

# Out Of Hand

## Deep Purple

Shiny silver faces, coloured paper falling into their hand.  
Never to be seen again it must have been a one night stand.  
Up until the dawn I could have sworn that everything was alright.  
Thieving bastards stole my life and legged it off into the night.  
It's a dirty business it's a dirty game.  
Everybody different but they're all the same.  
They draw you in you hear a siren call.  
Build you up so they can see you fall.  
You've seen it all before.  
Been there since time began.  
You know what's coming next.  
Everything gets out of hand.  
They've got the lot and god knows what they think that the deserve even more.  
Psychopathic tendencies, they've got a lot of answer for.  
Scratch my back and I'll stab Yours, no wonder it's a universall sickness.  
Who are they, you well might ask, come with me and you can be my whitenss.

It's a dirty business it's a crying shame.  
You blink your eye and all the laws have changed.  
They draw you in you hear a siren call.  
Build you up so they can see you fall.  
You've seen it all before.  
Been there since time began.  
You know what's coming next.  
Everything gets out of hand.  
It's a dirty business it's crying shame.  
You blink your eye and all the laws have changed.  
They say the vulture is a bird of prey.  
No-one told me it would come this way.  
You seen it all before.  
Been there since time began.  
You know what's coming next.  
Everything, everything gets out of hand.

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