

# Deep Purple, Loosen My Strings

Wake up in the morning  
Get into bed  
Closing my eyes  
I rest my head

There is no arrangement  
No time no place  
It's gone in the wind  
And left no trace

Who can say,  
Maybe or whatever.  
It's up to you  
You know you can  
Trust me  
I'll make it up to you

You move with the action  
You loosen my strings  
Your fingers  
Can smooth out my jangles  
And all those things

Grease on the handle  
And the tangles  
In my hair  
They always seem  
To go together  
I don't care