

# Still... You Turn Me On

## Emerson, Lake & Palmer

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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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