

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

The Dance of Death

The Dance of Death

(Patrick Sky)

Sing to me, sing to me, a tune that's made for dancing
For I must do the dance of death for all the people watching
Turn around, turn around, doctors, bakers, lawyers
Coming from all walks of life, Whitmans and Tom Sawyers.

Well, see the politician's grin as the dance gets wilder
His dowager mother plays for him, don't you want to hear her?
Smoke is rising thick as sugar as the heels go flying
Kiss them babies two by two, swing those mothers sighing.

Professional vampires do-si-do, suck their juices from them
Makers of this hell on earth stick red hot dollars to them
It's round and round the banker's vault as the count gets higher
See the surplus alms collected, dancing in the fire.

King of Paupers turn around, misery unending
Promenade with pestilence, with rags upon you winding
Monks and preachers ridicule you, curse you for your sinning
Holy fathers dance you round, say death is your beginning.

Queen of Fools turn around, life will be your folly
Wave your wand at those who will waste away and worry
Play them for the fools they are and make their steps up for them
A clock that's shaken hard enough, it cannot stay in rhythm.

Sing to me, sing to me, a tune that's made for dancing
For I must do the dance of death for all the people watching.

(c)Rabelaisian Music, Inc.

GF
apr00