

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