

# Smoke Rings

Sam Cooke

Where to they go  
Smoke rings I blow each night  
Oh, where to they go  
Those circles of blue and white

I wonder, why do they sing  
To picture a dream above, above  
Above, above, above  
Then why do they fade  
My phantom parade of love

Puff, puff, puff  
Oh, you can puff your cares away  
Puff, puff, puff  
Night and day

Blow, blow them into air  
Silky little rings  
Oh, little smoke rings I love  
Please take me above with you

One more thing I wanna know is  
Where do they end  
The smoke rings I send on a high  
Where are they hurled  
When they've kissed the world goodbye

Let me tell you that  
I'd give my life to laugh at this strife  
Below, below, below  
Down here below, for I'd be a king  
I'd follow each ring I blow  
So little smoke rings I love  
Please take me above with you