

# Those Dancing Days Are Gone

Carla Bruni

Come, let me sing into your ear  
Those dancing days are gone  
All the silk and satin gear  
Crouch upon a stone  
Wrapping 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 bag

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  
The moon in a silver bag  
I carry the sun in a golden cup  
The moon in a silver bag

I thought it out this very day  
Noon upon the clock  
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