

Tarnished Rings

Bobby Womack

You know, people always ask me
Mister Bobby, where did you learn how to sing like that
Well, I think I'll let y'all in on a little something extra
I want you to hear my father sing
This beautiful little song he's singing

When I see a ring that never graced a finger
Dime store trinkets made of glass and tin
And how we cling to faded dreams that linger
Fancying the past can live again

Tarnished rings and imitation jewelry
Foolish things I cannot leave behind

All right, Dad, my turn

For these rings and imitation jewelry
Always bring you back into my mind

When I was young I thought all rings kept shining
Keepsakes wind through all the dreams we hold
Today I found there is no silver lining
And the truth it isn't always gold

Tarnished rings and imitation, imitation jewelry
Foolish things I cannot leave behind
Oh, these rings and imitation jewelry
Always bring, bring you back into my mind