

# Rings

## Lobo

Ring, ring, telephone ring  
Somebody said, Baby what you doin'?"  
I've been wonderin' where you've been  
Now and then I think about you and me There's no use fightin' 'bout things we can't recall  
It don't matter now at all, just come on home  
Baby, we'll laugh and sing and we'll make love  
And let the telephone ring Ring, ring, doorbell ring, baby come on in  
Got James Taylor on the stereo  
I'm glad you came around, I've been feelin' down  
Just talkin' to Tony and Mario You know, they make good conversation  
Still it ain't no consolation 'cause I got love  
Baby I'll give you some and if somebody comes  
We'll let the doorbell ring Said, ring, ring, golden ring around the sun  
Around your pretty finger  
Ring, ring, voices ring with a happy tune  
Anybody can be a singer The sun come up across the city  
I swear you never looked so dog gone pretty  
Hand in hand we'll stand upon the sand  
With the preacher man, let the weddin' bells ring Hand in hand we'll stand upon the sand  
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Hand in hand we'll stand upon the sand  
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