

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

## Acordes

