

# George Jones, Golden Ring (Original Version)

Written by B. Braddock

In a pawn shop in Chicago on a sunny summer day  
A couple gazes at the wedding rings there on display  
She smiles and nods her head as he says, honey that's for you  
It's not much but it's the best that I can do

With one tiny little stone  
Waiting there for someone to take it home  
By itself it's just a cold metallic thing  
Only love can make a golden wedding ring

In a little wedding chapel later on that after noon  
An old up right piano plays that old familiar tune  
Tears roll down her cheeks and happy thoughts run through her head  
As he whispers low with this ring I thee wed

With one tiny little stone  
Shining ring - now at last it's found a home  
By itself it's just a cold Thee thing  
Only love can make a golden wedding ring

In a small two room apartment as they fight their final round  
He says you won't admit it but I know you're leavin' town  
She says one thing's for certain, I don't love you anymore  
And throws down the ring as she walks out the door

With one tiny little stone  
Cast aside - like the love that's dead and gone  
By itself it's just a cold leaving thing  
Only love can make a golden wedding ring

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