

Queen - Im In Love With My Car

Tom: **G**
Intro: **D** with some frills

Verse 1:

Em Ohhhhhh... **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** When I'm holding your wheel, **Em**
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

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

Acordes

