

The Sainte Catherines

"Little Silver Ring"

Visit "[Little Silver Ring](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

Visit [The Sainte Catherines](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.