

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"