

# 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  
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

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