

# Carla Bruni - Those Dancing Days Are Gone

Tom: **Gb**

**Gb** **Bbm** **B**  
Come, let me sing into your ear;  
**Db** **Gb**  
Those dancing days are gone,  
**Bbm** **B**  
All the silk and satin gear;  
**Db** **Bbm**  
Crouch upon a stone

**Abm**  
Wrapping that foul body up  
**Db** **Gb**  
In as foul a rag:

**Bbm** **Abm** \  
I carry the sun in a golden cup \ 2x  
**Db** **Gb** /  
The moon in a silver bag. /

Repete a mesma sequência de notas nas duas estrofes abaixo:

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

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...

## Acordes

