

Those Dancing Days Are Gone

Carla Bruni

Come, let me sing into your ear
Those dancing days are gone
All that silk and satin gear
Crouch upon a stoneWrapping that foul body up
In as foul a rag
I carry the sun in a golden cup
The moon in a silver bag
I carry the sun in a golden cup
The moon in a silver bagCurse as you may I sing it through
What matter if the knave
That the most could pleasure you
The children that he gaveSomewhere sleeping like a top
Under a marble flag
I carry the sun in a golden cup
The moon in a silver bag
I carry the sun in a golden cup
The moon in a silver bagCome, 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 pretense away
Who leans upon a stickMay 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
I carry the sun in a golden cup
The moon in a silver bagCome, let me sing into your ear
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All that silk and satin gear
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