

Ding A Ling

Judge Dread

When I was a little biddy boy
My grandmother bought me a cute little toy
Silver bells hanging on a string
She told me it was my ding-a-ling-a-ling

My Ding-A-Ling My Ding-A-Ling I want you to play with My Ding-A-Ling
My Ding-A-Ling My Ding-A-Ling I want you to play with My Ding-A-Ling

Then momma took me to Grammar school
Always went by the best of rule *
Everytime that bell would ring
Catch me playing with my ding-a-ling-a-ling

My Ding-A-Ling My Ding-A-Ling I want you to play with My Ding-A-Ling
My Ding-A-Ling My Ding-A-Ling I want you to play with My Ding-A-Ling

One day while climbing the garden wall,
I slipped and had a terrible fall
I fell so hard I heard bells ring,
But I held on to My ding-a-ling-a-ling

My Ding-A-Ling My Ding-A-Ling I want you to play with My Ding-A-Ling
My Ding-A-Ling My Ding-A-Ling I want you to play with My Ding-A-Ling

One day while swimming cross turtle creek
Man them snappers all 'round at my feet
Was so hard swimming cross that thing
with both hands holding my dingaling

My Ding-A-Ling My Ding-A-Ling I want you to play with My Ding-A-Ling
My Ding-A-Ling My Ding-A-Ling I want you to play with My Ding-A-Ling