

Stones Rolling

"Dancing With Mr D"

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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 fourty-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'

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