

## Deep Purple "69"

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Flying through the night in a beat up wagon  
A mike stand up my jacksy  
Give me a beer and I'll stand on a chair  
And slip into something sexy  
Black Cat Woolwich, The Tiger's Head  
The Cafe des Artistes, The Revolution and the Bag O'  
Nails

I'll see you down the Speak'  
Your Ma said you slept real good in your food last nigh  
But you couldn't hold it down  
And you broke up a damn good fight  
Ligging at the Old Marquee, spinning Jack a line  
Even he knew better than me, back in sixty nine

Sixty nine, sixty nine  
Sixty nine, sixty nine

On the road to Paradiso  
Back of your head, got to pay some dues  
Rugged looked down as the Thames swallowed  
His life at the Boathouse, Kew  
Hot girls, no AC, cheap TV, sleep on the floor  
Hallelujah what's a roadie, hush my baby sleep no  
more

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