

# My Ding a Ling

**1. vers:** 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

**Refr:** *Oh My Ding-A-Ling*  
*My Ding-A-Ling*  
*I want you play with My Ding-A-Ling*  
*My Ding-A-Ling*  
*My Ding-A-Ling*  
*I want you play with My Ding-A-Ling*

**2. vers:** And then Mama took me to Grammar school  
But I stopped off in the Vestibule  
Everytime that bell would ring  
You'd catch me playing with my ding-a-ling

**Refr:**

**3. vers:** Once I was climbing the garden wall,  
I slipped and had a terrible fall  
I fell so hard I heard bells ring,  
But held on to My ding-a-ling

**Refr:**

**4. vers:** Once I was swimming cross turtle creek  
Man them snappers all around my feet  
Sure was hard swimming cross that thing  
With both hands holding my ding-a-ling-a-ling

**Refr:**

**5. vers:** Hmm this here song it ain't so bad  
The cutest little song you ever had  
And those of you who will not sing  
You must be playing with your own Ding-a-ling

**Refr – refr – refr – refr - refr: (Raskere – raskere – raskere)**