Space, A Liddle Biddy Help From Elvis

Hang up your worries, stop biting all your nails
I've got a pocket full of troubles
But there's room enough for all of yours
You've got a sweet tooth,
It goes with my clean shaven looks.
The two of us, we just can't fail.
Plus, we've got an angel who's sent from above.
It's the burger-eating King of Rock 'n' Roll!
It's just little old you and me
With a liddle biddy help from Elvis.
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With a liddle biddy help from Elvis.
This could be one of the greatest love affairs
Just you and me and the king, he makes three
We could rob a bank and get away scot-free
'Cos Elvis knows the FBI.
Buddy Holly and Jimmy Dean could come to our wedding in the sky.
It's just little old you and me
With a liddle biddy help from Elvis.
It's just little old you and me
With a liddle biddy help from Elvis.
It all went wrong one saturday night
When we were watching tv.
Elvis got angry and shot at the screen
But instead he got you and me.
It's just little old you and me
With a liddle biddy help from Elvis.
It's just little old you and me
With a liddle biddy help from Elvis.