

Carla Bruni - Those Dancing Days Are Gone

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Tom: Gb
  Gb
               Bbm
Come, let me sing into your ear;
      Db
                       Gb
Those dancing days are gone,
       Bbm
All the silk and satin gear;
              Bbm
Crouch upon a stone
Wrapping that foul body up
     Db
            Gb
In as foul a rag:
           Bbm
I carry the sun in a golden cup
   Db
                     Gb
The moon in a silver bag.
Repete a mesma sequência de notas nas duas estrofes abaixo:
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(Gb Bbm B Db Gb Bbm B Db Bbm Abm Db Gb Bbm Abm Db Gb)

Curse as you may I sing it through; What matter if the knave
That the most could pleasure you,
The children that he gave,
Are somewhere sleeping like a top
Under a marble flag?
I carry the sun in a golden cup \ 2x
The moon in a silver bag. /

(Come let me sing into your ear) I thought it out this very day, Noon upon the clock, (All that silk and satin gear) A man may put pretence away Who leans upon a stick, may sing, and sing until he drop Whether to maid or hag:
I carry the sun in a golden cup The moon in a silver bag...

Acordes

