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Memo From Turner The Rolling Stones

AA7D7Didn t I see you down in San Antone on a hot and dusty night?AD7You were eating eggs in Sammy s when the black man there drew his knife.D7AAD7Or you drowned that Jew in Rampton as he washed his sleevless shirt.D7D7AYou know that Spanish speaking gentleman, the one that we call Kurt.

Bm G A

C#mBmDACome now, gentleman, I know there s some mistakeC#mBmDAHow forgetful I m becoming now you fixed your business straight

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

A E7 A E A E7 A E

А D Α Weren t you at the Coke Convention back in nineteen sixty five You re the misbred grey executive I ve seen heavily advertised Α Α You re the great grey man whose daughter licks policemen s buttons clean D Α You re the man who squats behind the man Bm G the soft machine who works C#m Bm Α D Come now, gentlemen, your love is all I crave

## C#m

You ll still be in the circus when I m laughing,

Bm

Α

laughing in my grave

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

D

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