

Little Silver Ring

The Samples

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
more The Samples Lyrics