

## Reuben Howell "Rings"

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Rings, rings, the telephone rings  
Somebody says "Baby whatcha doing?  
I've been wondering how you been  
Every now and then, well I think about you and me"

No use fighting about the things we can't become  
It don't matter now at all  
Just come on home  
Baby we'll laugh and sing  
We'll make love and let the telephone ring

Rings, rings the doorbell rings won't you come on in  
I got Jim Croce on the stereo  
I'm glad that you comin' round I've been feelin' down  
Talking 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  
If someone comes, let the doorbell ring

Rings, rings, golden rings around the sun  
Around your pretty finger  
Rings, rings, the voices ring with a happy tune  
Anyone can be a singer

Sun comes up across the city  
I swear you never look so doggone pretty

Hand and hand upon the sand with the preacher man  
Let the wedding bells ring  
Hand and hand upon the sand with the preacher man  
Let the wedding bells ring

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