

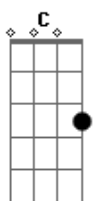
# Emerson Lake And Palmer - Still.... Tou Turn Me On

Tom: C

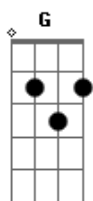
Do you want to be an angel  
 Do you want to be a star  
 Do you want to play some magic on my guitar?  
 Do you want to be a poet  
 Do you want to be my string?  
 You could be anything  
 Do you want to be the lover of another  
 Undercover? You could even be the man on the moon  
 Do you want to 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

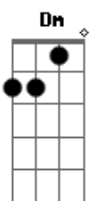
## Acordes



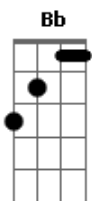
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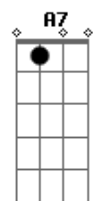
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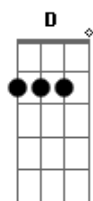
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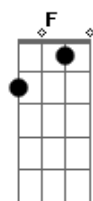
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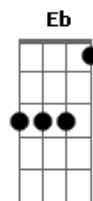
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