G Dm G
Do you want to 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

Dm Bbmaj7
You could be anything

Bbmaj7/A Bb
Do you wanna be the lover of another
A7
Undercover you could even be the Man on the moon

D D6 D

F F
Do you wanna be the player
Dm Dm
Do you wanna be the string
Bb Bb
Let me tell you something
A7 A7
It just don't mean a thing

Dm Dm
You see I really have to tell you
Bb C Dm
When you're buried in disguise
By the dark glass on your eyes
Though your flesh has crystallized

Ebmaj7 Dm
Still... You turn me on
Hmm... You turn me on
Ebmaj7 Gsusu4
Hmm... You turn me on

G Dm G
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

Dm Bbmaj7
Create a scene

Bbmaj7/A Bb
Every day a little sadder, A little madder
Bb A7
Someone get me a ladder

D D6 D

F F
Do you wanna be the player
Dm Dm
Do you wanna be the string
Bb Bb
Let me tell you something
A7 A7
It just don't mean a thing

Dm Dm
You see I really have to tell you
Bb C Dm
That it all gets so intense
From my experience
It just doesn't seem to make sense

Ebmaj7 Dm
But Still... You turn me on
Hmm... You turn me on
Ebmaj7 D6
Hmm... You turn me on