

## Turn Me On

Giuffria

So we meet again and I just pretend to pass you on by.  
Your hand is on my switch, like a razor to my wrist.  
Now I realize...  
You got a hold on me.  
You turn me on.  
You turn me on.  
Like a fever in my heart, a fire I can't stop.  
You burn me straight thru.  
This twist of foolish fate, how love can turn to hate.  
Still I have got to have you.  
You got a hold on me.  
You turn me on.  
Turn me on.  
Turn me on.  
Turn me on.  
Turn me on.