

# 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