

# 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 sounds familiar  
I'm never alone  
Always remind me of home Once of a dozen covered with stains  
Blistered and stinking was all that remained  
Cannibalized machines, mysterious bones  
Unwanted contents of anonymous homes Those junkyard blues sounds 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 sounds familiar  
I'm never alone  
Always remind me of home

Songwriters

ROGER GLOVER, IAN GILLAN, STEVE MORSE, DONALD SMITH AIREY, IAN PAICE Published by  
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