

Memo From Turner
The Rolling Stones

G# **G#7** **C#7**
Didn t I see you down in San Antone on a hot and dusty night?
G# **C#7**
You were eating eggs in Sammy s when the black man there drew his knife.
G# **G#** **C#7**
Or you drowned that Jew in Rampton as he washed his sleeveless shirt.
C#7 **G#**
You know that Spanish speaking gentleman, the one that we call Kurt.

Bbm F# G#

Cm Bbm C# G#
Come now, gentleman, I know there s some mistake
Cm Bbm C# G#
How forgetful I m becoming now you fixed your business straight

G# C#7 G#
I remember you in Hemlock Road in nineteen fifty six
G# C#7 G#
You were a faggy little leather boy with a smaller piece of stick
G#
You were a lashing smashing hunk of a man,
C# G#
your sweat shined sweet and strong
C#7 G# Bbm
Your organ s working perfectly, but there s a part
F# Eb7
that s not screwed on

G# Eb7 G# Eb G# Eb7 G# Eb

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

Cm **Bbm** **C#**
You ll still be in the circus when I m laughing,
 G#
laughing in my grave

G# **C#7** **G#**
Well remember who you say you are but keep your noses clean
G# **C#** **G#**
Boys will be boys and play with toys. So be strong with your beast
G# **C#** **G#**
Oh Rosie dear, don cha think it s queer. So stop me if you please
C#7 **G#**
The baby s dead, my lady said.
Bbm **F#** **G#**
You gentlemen will you all work for me

G# **C#7** **G#**
When the old men do all the fighting and the young men all look on
G# **C#** **G#**
And the young girls eat their mother s meat from tubes of plasticon
G# **C#** **G#**
Be wary of these my gentle friends of all the skin you breed
C#7 **G#**
To have that tasty habit,
Bbm **F#** **G#**
it s not the hands that bleed