

# Frank Sinatra, Ring-a-Ding-Ding

Writer(s): Cahn/Van Heusen

Life is dull  
It's nothing but one big lull  
Then presto you do a skull  
And find that you're reeling  
She sighs and you're feeling  
Like a toy on a string  
And your heart goes: "Ring-a-ding ding, ring-a-ding ding, ring-a-ding ding"  
How could that funny face  
That seemed to be common place  
Project you right in to space  
Without any warning  
Don't know if its morning, night-time, winter or spring  
What's the difference  
Ring-a-ding ding, ring-a-ding ding, ring-a-ding ding  
She takes (grabs) your hand - this captivating creature  
And like its planned - you're in the phone book  
Looking (Hunting) for the nearest preacher  
Life is swell  
You're off to that small hotel  
And somewhere a village bell  
Will sound in the steeple  
Announcing to people  
Love's the loveliest thing  
And the bell goes: "Ring-a-ding ding, ring-a-ding ding, ring-a-ding ding"