

## Leo Kottke "Rings"

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Ring, ring, telephone ring  
Somebody said, "Baby, what'cha doing?"  
I've been wondering where you've been  
Now and then I think about you and me

No use fighting about things we can't recall  
'Cause it don't matter now at all  
Just come on home and baby, we'll laugh and sing  
And we'll make love, and let the telephone ring

Ring, ring, doorbell, ring  
Baby, come on in, I got Mel Blanc on the radio  
I'm glad you came around  
Been feeling down, talking to Tony and Mario

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

I 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 comes up across the city  
I swear you never looked so young and pretty  
Hand in hand, we'll stand upon the sand  
With the preacher man, let the wedding bell ring

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With the preacher man, let the wedding bell ring

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