

IF THAT ISN'T LOVE - ELVIS PRESLEY  
(Words and music by Dottie Rambo)

He left the splendor of heaven,  
Knowing His destiny  
Twas the lonely hill of Golgotha,  
There to lay down His life for me.

If that isn't love  
The ocean is dry,  
There're no stars in the sky,  
And the sparrow can't fly;  
If that isn't love  
Then heaven's a myth,  
There's no feeling like this  
If that isn't love.

Even in death He remembered  
The thief hanging by His side;  
Then he spoke of love and compassion  
Then He took him to paradise.

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The ocean is dry,  
There're no stars in the sky,  
And the sparrow can't fly;  
If that isn't love  
Then heaven's a myth,  
There's no feeling like this  
If that isn't love.