## 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