

Remember when our songs were just like prayers?
Like gospel hymns that you called in the air.
Come down, come down, sweet reverence.
Unto my simple house and ring, and ring. Mmm ...

Ring like silver, ring like gold,
Ring out those ghosts on the Ohio.
Ring like clear day wedding bells,
Were we the belly of the beast or the sword that fell? Oh, we'll never tell.

Come to me, clear and cold on some sea.
Watch the world spinning waves, like some machine.

Now I've been crazy, couldn't you tell?
I threw stones at the stars, but the whole sky fell.
Now I'm covered up in straw, belly up on the table.
And I drank and sang, and passed in the stable. Aha, aha.

And that tall grass grows high and brown.
Well, I dragged you straight in the muddy ground,
And you sent me back to where I roam,
Well I cursed and I cried, but now I know, oh, now I know.

And I ran back to that hollow again.
Oh, the moon was just a sliver back then.
And I ached for my heart like some tin man.
When it came, oh, it beat, and it boiled and it rang. ... Oh, it's ringin'.

Ring like crazy, ring like hell.
Turn me back into that wild-haired gale.
Ring like silver, ring like gold,
Turn these diamonds straight back into coal,

Turn these diamonds straight back into coal.
Turn these diamonds straight ... mmm.