

Elvis Presley, Padre

The day that we wed
You blessed us and said
May heaven bestow you grace
There in that holy place
We shared our first embrace

Our cottage was small but richer than all
The palaces of the king
All day the birds would sing
Our hearts were filled with spring

Padre, padre
What happened to our love's so cruel
Padre, oh padre
In my grief I turn to you

Then he came along
And sang her his song
And won her with honey lies
He of the fiery eyes
Now it's not her that cries

So I will pray
The hours away
And weary my heart has grown
Wondering where love has flown
Counting my beads alone

Padre, oh padre
Please tell me how such things can be
Padre, oh padre
Pray for my love and me