

Elvis Presley

"Poor Man's Gold"

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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.

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