

Giuffria, Turn Me On

So we meet again and I just pretend to pass you on by.

Your hand is on my switch, like a razor to my wrist.

Now I realize...

You got a hold on me.

You turn me on.

You turn me on.

Like a fever in my heart, a fire I can't stop.

You burn me straight thru.

This twist of foolish fate, how love can turn to hate.

Still I have got to have you.

You got a hold on me.

You turn me on.

Turn me on.

Turn me on.

Turn me on.

Turn me on.