

# Elvis Presley, Poor Man's Gold

It's The Feeling That I Get Holding My Brand New Baby.  
Holding On To Daddy's Thumb Just As Tightly As He Can Hold  
And It's Hearin' People Say He Looks A Lot Like His Daddy.  
These Things Are A Poor Man's Gold.

It's The Twinkle In The Eyes Of The Gray Haired Old Man We Call Grandpa.  
Tellin' Tales To The Kids That Get Taller Every Time There Told.  
And It's Knowin' That For A While He's No Longer Lonely.  
These Things Are A Poor Man's Gold.

It's The Smell Of Honeysuckle In The Springtime It's The Silence Of A Freshly  
Fallin Snow.  
It's The Sound Of Children Laughing In The Sunshine.  
It's A Crisp Autum Night With A Million Stars All Aglow.  
And It's The Sweet Sleepy Sound Of Your Warm Gentle Breathing.

As You Cling To Me In The Night To Keep Away The Cold.  
And It's The Softness Of Your Body There In The Darkness.  
These Things Are A Poor Man's Gold.  
Honey Theses Precious Things Are A Poor Man's Gold.