

# Dancing With Mr. D.

## The Rolling Stones

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

Lord, I was dancin', dancin', dancin' so free  
Dancin', dancin', dancin' so free  
Dancin', Lord, keep your hand off me  
Dancin' with Mr. D., with Mr. D., with Mr. D.

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

I was dancin', dancin', dancin' so free  
Dancin', dancin', dancin' so free  
Dancin', Lord, keep your hand off me  
Dancin' with Mr. D., with Mr. D., with Mr. D.

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 Mrs. D.

Lord, I was dancin', dancin', dancin' so free  
I was dancin', dancin', dancin' so free  
Dancin', dancin', dancin' so free

Dancin', dancin'

---

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com  
written by JAGGER, MICK/RICHARDS, KEITH  
Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>