

# Emerson, Lake & Palmer, Still... You Turn Me On

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  
Still...you turn me on  
Mmmm...you turn me on

Do you wanna be the pillow where I lay my head  
Do you wanna be the feathers lying in 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  
Mmmm...you turn me on, yeah  
Mmmm...you turn me on.