

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

Verse 2:

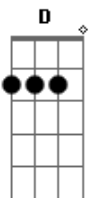
B Told my girl I'll have to forget her, C Rather buy me a new  
carburetor,  
B So she made tracks saying this is the end now, C Cars don't  
talk back,  
they're just four wheeled friends now. D  
Em When I'm holding you wheel, G All I hear is your gear,  
D When I'm crusing in overdrive, C Don't have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

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

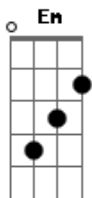
## Acordes



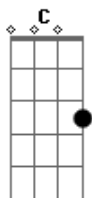
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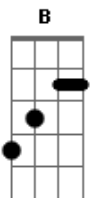
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