

Memo From Turner
The Rolling Stones

A **A7** **D7**
Didn't I see you down in San Antone on a hot and dusty night?
A **D7**
You were eating eggs in Sammy's when the black man there drew his knife.
A **A** **D7**
Or you drowned that Jew in Rampton as he washed his sleeveless shirt.
D7 **A**
You know that Spanish speaking gentleman, the one that we call Kurt.

Bm G A

C#m Bm D A
Come now, gentleman, I know there's some mistake
C#m Bm D A
How forgetful I'm becoming now you fixed your business straight

A **D7** **A**
I remember you in Hemlock Road in nineteen fifty six
A **D7** **A**
You were a faggy little leather boy with a smaller piece of stick
A
You were a lashing smashing hunk of a man,
D **A**
your sweat shined sweet and strong
D7 **A** **Bm**
Your organs working perfectly, but there's a part
G **E7**
that's not screwed on

A E7 A E A E7 A E

A **D** **A**
Weren't you at the Coke Convention back in nineteen sixty five
You're the misbred grey executive I've seen heavily advertised
A **D** **A**
You're the great grey man whose daughter licks policemen's buttons clean
D **A**
You're the man who squats behind the man
Bm G A
who works the soft machine
C#m Bm D A
Come now, gentlemen, your love is all I crave

C#m **Bm** **D**
You ll still be in the circus when I m laughing,
 A
laughing in my grave

A **D7** **A**
Well remember who you say you are but keep your noses clean
 A **D** **A**
Boys will be boys and play with toys. So be strong with your beast
 A **D** **A**
Oh Rosie dear, don cha think it s queer. So stop me if you please
 D7 **A**
The baby s dead, my lady said.
 Bm **G** **A**
You gentlemen will you all work for me

A **D7** **A**
When the old men do all the fighting and the young men all look on
 A **D** **A**
And the young girls eat their mother s meat from tubes of plastic
 A **D** **A**
Be wary of these my gentle friends of all the skin you breed
 D7 **A**
To have that tasty habit,
 Bm **G** **A**
it s not the hands that bleed