

Purple Deep

"Knocking At Your Back Door 700"

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Blackmore/Glover/Gillan)

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

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