

## Junkyard Blues

Deep Purple

Broken down relations, beaten up guitars  
Making one last appearance in a heap of old cars  
Brambles and weeds flourishing amongst  
Lines of empty bottles and rambling drunks

Junkyard blues sound familiar  
I'm never alone  
Always remind me of home

One of a dozen covered with stains  
Blistered and stinking was all that remained  
Cannibalised machines, mysterious bones  
Unwanted contents of anonymous homes

Those junkyard blues sound familiar  
Take me back  
Always remind me of home

Mangy old dog scratching in the dust  
Burned out Mercedes surrendering to rust  
All this stuff was good for something  
But here it is now, good for nothing

Junkyard blues sound familiar  
I'm never alone  
Always remind me of home