

Elvis Presley, My Little Friend

My warped and worried mind resorts,
To wandering off to ponder things I never talked about,
A pretty girl I used to know,
but wouldn't know if we met face to face,
And defying every logic known,
I wish the time machine could take me back again,
To the wonder of my first love,
The old folks teased me 'bout,
Referring to her only as my little friend.

Somewhere far away and maybe not so far away,
A child has grown into a woman of the world,
I assumed this knowing that she knew,
So much of life at such a tender age,
I learned from her the whispered things,
The big boys at the pool hall talked about,
The thrill and disappointment fear and shame,
That first love brings,
But oh how I thought I loved my little friend.

The fragrance of the green grass,
Mingled with the scent of love and womanhood,
A moonlight night I kissed and cried,
And swore I'd never touch another girl,
But time moved fast and I moved on,
And I loved others time and time again,
But with each time I thought of her,
And always gave a little more,
A symbol of remembrance for my little friend,
A symbol of remembrance for my little friend,
A symbol of remembrance for my little friend.