

# 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 me  
No 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 ring  
Ring, 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 ring  
I 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 ring  
Hand 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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