

# 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