

A Question Of Lust

Words and Music by M. L. Gore

Moderately slow, with a beat

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). It consists of three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The guitar part includes chord diagrams and fret numbers. The piano part includes dynamics like *mf* and *p*, and articulation like *4fr.* and triplets.

System 1:
Guitar chords: E (0 0 0 0 0 0), F#m (2 3 4 5 5 5), B/E (2 2 4 4 5 5).
Lyrics: Frag - ile — like a ba - by in your arms, —

System 2:
Guitar chords: C#m (4fr.), F#m (3 3 3 3 3 3), E (0 0 0 0 0 0), F#m (3 3 3 3 3 3), E (0 0 0 0 0 0).
Lyrics: Be gen - tle with me, I'd nev - er will - ing - ly

System 3:
Guitar chords: G#m (4fr.), E (0 0 0 0 0 0).
Lyrics: do you harm. — A - pol - o - gies —

F#m B/E C#m

are all you seem to get from me. _____ But

F#m E F#m E G#m

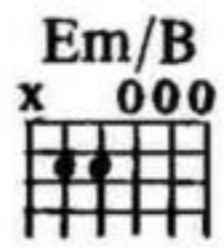
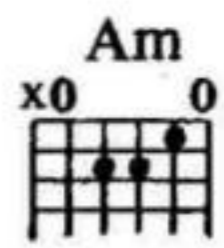
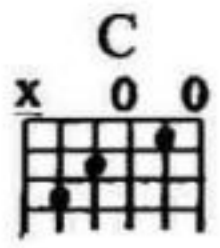
just like a child, — you make me smile when you care for me. And you know.

A B

— it's a ques-tion of lust, — it's a ques-tion of trust, — It's a ques-tion of not—

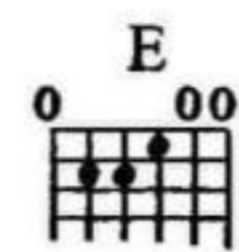
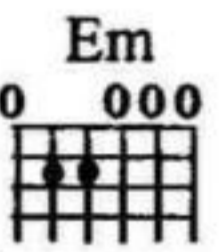
G#m A C#m B A G

— let-ting what we've built — up crum-ble to dust. — It is all of these things —

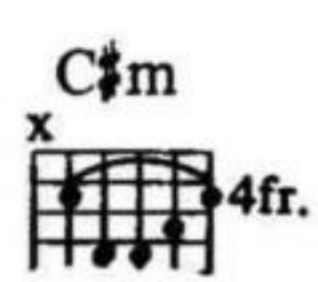
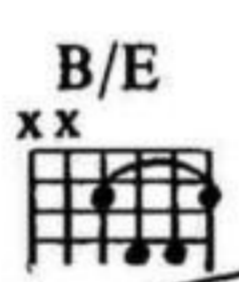
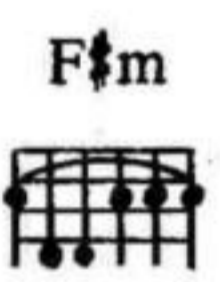


To Coda

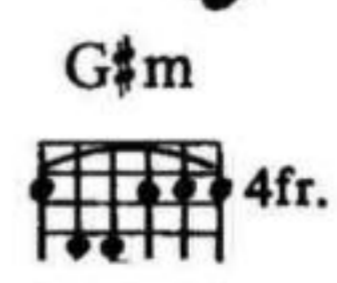
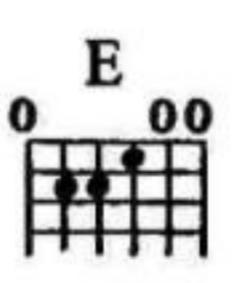
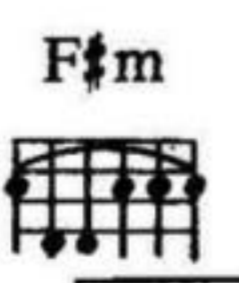
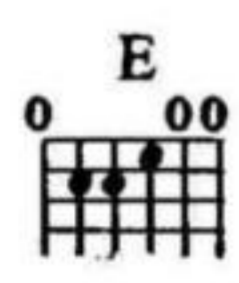
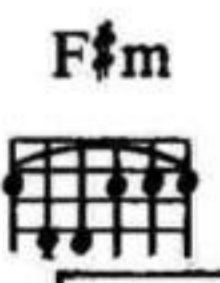
— and more — that keep us to - geth - er.



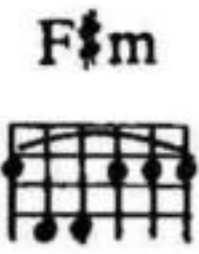
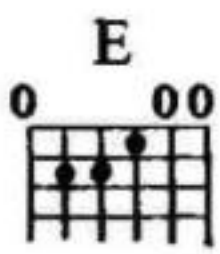
In - de - pend - ence



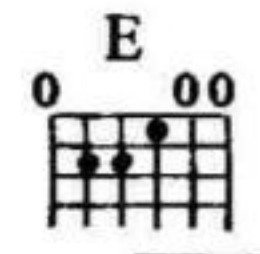
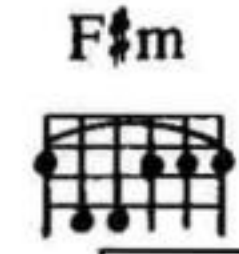
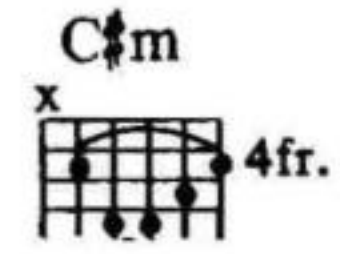
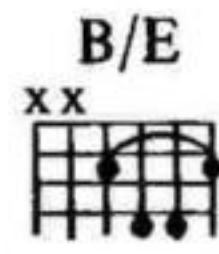
is still im - por - tant for us, Though (we re - a - lize) it's



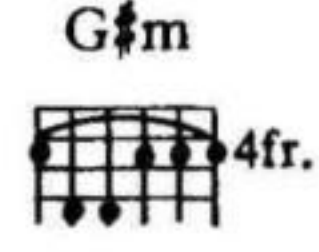
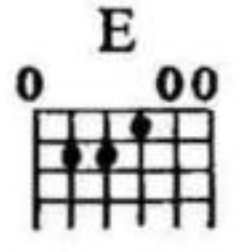
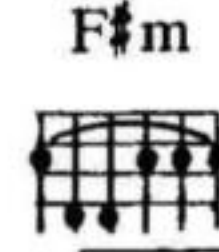
eas - y to make — the stu - pid mis - take — of let - ting you go. (Do you



know what I mean?)— My weak-ness - es, you know each and ev - 'ry



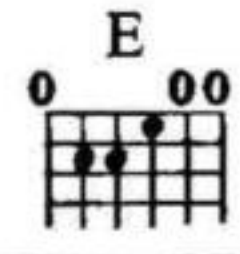
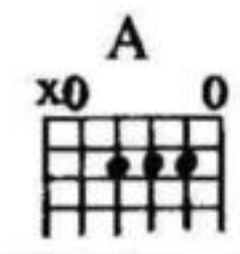
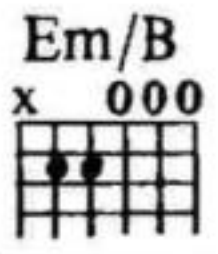
one. (It fright - ens me.) But I need to drink more than



D.S. al Coda

you seem to think be - fore I'm an - y - one's. And you know— it's a ques-tion of lust—

Coda

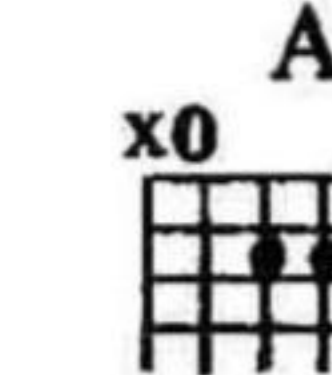
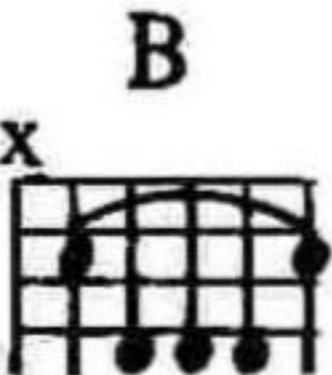


kiss me good - bye — when I'm on my own, — But

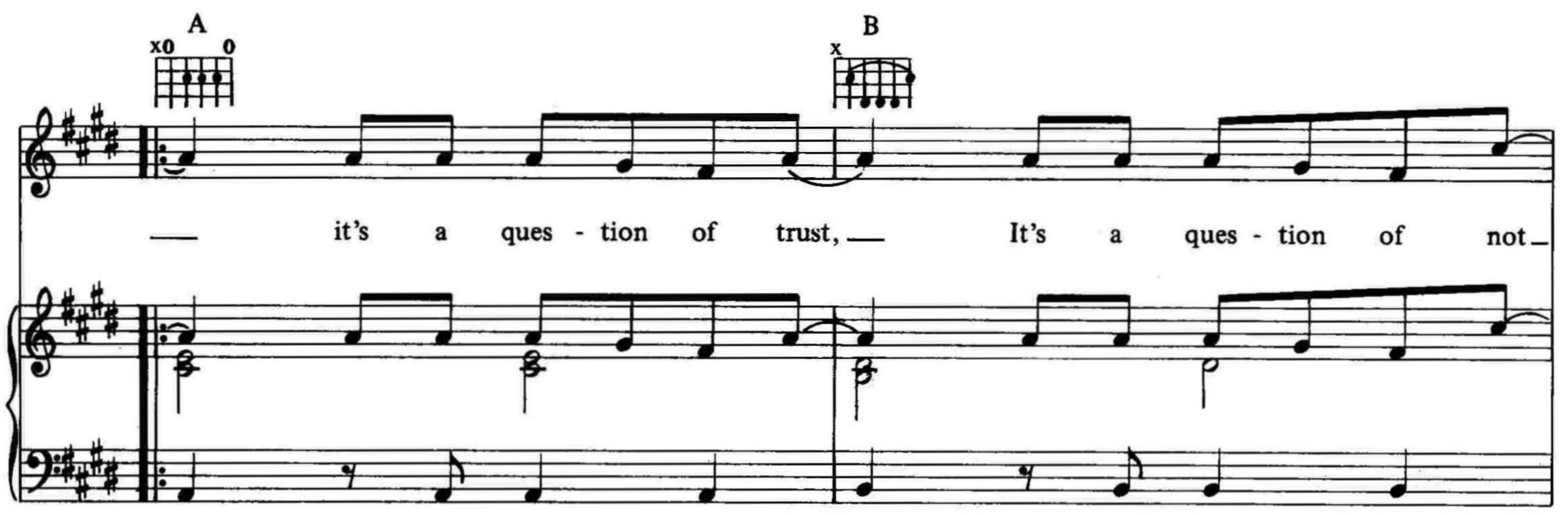
A  B  No chord


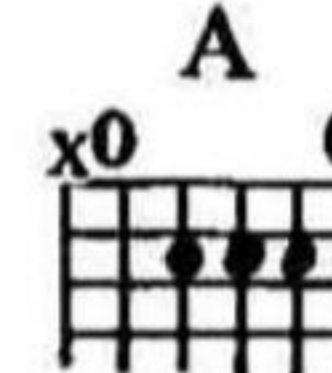
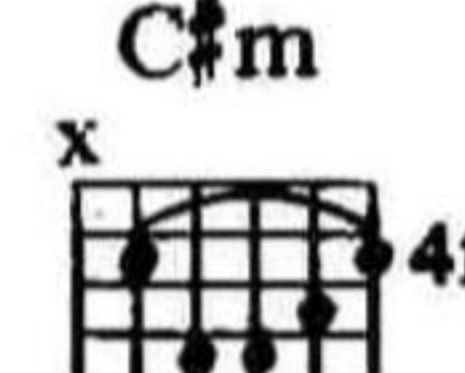
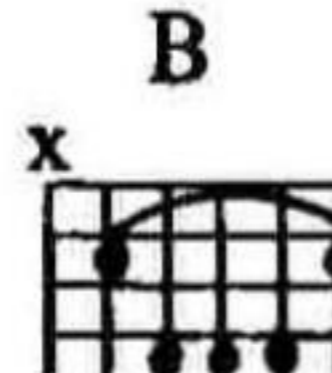
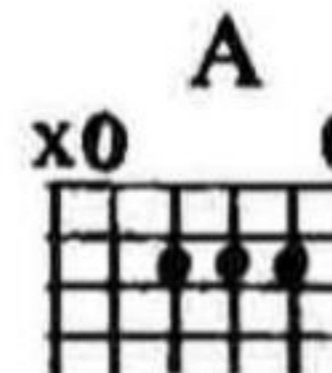
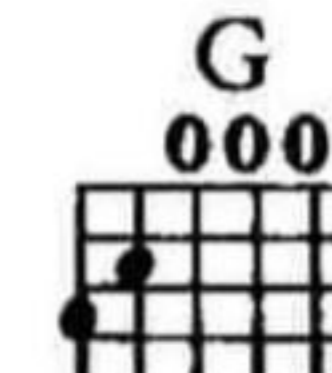
you know that I'd rath - er be home. — It's a ques - tion of lust, —



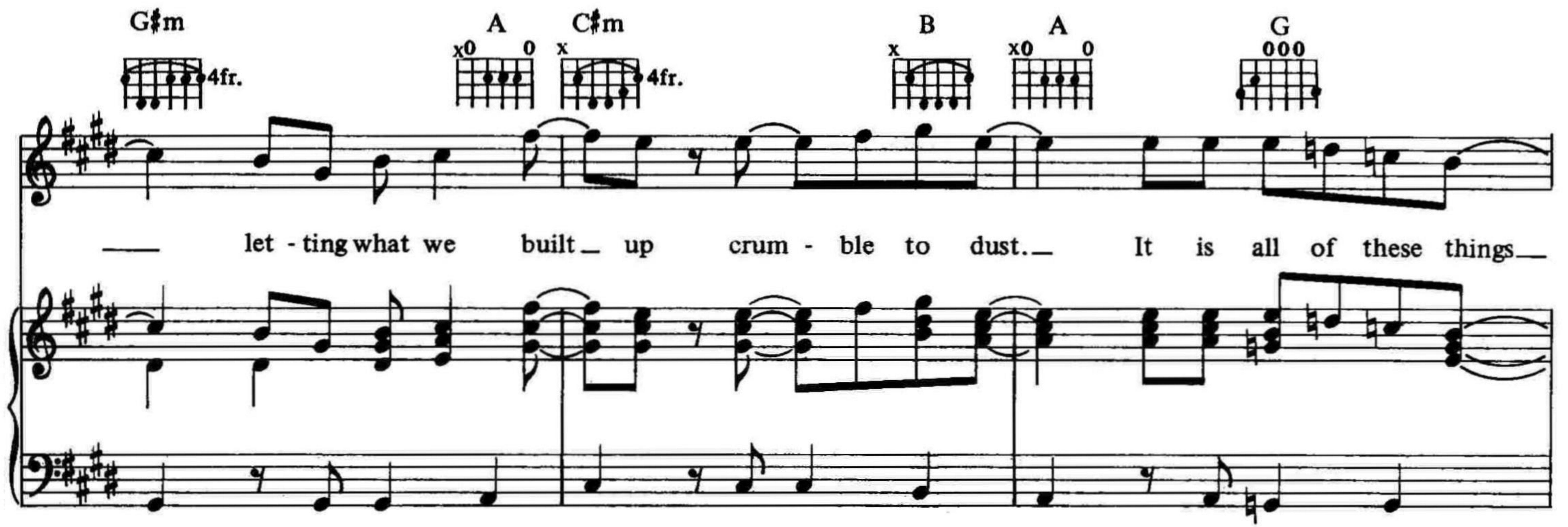
A  B 

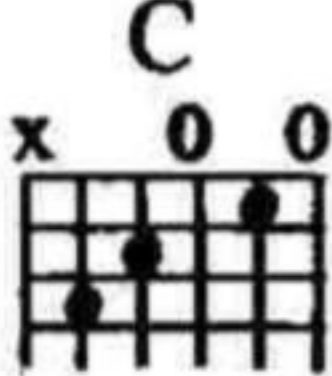

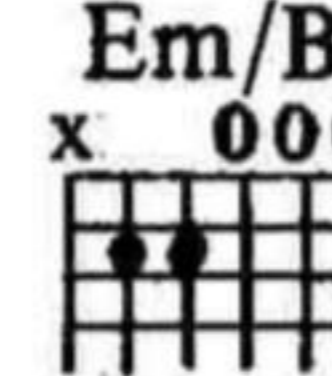
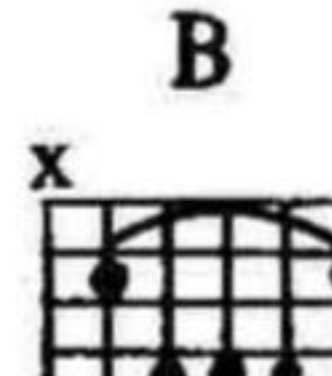
— it's a ques - tion of trust, — It's a ques - tion of not —



G#m  A  C#m  B  A  G 

— let - ting what we built — up crum - ble to dust. — It is all of these things —



C  Am  Em/B  B  *repeat and fade*

— and more — that keep us to - geth - er. It's a ques - tion of lust, —

