

Still... You Turn Me On

Emerson, Lake & Palmer

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 anythingDo you wanna be the lover of another undercover
You could even be the
Man on the moonDo you wanna be the player
Do you wanna be the string
Let me tell you something
It just don't mean a thingYou 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 onDo 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 sceneEvery day a little sadder
A little madder
Someone get me a ladderDo you wanna be the singer
Do you wanna be the song
Let me tell you something
You just couldn't be more wrongYou 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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