

Emerson Lake And Palmer - Still.... Tou Turn Me On

Tom: C

Do you want to be an angel
 Do you want to be a star
 Do you want to play some magic on my guitar?
 Do you want to be a poet
 Do you want to be my string?
 You could be anything
 Do you want to be the lover of another
 Undercover? You could even be the man on the moon
 Do you want to be the player
 Do you want to be the string?
 Let me tell you something
 It just don't mean a thing
 You see it really doesn't matter
 when you're buried in disguise
 by the dark glass on your eyes
 though your flesh has crystalised
 Still.... you turn me on
 Still.... you turn me on
 Still.... you turn me on

Still.... you turn me on
 Do you want to be the pillow where I lay my head
 Do you want to be the feathers lying in my bed?
 Do you want to be a colour cover magazine
 Create a scene
 Every day a little sadder
 A little madder
 Someone get me a ladder
 Do you want to be the singer
 Do you want to be the song?
 Let me tell you something
 You just couldn't be more wrong
 You see I really have to tell you
 That it all gets so intense
 From my experience
 It just doesn't seem to make sense
 Still.... you turn me on
 Still.... you turn me on
 Still.... you turn me on

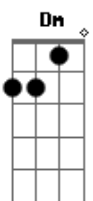
Acordes



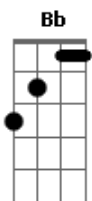
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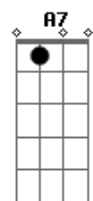
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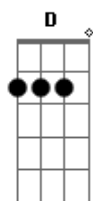
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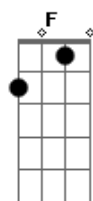
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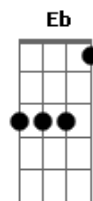
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