Junkyard Blues

Deep Purple

Broken down relations, beaten up guitars
Making one last appearance in a heap of old cars
Brambles and weeds are flourishing amongst
Lines of empty bottles and rambling drunksHa, junkyard blues sound familiar
I'm never alone, always remind me of homeOne of a dozen covered with stains
Blistered and stinking was all that remained
Cannibalized machines, mysterious bones
The unwanted contents of anonymous homesHa, those junkyard blues sound familiar
Take me back, always remind me of homeMangy old dog scratching in the dust
Burned out Mercedes surrendering to rust
All this stuff was good for something
Here it is now, it's good for nothingHa, junkyard blues sound familiar
I'm never alone, always remind me of home

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