

Dancing With Mr D
The Rolling Stones

(verso)

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

(refrão)

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