

Deep Purple, Somebody Stole My Guitar

Remind me to tell you
Bout the old silver miner
Name of hard rock pete
Had his house built on a slope
They say one of his legs
Lived in calico
Ther's a rumour going round
That the other lived in hope
So i walked in the room
And i stopped
I turned around
And looked over my shoulder
And a voice close beside me said
You'd better watch your head
The party's over

It wasn't long before
The waitress came over and said
Can i freshen up your drink
And have you heard of these boys
And if you feel included
To buy some cowboy boots
Well it's not that bad
We can talk above the noise
So i sucked on my beer
Shut my eyes
And tried to listen to the words
I know i missed the meaning
But the message
Was something i'd already heard

Johnny ringo's voice
Is getting deeper
And now he's going to put
Another lock on the door
The night is getting later
My head is getting lighter
The mood is getting darker
Tequila's being poured
So i smile
At the old gunslinger
In his frame on the wall
As he pushed back his hat
And it's all coming back
I'd cut a long story short
But it's much too late for that

Somebody stole my guitar
They took it from
The back seat of my car

I was sleeping in memphis
In my hotel room
And somebody stole my guitar