

Rolling Stones, Dancing With Mr. D.

(M. Jagger/K. Richards)

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'