

Rod Stewart - Let Me Be Your Car

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Tom: Bb
                                                                               Eb
                                                                                      Bb\D
                                                              You say I'm just a specimen, and baby I can crawl
  Fm7 F F Dm F\C Bb F
I may not seem your ideal when you look into my eyes
                                                              Well my physique just don't look the way the physiques really
                           Bb\D
                Fb
Bb\F Eb\F
                                                                                               Bb\D F
                                                                                                             Bb\F Eb\F
                                                                                         Eb
I don't smoke, I don't tell jokes, I'm not the custom made
                                                              But then again I've got an engine underneath my hood
                                                                                      Dm
But baby let me take you out on the highway for a while
                                                              When I'm cutting up the road, yeah, with a sports car on my
                                                              tail
                       Eb
Eb\F
                                                                             F\C Bb
                                                              Dm
I'll show you where the man in me is when he doesn't hide
                                                              Frankenstein's inside my mind, and the wind's inside my sails
Well he's cruising in the fast lane, stuck behind the wheel
                                                              (Chorus)
                                                              (INSTRUMENTAL VERSE )
               F\C Bb
Jekyll and Hyde going on inside when I'm your automobile
                                                                                        Dm
                                                              Well he's cruising in the fast lane, stuck behind the wheel
              Bb
                        C
                                                                              F\C
                                                                                  Bh
                                                              Jekyll and Hyde going on inside when I'm your automobile
Let me be your car for a while child
Shift me into gear and I'll be there
                                                              Let me be your car for a while child
Fill me up with five star gasoline girl, yeah
                                                              Shift me into gear and I'll be there
I'll be your car, I'll take you anywhere
                                                                     Bb\D
                                                              Fill me up with five star gasoline girl, yeah
                                       F\C C
Let me be your car, come on and drive me
                                                              I'll be your car, I'll take you anywhere
                                   F Bb\F Eb\F
               F\C Bb
I'm a speedy little boy down deep inside
                                                                             Bb
                                                              Let me be your car, come on and drive me
I got bucket seats and two speed window cleaners, yeah
                                                                                                 F Bb\F Eb\F
                                                                             F\C Bb
                                                              I'm a speedy little boy down deep inside
                   Bb\D C
                                       F Fm7 F F Dm F\C
Bb F Bb\F Eb\F
                                                                           Bb\D
Just let me be your car, oh come on and ride
                                                              I got bucket seats and two speed window cleaners, yeah
                                                                                  Bb\D C
                                                              Just let me be your car, oh come on and ride
I can't dance, I don't dig it, I can't see it at all
                                                              Fm7 F F Dm F\C Bb F Bb\F Eb\F
Acordes
      вЬ
                  F<sub>n</sub>7
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