

Dancing With Mr D
The Rolling Stones

(verso)

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

(refrão)

B A D B
Lord, I was dancin , dancin dancin so free,
B A D B
Dancin , dancin , dancin so free.
B A D B
Dancin , Lord, keep your hands off me,
B A D B
Dancin with Mister D.,
B B A D B
With Mr. D.,
B B A D B
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 .