

**Those Dancing Days Are Gone**  
**Carla Bruni**

**F#**                    **A#m**                    **B**  
Come, let me sing into your ear;  
                  **C#**                    **F#**  
Those dancing days are gone,  
                  **A#m**                    **B**  
All the silk and satin gear;  
**C#**                    **A#m**  
Crouch upon a stone  
  **G#m**  
Wrapping that foul body up  
                  **C#**                    **F#**  
In as foul a rag:  
                  **A#m**                    **G#m**  
I carry the sun in a golden cup      2x  
                  **C#**                    **F#**                    /  
The moon in a silver bag.                    /

Repete a mesma seqüência de notas nas duas estrofes abaixo:

(**F# A#m B C# F# A#m B C# A#m G#m C# F# A#m G#m C# F#**)

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...