

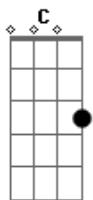
Emerson Lake And Palmer - Still.... Tou Turn Me On

Tom: C

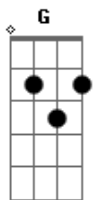
Do you want to be an angel
Do you want to be a star
Do you want to play some magic on my guitar?
Do you want to be a poet
Do you want to be my string?
You could be anything
Do you want to be the lover of another
Undercover? You could even be the man on the moon
Do you want to be the player
Do you want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

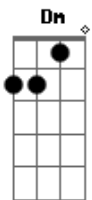
Acordes



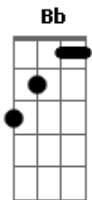
© ukulele-chords.com



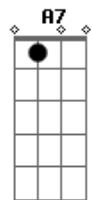
© ukulele-chords.com



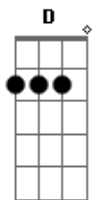
© ukulele-chords.com



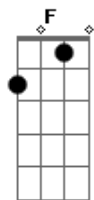
© ukulele-chords.com



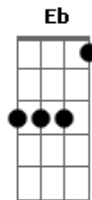
© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com