

# Knocking at Your Back Door

Deep Purple

Sweet Lucy was a dancer  
But none of us would chance her  
Because she was a Samurai  
She made electric shadows  
Beyond our fingertips  
And none of us could reach that high  
She came on like a teaser  
I had to touch and please her  
Enjoy a little paradise  
The log was in my pocket  
When Lucy met the Rockett  
And she never knew the reason why

I can't deny it  
With that smile on her face  
It's not the kill  
It's the thrill of the chase

Feel it coming  
It's knocking at the door  
You know it's no good running  
It's not against the law  
The point of no return  
And now you know the score  
And now you're learning  
What's knockin' at your back door

Sweet Nancy was so fancy  
To get into her pantry  
Had to be the aristocracy  
The members that she toyed with  
At her city club  
Were something in diplomacy  
So we put her on the hit list  
Of a common cunning linguist  
A master of many tongues  
And now she eases gently  
From her Austin to her Bentley  
Suddenly she feels so young