

Deep Purple, Junkyard Blues

(Airey/Gillan/Glover/Morse/Paice)

Broken down relations, beaten up guitars
Making one last appearance in a heap of old cars
Brambles and weeds flourishing amongst
Lines of empty bottles and rambling drunks

Junkyard blues sounds familiar
Im never alone
Always remind me of home

Once of a dozen covered with stains
Blistered and stinking was all that remained
Cannibalised machines, mysterious bones
Unwanted contents of anonymous homes

Those junkyard blues sounds familiar
Take me back
Always remind me of home

Mangy old dog scratching in the dust
Burned out Mercedes surrendering to rust
All this stuff was good for something
But here it is now, good for nothing

Junkyard blues sounds familiar
Im never alone
Always remind me of home