

# My Ding a Ling

Dave Bartholomew

When I was a little biddy boy,  
My grandmother bought me a cute little toy.  
Silver bells hangin' on a string,  
She told me it was my ding-a-ling-a-ling!  
Oh, my ding-a-ling, my ding-a-ling,  
I want you to play with my ding-a-ling!  
My ding-a-ling, my ding-a-ling,  
I want you to play with my ding-a-ling!  
Then momma took me to Sunday school,  
They tried to teach me the golden rule.  
Ev'rytime the choir would sing,  
I'd take out my ding-a-ling-a-ling!  
Oh, my ding-a-ling...  
And then momma took me to Grammar school,  
But I stopped off in the vestibule.  
Ev'ry time that bell would ring,  
Catch me playin' with my ding-a-ling-a-ling!  
Oh, my ding-a-ling...  
Once I was climbin' the garden wall,  
I slipped and had a terrible fall.  
I fell so hard I heard bells ring,  
But held on to my ding-a-ling-a-ling!  
Oh, my ding-a-ling...  
I remember the girl next door,  
We used to play house on the kitchen floor.  
She'd be the queen, I'd be the king,  
And I let her play with my ding-a-ling-a-ling!  
Oh, my ding-a-ling...  
Once I was swimmin' 'cross Turtle Creek,  
Man, them snappers all around my feet.  
Sure was hard swimmin' 'cross that thing,  
With both hands holdin' my ding-a-ling-a-ling!  
Oh, my ding-a-ling...  
The girl downstairs, she's a big and bold,  
Grandma warned me, she's too old.  
She used to take me swingin' in a schoolyard swing,  
Swing down and take my ding-a-ling-a-ling!  
Oh, my ding-a-ling...  
This here song it ain't so sad,

The cutest little song you ever had.  
Those of you who will not sing,  
You must be playin' with your own ding-a-ling!  
Oh, your ding-a-ling, oh, your ding-a-ling,  
We saw you playin' with your ding-a-ling!  
Well, my ding-a-ling, everybody sing,  
I want to play with my ding-a-ling!  
My ding-a-ling, my ding-a-ling,  
I want to play with my ding-a-ling!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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