

Deep Purple, Sometimes I Feel Like Screaming

While you were out...
The message says
You left a number
And i tried to call
But they wrote it down
In a perfect spanish scrawl
In a perfect spanish scrawl

Yet again
I'm missing you
King size bed
(in a) hotel someplace
I hear your name
I see your face
I see your face

(the) back street dolls
And the side door johnnies
The wide eyed boys with their bags full of
Money
Back in the alley
Going bang to the wall
Tied to the tail
Of a midnight crawl
Heaven wouldn't be
So high i know
If the times gone by
Hadn't been so low
The best laid plans
Come apart at the seams
And shatter all my dreams

Sometimes i feel like...
Screaming
Close my eyes
It's times like this
My head goes down
And the only thing i know
Is the name of this town
Is the name of this town

Yet again
I'm missing you
Won't be long
O' coming home
Until that distant time
I'll be moving on
I'll be moving on