Loosen My Strings

Deep Purple

Wake up in the morning Get into bed closing my eyes I rest my head

There is no arrangement No time no place It's gone in the wind and left no trace

Who can say, maybe or whatever. It's up to you You know you can trust me I'll make it up to you

You move with the action You loosen my strings Your fingers can smooth out my jangles and all those things

Grease on the handle and the tangles in my hair They always seem to go together I don't care