

Memo From Turner
The Rolling Stones

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 sleeveless shirt.
You know that Spanish speaking gentleman, the one that we call Kurt.

C#m A B

Come now, gentleman, I know there s some mistake
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

B F#7 B F# B F#7 B F#

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
who works the soft machine
Come now, gentlemen, your love is all I crave

Ebm
C#m
E
 You ll still be in the circus when I m laughing,
B
 laughing in my grave

B
E7
B
 When the old men do all the fighting and the young men all look on
B
E
B
 And the young girls eat their mother s meat from tubes of plastic
B
E
B
 Be wary of these my gentle friends of all the skin you breed
E7
B
 To have that tasty habit,
C#m
A
B
 it s not the hands that bleed