Bells

Randy Stonehill

When I was a little boy
I'd wake up on a Sunday morning
And hear the ringing of the bells
And I remember how good it made me feel inside
It was like the Lord was saying
"good morning, all is well"
And I'd get dressed in a hurry
And say "Mama can you take me
o where they're ringing the bells?"

Hear the ringing of the bells
Hear the ringing of the bells
Ain't it like a Voice that's calling you home
After being gone for so long
If you hear that ringing in your heart
Then you'll know where you belong

I spend my days at school
Chasing all those young man's dreams
Now we can fall under that spell
You'd best be mindful of what you keep or leave behind
I turned to find I didn't know myself so well
But I woke up one morning
And oh my heart was aching
I heard the ringing of the bells

Hear the ringing of the bells
Hear the ringing of the bells
Ain't it like a Voice that's calling you home
After being gone for so long
If you hear that ringing in your heart
Then you'll know where you belong

I can hear them ringing
Ringing, ringing, ringing
I can hear them ringing in my soul

Hear the ringing of the bells
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Ain't it like a Voice that's calling you home
After being gone for so long
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