

Queen - Im In Love With My Car

Tom: G
Intro: D with some frills

Verse 1:

Em Ohhhhh... G The machine of a dream. D
C Such a clean machine. Em When the pistons a pumpin', G
D And the hubcaps all gleam. C Em When I'm holding your wheel,
G All I hear is your gear, D When my hand's on your grease
gun,
C Oh, it's like a disease son.

Em I'm in love with my car. G D Gotta feel for my automobile. C

Em G D C
C Geat a grip on my boy racer roller bar, Such a thril when
your radials squeel.

Verse 2:

B Told my girl I'll have to forget her, C Rather buy me a new
carburetor,
B So she made tracks saying this is the end now, C Cars don't
talk back,
they're just four wheeled friends now. D
Em When I'm holding you wheel, G All I hear is your gear,
D When I'm crusing in overdrive, C Don't have to listen to no
run of the mill talk jive.

Em G D C
C I'm in love with my car. Gotta feel for my automobile.
Em G D C
C I'm in love with my car. String back gloves in my
automolove.

Acordes

