

Deep Purple, Evil Louie

Some say the state of Texas
Could accommodate the entire human population
Five point six billion versions of the truth
Under one roof, some revelation
Tale a bit of this, give a bit of that
Put it in a blender, pull it out a hat
There's no going back
It's a lie, it's a fact
Has the cat got your tongue
Been too long in the sun
There's dust on your tracks
There's no going back

Come to think of it's a load of monkeys
Every time you listen to your sun kissed lover's words
Evil Louie is tomorrow's sadness
It's a game of madness in a perfect world

Some would say french cuisine's more appealing
Than a cold drink, burgers and fries
Some have said that a pillar of society
An upright citizen's incapable of lust and crime
Tale a bit of this, give a bit of that
Put it in a blender, pull it out a hat
But he don't stand a chance
With his pants around his ankles
Has the cat got your tongue
Been too long in the sun
There's dust on your tracks
There's no going back