

Chuck Berry

"My Ding-a-ling-a-ling"

Visit "[My Ding-a-ling-a-ling](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

When I was a little biddy boy
My grandmother bought me a cute little toy
Silver bells hanging on a string
She told me it was my ding-a-ling-a-ling

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 mama took me to Sunday school
They tried to teach me the Golden Rule
But when the choir would stand and sing
I'd sit there and play with my Ding-a-ling-a-ling

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 mama took me to Grammar school
But I stopped off in the Besta Beau
Every time that bell would ring
Catch me playing with my ding-a-ling

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

Once I was climbing the garden wall,
I slipped and had a terrible fall
I fell so hard I heard birds ring,
But held on to My ding-a-ling

Once I was swimming cross turtle creek
those snapping turtls were snapping at my feet
Sure was hard swimming cross that thing
with both hands holding 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 playing with your own Ding-a-ling

Visit [Chuck Berry](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.