a fountain  
Compared to the glory of true love  
Glory, glory, glory, glory  
You can't never get enough  
Time alone will tell the story  
Of the glory of true love  
Glory, glory, glory, glory  
You can't never get enough  
Time alone will tell the story  
Of the glory of true love

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