

# Golden Ring

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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"

Golden ring 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 afternoon  
An old upright 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

Golden ring with one tiny little stone  
Shining ring, now at last, it's found a home  
By itself, it's just a cold metallic thing  
Only love can make a golden wedding ring

In a small two-room apartment  
As they fought 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

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

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Golden ring