A GYPSY'S KISS

Words and Music by Ritchie Blackmore, Roger Glover and Ian Gillan

Vocal

E. Guitar

TAB

K. Board

Bass

Drums

Gm
Murder and rape with your power
They got a gun at your head.

Dm
Am

Hear the small voice of truth.

But you

C
G/B

Tenth revolution in far away days
Ain't necessary playing their game

Above the shouting despair of the crowd

Am
Em

It's come to this
They can't resist
What do you wish

A (E/F#) sy's kiss
A (E/F#) sy's kiss
A (E/F#) sy's kiss
All your power's gonna fade in the haze
All that's needed to drive them insane
Gears you strong for crying out

Dm

Gm

Cm

Gm
HUNGRY DAZE

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Dm  

dark and sweaty room in sixty nine
and lonely highway drag along
tables turning

Gm  

the Mountain Road to do some drinking
and now we're mobile

Dm  

Maracas
simile ~

Dm  

Dancing girls, silly girls, all kinds of girls and it was
Sickness and disease and mud corruption some~

Gm  

gain ~

Different girls, laughing girls, forever girls and it's so~
Oh you've heard it all before
In hungry daze
In hungry daze
These are the hungry daze

[Music notation]

2. These are the hungry daze
3. These are, these
Ah the hungry daze

[Music notation]

Ah

[Music notation]
KNOCKING AT YOUR BACK DOOR

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Vocal

E. Guitar

TAB

K. Board

Bass

Drums

In Tempo

Gm
Lucy was a dancer but none of us would chance her Because she was a Samu-rai.
Nancy was so fancy to get into her pantry Had to be the aristocracy.

made electric shadows that she toyed with beyond our fingertips And none of us could reach that
members that she toyed with at her city club Were something in diplomacy.
Em    D    A/Ci  Bm  A
any it With that smile on her face oh It's not the
Em    D    A/Ci  Bm to A
kill It's the thrill of the chase
Bm    G    A    Bm
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
Ah Hh what's knockin' at your back door
Sweet knock-in' at your back door
Cim

A

E

Sweet

Arm down

D.S. to D

Chase
Feel it coming knockin' at the door

You know it's no good running No, it's knockin' at the door

Slide Guitar
MEAN STREAK

She came home last night can't drive me crazy
rotten rolling drunk
gets inside take this no more
She spend

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talk no sense but she sound good so she think
tried so hard but I can't get thru the door

reached over and said Hello
roll over for my reward
one smile from those eyes

Is there some planet you'd care to go
How much can I afford
And I stand there paralyzed

And she said Venus on the rocks
And she says Just a little more
And she says Beg for more

She got a
mean streak

Black Mamba, don't compete. She got a

Em7 A/E Em7 D/E A/E Em7 A/E Em7 D/E

mean streak

Em7 A/E Em7 D/E A/E Em7 A/E Em7 D

Temp-ta-tion bit-ter sweet

Em7 A/E Em7 D

She Temp-ta-tion bit-ter sweet. She got a
Black Mambo

Mean streak

Temp-ta-tion

Bitter sweet
Am

Nothing I can do,
Love and affection may be I won't even try
If only you could
You're

Am

Ah, Your will is determined to kill any
Reason of mine

G

Ah, Your will is determined to kill any
Reason of mine

D/F♯

Ah, Your will is determined to kill any
Reason of mine

Am

I know you got it
Come see you coming
With that look in your eye

G

I hear you crying
All things return
Woh

Am

All things return
Woh

G

All things return
Woh

D/F♯

All things return
Woh

Am

What can I say
You

G

You
act like a king, but you ain't got a thing in your mind
need me; it's not gonna be my concern
got what you gave so forgive me as I turn a way.

1. 3. And now there's no-body home.
2. And now there's no-body home.

bully is aching
message is changing

Your image is blown.
The children have grown.
Your lights are burning bright but nobody's home

Your lights are burning bright but nobody's home

And now there's

My belly is aching

A leg end is dying

The image is blown

Seeds have been sown

Your lights are burning bright but nobody's home
lights are burn-ing bright but no-bod-y's home.
Can you re-member
I am re-turn-ing
A strand of sil-ver

re-member my name
the ech-o of a point in time
hanging through the sky

As I flow through your
And dis-tant fac-es shine
Touch-ing more than you

life
see
A thou-sand oceans I have flown
A thou-sand war-riors I have known
The voice of ages in your mind

And
And
Is

cold
laugh-ing
acting
cold spir-its of ice
as the spir-it ap-pear
with the dead of the night

Ah
Ah
All my life
All your, all your life
Precious life
I am the echo of your past

Shadows of another day
Your tears are lost in falling rain

And if you hear me talking on the wind
You've got to understand We must re-
In the dead of the night
Put death in my hand
When brave men fall
Would be strange
Learn to

Under crimson
de-light
fight
skies
Who could care
if it's wrong or if it's
There's a sadness reflected in a soldier's

- night
right eyes
When you hear what I say
We get no choice
Tears will dry
Under deeds I've
For those
It's going down somewhere tonight
They turn away as a mother weeps
Who gives a toss about the likes of us

Am G D

I'm under the gun
I'm under the gun

Am G D

Under the gun
Under the gun

Am G D

Under the gun
Under the gun

Am G D

Under the gun
Under the gun

Am G D

Under the gun
Under the gun
angels come to stay And all the silent whispers will be blown away.

hand un - locked door Grey circles overhead empties on the floor

Lying near

The cracks in the walls have grown too long

The slow hand is dragging on a

silver for the blues

One too many wasted sunsets
One too many for the road
And after dark the door

is always open
Hoping someone else will show

F/A
C/G
D/Fl
Dm
C