

Cymarron "Rings"

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Ring, ring, telephone rings
Somebody said, "Baby won't you do it?"
I been wondering where you been
Now and then, I think about you and me

No use in 'bout things we can't recall
It don't matter now at alllllll,
Just come on home: Baby we'll laugh and sing
We'll make love, we'll let the telephone ring

'Ring, ring, doorbell ring'
Baby come on in, got James Taylor on the stereo
I'm glad you've come around, I've been feelin' down
Just talkin' to Tony and Mario

You know they make good conversation,
Still it ain't no consolation
Cause I got love, baby I'll give you some
And if somebody comes, we'll let the doorbell ring

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 come up across the city
I swear you never looked so doggone pretty

Hand in hand,
We'll stand upon the sand
With the preacher man
Let the wedding bells ring

Oh-ohhh, hand in hand
We'll stand upon the sand
With the preacher man
Let the wedding bells ring...

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