

# Marguerita

Elvis Presley

Who makes my heart beat like thunder?  
Who makes my temperature rise?  
Who makes me tremble with wonderful rapture  
With one burning glance, from her eyes

Marguerita...

Once I was free as a gypsy  
A creature too wild to tame  
Then suddenly I saw, Marguerita  
And I was caught, like a moth in the flame

Marguerita...is her name

Marguerita...

Her lips have made me her prisoner  
A slave to her every command  
She captivates me, and intoxicates me  
With one little touch of her hand

Marguerita....

Sweet...Marguerita...sweet, sweet Marguerita....