

# Dancing Days

James Blunt

Young man with a stone to throw  
Take a breath and just let it go  
Angry man with a cross to bear  
Now you see life just isn't fair

Oh let go  
Greater men have had their day to face the music  
Realise you've made your bed

Read what the papers say  
Your dancing days are over  
The smile on your face will never hide your shame  
You can't escape what they say  
Your dancing days are over  
The ghosts you see are shouting out your name

Oh how you danced  
Oh how you sang  
There is a feeling here that you began  
Oh how we stood and stared  
Held on to every breath  
It seemed the world stood still  
Transfixed by every step

Oh let go  
Lesser men will be your crowd  
Captivation  
Lesser men will tear you down

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The ghosts you see are shouting out your name  
Fake crowds demand us not to blame  
Any man that celebrates his pain  
So glad to be a witness to your fame  
Old man sings his final song  
And wonders where it all went wrong

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