Smoke Rings

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Where to they go
Smoke rings I blow each night
Oh, where to they go
Those circles of blue and white
I wonder, why do they sing
To picture a dream above, above
Above, above, above
Then why do they fade
My phantom parade of love
Puff, puff, puff
Oh, you can puff your cares away
Puff, puff, puff
Night and day
Blow, blow them into air
Silky little rings

Oh, little smoke rings I love
Please take me above with you
One more thing I wanna know is
Where do they end
The smoke rings I send on a high
Where are they hurled
When they've kissed the world goodbye
Let me tell you that
I'd give my life to laugh at this strife
Below, below, below
Down here below, for I'd be a king
I'd follow each ring I blow
So little smoke rings I love
Please take me above with you

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