Memo From Turner
The Rolling Stones

G7 Didn t I see you down in San Antone on a hot and dusty night? You were eating eggs in Sammy s when the black man there drew his knife. Or you drowned that Jew in Rampton as he washed his sleevless shirt. You know that Spanish speaking gentleman, the one that we call Kurt. Am F G Come now, gentleman, I know there s some mistake Am How forgetful I m becoming now you fixed your business straight I remember you in Hemlock Road in nineteen fifty six You were a faggy little leather boy with a smaller piece of stick You were a lashing smashing hunk of a man, your sweat shined sweet and strong Your organ s working perfectly, but there s a part that s not screwed on D7 G D G D7 G D G Weren t you at the Coke Convention back in nineteen sixty five You re the misbred grey executive I ve seen heavily advertised You re the great grey man whose daughter licks policemen s buttons clean You re the man who squats behind the man the soft machine who works BmAm Come now, gentlemen, your love is all I crave

You ll still be in the circus when I m laughing, laughing in my grave C7 Well remember who you say you are but keep your noses clean Boys will be boys and play with toys. So be strong with your beast Oh Rosie dear, don cha think it s queer. So stop me if you please The baby s dead, my lady said. You gentlemen will you all work for me **C7** G G When the old men do all the fighting and the young men all look on And the young girls eat their mother s meat from tubes of plasticon Be wary of these my gentle friends of all the skin you breed To have that tasty habit,

Αm

it s not the hands that bleed

Bm