

The Rolling Stones - Dancing With Mr D

Tom: G

(verso)

Down in the graveyard where we have our tryst,
 The air smells sweet, the air smells sick.
 He never smiles, his mouth merely twists,
 The breath in my lungs feels clinging and thick.
 But I know his name, he's called Mister D.
 And one of these days he's gonna set you free.
 Human skulls is hangin' right 'round his neck,
 The palms of my hands is clammy and wet.

(refrão)

Lord, I was dancin', dancin' dancin' so free,
 Dancin', dancin', dancin' so free.
 Dancin', Lord, keep your hands off me,
 Dancin' with Mister D.,
 Dancin', dancin', dancin' so free.

With Mr. D.,

A A G C A
 With Mr. D.

(verso)

Will it be poison, put in my glass,
 Will it be slow or will it be fast?
 The bite of a snake, the sting of a spider,
 A drink of Belladonna on a Toussaint night.
 Hiding in a corner in New York City,
 Lookin' down a forty four in West Virginia.

(refrão)

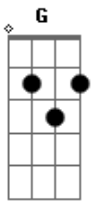
(verso)

One night I was dancin' with a lady in black,
 Wearin' black silk gloves and a black silk hat.
 She looked at me longin' with black velvet eyes,
 She gazed at me strange all cunning and wise.
 Then I saw the flesh just fall off her bones,
 The eyes in her skull was burning like coals.
 Lord, have mercy, fire and brimstone.
 I was dancin' with Misses D.

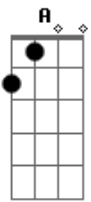
(refrão)

Lord, I was dancin', dancin', dancin' so free,
 I was dancin', dancin', dancin' so free.
 Dancin', dancin', dancin' so free.
 Dancin', dancin'.

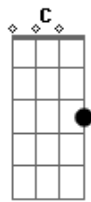
Acordes



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