

Blood from a Stone

Deep Purple

In the shadow of the whole
Where my door used to be
You never give up, you want more out of me
Come on in, help yourself
Scratch around over these empty shelves
There's nothing else that I can see except a string of these in
some old bowery

You rip flesh from a bone
You sip blood from a stone

I will consider a life of crime
So I can feed these kids of mine
And should I fall down, should I fail
I'll spend the rest of my days in some stinking jail
I won't know who left me to your side
Stripped of my dignity low and dry

You rip flesh from a bone
You sip blood from a stone

Uh that's damn nothing
Uh, I don't care

You rob me blind without a gun
How can you sleep after what you've done?
There's nothing but darkness deep in your soul
There's no reflection, it's dark and it's cold

You rip flesh from a bone
You sip blood from a stone
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You sip blood from a stone