Rings

Leo Kottke & Mike Gordon

Ring, ring, telephone ring
Somebody said, "Baby, what'cha doing?"
I've been wondering where you've been
Now and then I think about you and meNo use fighting about things we can't recall
'Cause it don't matter now at all
Just come on home and baby, we'll laugh and sing
And we'll make love, and let the telephone ringRing, ring, doorbell, ring
Baby, come on in, I got Mel Blanc on the radio
I'm glad you came around
Been feeling down, talking to Tony and Mario
You know they make good conversation
Still it ain't no conciliation
'Cause I got love and baby, I'll give you some
And if somebody comes, we'll let the doorbell ringI 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 comes up across the city
I swear you never looked so young and pretty
Hand in hand, we'll stand upon the sand
With the preacher man, let the wedding bell ringHand in hand, we'll stand upon the sand
With the preacher man, let the wedding bell ring
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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