

Carla Bruni - Those Dancing Days Are Gone

Tom: Gb

(Gb Bbm B Db Gb Bbm B Db Bbm Abm Db Gb Bbm Abm Db Gb)

Come, let me sing into your ear;

Curse as you may I sing it through;
What matter if the knave

Those dancing days are gone,

That the most could pleasure you,
The children that he gave,

All the silk and satin gear;

Are somewhere sleeping like a top
Under a marble flag?

Crouch upon a stone

I carry the sun in a golden cup \ 2x
The moon in a silver bag. /

Wrapping that foul body up

(Come let me sing into your ear)

In as foul a rag:

I thought it out this very day,
Noon upon the clock,

I carry the sun in a golden cup \ 2x

(All that silk and satin gear)
A man may put pretence away

The moon in a silver bag. /

Who leans upon a stick,
may sing, and sing until he drop

Repete a mesma seqüência de notas nas duas estrofes abaixo:

Whether to maid or hag:
I carry the sun in a golden cup

The moon in a silver bag...

Acordes

