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Lake & Palmer Emerson "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 dont mean a thing

You see it really doesnt matter
When youre 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 couldnt be more wrong

You see I really have to tell you

That it all gets so intense From my experience It just doesnt seem to make sense Still...you turn me on

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