

# 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 change  
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