

# Deep Purple, No No No

Really hate the running really hate the game  
Looking at them all I wanna be unborn again  
Their suit is getting tighter although they're getting thin  
The flies are crawling on their face and trying to get in

People say that we're to blame I say  
No no no it's just the game  
Must we let them fool us no no no  
Have we got our freedom no no no  
Is it getting better no no no  
Do we love each other no no no  
Must we wait forever no no no

Heads are getting stronger bodies getting weak  
Looking at them all it feels good to be a freak  
Their hands are getting closer they're reaching out so far  
The greenies gonna get them make them serve stars  
Tell them how it is and they say  
No no no we know it all  
The washing's getting dirty the air is getting thin  
It's all in such a mess that no one knows where to begin  
They talk about creating but all they do is kill  
They say we're gonna mend it but they never will  
Poison in the rain but they say  
No no no we ain't to blame