

Elvis Presley, Fame And Fortune

(Fred Wise - Ben Weisman)

Fame and fortune
how empty they can be
But when I hold you in my arms
That's heaven to me
Who cares for fame and fortune
They're only passing things
But the touch of your lips on mine
Makes me feel like a king

Your kind of love
is a treasure I hold
It's so much greater
than silver or gold
I know that I have nothing
If you should go away
But to know that you love me
Brings fame and fortune my way