

Memo From Turner  
The Rolling Stones

**Bb** **Bb7** **Eb7**  
Didn't I see you down in San Antone on a hot and dusty night?  
**Bb** **Eb7**  
You were eating eggs in Sammy's when the black man there drew his knife.  
**Bb** **Bb** **Eb7**  
Or you drowned that Jew in Rampton as he washed his sleeveless shirt.  
**Eb7** **Bb**  
You know that Spanish speaking gentleman, the one that we call Kurt.

**Cm** **G#** **Bb**

**Dm** **Cm** **Eb** **Bb**  
Come now, gentleman, I know there's some mistake  
**Dm** **Cm** **Eb** **Bb**  
How forgetful I'm becoming now you fixed your business straight

**Bb** **Eb7** **Bb**  
I remember you in Hemlock Road in nineteen fifty six  
**Bb** **Eb7** **Bb**  
You were a faggy little leather boy with a smaller piece of stick  
**Bb**  
You were a lashing smashing hunk of a man,  
**Eb** **Bb**  
your sweat shined sweet and strong  
**Eb7** **Bb** **Cm**  
Your organs working perfectly, but there's a part  
**G#** **F7**  
that's not screwed on

**Bb** **F7** **Bb** **F** **Bb** **F7** **Bb** **F**

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

**Dm Cm Eb**  
You ll still be in the circus when I m laughing,  
**Bb**  
laughing in my grave

**Bb Eb7 Bb**  
Well remember who you say you are but keep your noses clean  
**Bb Eb Bb**  
Boys will be boys and play with toys. So be strong with your beast  
**Bb Eb Bb**  
Oh Rosie dear, don cha think it s queer. So stop me if you please  
**Eb7 Bb**  
The baby s dead, my lady said.  
**Cm G# Bb**  
You gentlemen will you all work for me

**Bb Eb7 Bb**  
When the old men do all the fighting and the young men all look on  
**Bb Eb Bb**  
And the young girls eat their mother s meat from tubes of plasticon  
**Bb Eb Bb**  
Be wary of these my gentle friends of all the skin you breed  
**Eb7 Bb**  
To have that tasty habit,  
**Cm G# Bb**  
it s not the hands that bleed