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Samples "Little Silver Ring"

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Growing old, wathing silver turn to gold Snowing cold, why aren't you here for me to hold?

In a dream somewhere finding my way home

Then a change of scene

The rest took place in Ancient Rome

Was I a king?

Pretty ladies all around

I gave one a ring

So satisfied in who we found

Didn't make much sense

But we loved to do our thing

Behind her fence

And behind her little silve ring

That turned to gold That turned to gold

Growing old, watching silver turn to

gold

Snowing cold, why aren't you here for me

to hold

Didn't make much sense

But we loved to do our thing

Behind her fence

And behind her little silver ring

That turned to gold

That turned to gold

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