Golden Ring

Tammy Wynette

In a pawn shop in Chicago
On a sunny summer day
A couple gazes at the wedding rings
There on displaySHe smiles 'n' nods her head
As he says, "Honey that's for you
It's not much, but it's the best
That I can do"Golden rings, with one tiny little stone
Waiting there, for someone to take you home
By itself, it's just a cold metallic thing
Only love can make a golden wedding ringIn a little wedding chapel, later on that afternoon
An old upright piano plays that old familiar tune
Tears roll down her cheeks and happy thoughts run through her head
As he whispers low, with this ring, I thee wedGolden ring, with one tiny little stone
Shining ring, now at last it's found a home
By itself, it's just a cold metallic thing
Only love can make a golden wedding ringIn a small two room apartment
As they fought their final round
He says, "You won't admit it
But I know you're leavin' town"She says, "One thing's for certain
I don't love you any more"
And throws down the ring
As she walks out the doorGolden ring, with one tiny little stone
Cast aside, like the love that's dead and gone
By itself, it's just a cold metallic thing
Only love can make a golden wedding ringIn a pawn shop in Chicago
On a sunny summer day
A couple gazes at the wedding rings
There on display
Golden ring

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