

Come To The Ball

The Rolling Stones

You look so statuesque
In your soft lip with dress
Out of silver, not gold
And the way, the way that you
Are bold

Oh, how
It's tawdry you know
But it's a dance in the corridor, cold

The paintings cover up the walls
Well, come to the dance
Come to the ball

Are you hungry?
I got plenty to eat
Something strange
That tastes bitter and sweet

It's gonna get cold
Before it gets warm
Come to the dance
Come to the ball

Can we be together?
Can it be forever?
Just our night

The big room ain't been
Stepped in for years
But a soft song playing
There were no cheers

Big love at some of the shows
Well, come to the dance
Come to the ball

You wanna play games
Or you wanna talk?
It's gonna get cold
Before it gets warm

Come to the dance
Come to the ball
Come to the dance

You wanna play games
Or you wanna talk?
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Come to the ball

Come to the dance