

Emerson, Lake & Palmer "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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