

# 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[x2]  
You rip flesh from a bone  
You sip blood from a stone

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