

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!
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