

(Ritchie Blackmore-Rod Evans-Jon Lord-Nick Simper-Ian Paice)

DEEP PURPLE

Chasing shadows

Chasing shadows, over my walls
with myself hardly sleeping
Dwarfs and giants, twenty feet tall
fill the room with their creeping
Sounds of breathing sharpen my ears
then they fade into nothing
Someone's laughter out in the street
fills the night with their loving
I feel the ice in my head
Running its hands through my bed
Not even dreaming I seem to be dead
Colours of yellow and colours of red
All I'm asking some secret voice
is to lead me to darkness
Jon forgot the two last lines:
I'm so tired, dawn never comes
I just hide in the shadows

Blind

I see reflections in the water
Autumn colours, summer's daughter
And as as the year is growing older
I see winter on my shoulder
I stand in the haze
Watching stormy ripples grow on my own
Never knew your needed
Till I found myself standing here alone
And in the water, such a sad face
Slowly drowning, such a sad face
If only I could change the seasons
Like a poet, I've my reasons
It started to snow in the middle of July
Wonder why
Never did understand you
My sorrow is hanging in the grey sky
In the summer days we flew to the sun
On melting wings
But the seasons changed to fast
Leave us all behind
Blind
But then the stone fell on the water
Putting end to summer's daughter
And me, I turn away remembering
All the seasons, such a sad thing
It started to rain in the middle of the sun
Winter's begun
Never did understand you
My sorrow is hanging in the grey sky
In the summer days we flew to the sun
On melting wings
But the seasons changed to fast
Leave us all behind
Blind

Lalena

When the sun goes to bed
That's the time your raise your head
That's your lot in life Lalena
Can't blame you Lalena

Arty Tart la de da
Can your part get much sadder
That's your lot in life Lalena
Can't blame you Lalena
Run you hand thru your hair
Paint your face with despair
That's your lot in life Lalena
Can't blame you Lalena
When the sun goes to bed
That's the time your raise your head
That's your lot in life Lalena
Can't blame you Lalena
Arty Tart Oh so la de da
Can your part ever get, ever get much sadder
That's your lot in life Lalena
Can't blame you Lalena
Oh, Lalena

a) Fault Line (instrumental) - b) The Painter

Come colour up my life
Oh painter
Come colour up my life
Take away the misery
Take away the strife
Writer
Make me up a play
Writer
Make the meaning gay
Just give me words to say
Singer
Let me sing a song
Singer
Let me sing a song
You don't have to worry
Cause singer you can sing along

Why Didn't Rosemary

There's a black hill
We had a climb
Everything I need but nothing's mine
Satan's world, I've had a kill
Why didn't Rosemary ever take the pill?
Lying there waiting, waiting for the kill
Oh man won't do it, but the devil will
I'm losing time and my mind
Why can't I ever have what's naturally mine?
I got life and the things that go with it
If there's something else, where can i get it?
Lying there waiting, waiting for the kill
Oh man won't do it, but the devil will
Well here's my views, I always lose
Things I want to do are yesterday's news
Say life's a ball, I've had it all
Out there in another dance hall
Lying there waiting, waiting for the kill
Oh man won't do it, but the devil will
Take me as I am, an excuse for a man
Wherever I push someone stops my hand
As a matter of interest, tell me if you will
Why didn't Rosemary ever take the pill?
Lying there waiting, waiting for the kill
Oh man won't do it, but the devil will
Oh, why won't Rosemary ever take the pill?

Bird Has Flown

Oh the beggar on his cornerstone
Catches pity in his wrinkled hand
But the lover whose bird has flown
Catches nothing only grains of sand
All the children in the distant house
They have feelings only children know
But the lover whose bird has flown
Catches nothing only flakes of snow
The sensation is not new to you
It's something we all have known
You get it - it goes right through you
Yes it's something we all have known
And the bird it has flown
To a place on it's own
Somewhere all alone
Now the hermit in his lonely cave
Has himself to keep him company
But the lover whose bird has flown
He has heartaches same as you and me
The sensation's not new to you
It's something we all have known
You get it - it goes right through you
Yes it's something we all have known
And the bird it has flown
Now the hermit in his lonely cave
Has himself to keep him company
But the lover whose bird has flown
He has heartaches same as you and me
Oh it's started snowing

April

April is a cruel time
Even though the sun may shine
And world looks in the shade
as it slowly comes away
Still falls the April rain
And the valley's filled with pain
And you can't tell me quite why
As i look up to the grey sky
Where it should be blue
Grey sky where I should see you
Ask why, why it should be so
I'll cry, say that I don't know
Maybe once in a while I'll forget and I'll smile
But then the feeling comes again
of an April without end
Of an April lonely as they come
In the dark of my mind I can see all too fine
But there is nothing to be done
when I just can't feel the sun
And the springtime's the season of the night
Grey sky where it should be blue
Grey sky where I should see you
Ask why, why it should be so
I'll cry, say that I don't know
I don't know