

## Emerson Hart

### "Still.... You Turn Me On"

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Do you want to be an angel,  
Do you wanna be an angel  
Do you wanna be a star  
Do you wanna play some magic  
On my guitar  
Do you wanna be a poet  
Do you wanna be my string  
You could be anything

Do you wanna be the lover of another undercover  
You could even be the  
Man on the moon

Do you wanna be the player  
Do you wanna 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 crystallised  
Still...you turn me on

Do you wanna be the pillow  
Where I lay my head  
Do you wanna be the feathers  
Lying on my bed  
Do you wanna be the cover  
Of a magazine  
Create a scene

Every day a little sadder  
A little madder  
Someone get me a ladder

Do you wanna be the singer  
Do you wanna 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

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