COMPLETE SCORE SERIES

(deep Purple)
ROGER GLOVER/JON LORD/IAN GILLAN/STEVE MORSE/IAN PAICE
PURPENDICULAR

ディープ・パープル／紫の証

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A CASTLE FULL OF RASCALS

Words and Music by Ian Gillan/Roger Glover/Jon Lord/Steve Morse/Ian Paice

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Em

Nothing here—
Something here—a.
Oh my darling—
C
me to-day - Gar-bag-gio from the men in grey -
bout my face - Some-thing make you think I got time to waste
Ca-ro-lina - (If you) get the chance - to walk be-hind here

C
Don't do this You can't do that What's the point What's the
What you doing stand-ing there - Why don't - you call some-one
She's so clean (you) see no splash - Just the Tex-as
got to be a better way
I vo ry

Em
got to be a better way
A gliss-ten-ing of ques-tion-ers-

pared the in-qui-si-tion

While ja-ckals in the sha-dows ma-
- noe-uvre for po-si-tion A fun-da-ment of right-eous men A

bar-row i-deals - The carriage of mis-just-tice Cru-shes all-
in the temple walls — Grave-yards full of promises — That

no one can recall — A castle full of rascals (A)
fortress full of thieves - A parliament of

silver tongues - (That) flatter to deceive - ah -
Coda

VOCAL

Em

to-ner

GUITAR

Ah

got-to-be-a

KEYBOARD

BASS

DRUMS

Em

better-way

ah

oh-got
to be a better way—ah—got
Mother nature's been
The shady lady from
Like a rose-bud when the
Put a finger to her

-- good to me --
-- shady lane --
-- sun is high --
lips a gain --

That's why I'm sitting in this
is lying in my
She opens up before my eyes
She cries with pleasure cries with pain

cher-ry tree
bed a-gain
and it's
and it's
alright, it's alright right (it) feels good
alright, it's not so bad
light falls on her skin
(al) feels good
It's not so bad
When she's

F G F G
I'm just a touch away
I'm just a touch away
We're just a touch away

No thing much—
(1.) is all I ask—and it's
(2.3.) is all I know—

al right—oh yes—Light—as a feather, oh yes—
and just a touch away

(Mute)
Coda 2.

Am

Not too fast -

Not too slow - (and) it's

F  G  Am  F  G

al right oh yes

Soft as a feather and just a way
CASCADeS: I' M NOT YOUR LOVER

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Tempo 1. (\( J = 74 \))
You know I'm not your love
head is spinning
real-ly must be go

F(onG) C(onG) G

er now-it might as well be said
less-ly My sense won't react
-
ing now- By god, is that the time?

G F(onG)

(and) then you say you're leaving through a black

Let me put you out of my mi-
Or maybe I'm just hanging on - a thread - (When) I gave you
Part of me is never coming back - How can you lose
They call it being cruel to be kind - (I) only insult

- every thing - it didn't seem - that much -
- a thing - (you) never really had -
- (my friends) my friend - The rest can go to hell -

You gave me your - opp -
And you always hurt the one -
You (can) read it a - ny - way
- tion with the usual heavy-handed touch— (1.3.) What can I do
- you love (and) you just love— to hurt me bad — (2.4.5.6.) What can I do
- you want— (Oh) well, you're not— so bad yourself— (7.8.)

(1.) About the rain—that falls— on you—
(2,3,5,6,7,8.) About the rain—that falls— on you—
(4.) About the sky—that falls— on you—

I'm not your
lover now -
I'm not your lover now -
lover now - My

Coda 1.

lover now -

D Am

G(onA)
DON'T HOLD YOUR BREATH

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(= 116)

[Intro 1.

VOCAL

D A E

GUITAR

KEYBOARD

ORGAN

D A E

BASS

DRUMS
One day I'll get home before the sun hits the blinds— and give you
These empty pockets are my deepest friends
I may be lazy or a living wreck—
Give you something to rely on
Full of nothing but
Won't be swayed by our
MEMBER ME by

That's

the way I am

That's

good inten-tions

Oh

That's--

the way it is

it

expec-ta-tions

Oh

That's--

the way it is

it.

what I've got in mind But I don't know if I can--

(1.) Shot

your

may not be much-- But I can

blow you a kiss

(2.3.) I've

been

may not be much-- But you

know what to kiss

...
gun don't expect me to dance
wrong I've been wrong once before
Hold me
I'll be

up to the spot light
But don't hold

right tomorrow
But
VOCAL

don't hold your breath
don't hold your breath

GUITAR


KEYBOARD


BASS


DRUMS


VOCAL

don't hold your breath

GUITAR


KEYBOARD


BASS


DRUMS


(1.) don't hold your breath
(2.3.) don't
VOCAL
- - - hold your breath - - -

Guitar

Keyboard

Bass

Drums

VOCAL

Guitar

Keyboard

Bass

Drums
HEY CISCO

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\( \frac{J = 236}{J = \frac{1}{3}} \)
Watch him
Pacho what's
Can't open
know how you are
ride into the sunset
happening minimum
no more supermarkets
doin' M - r - Re - mal - do

He'd have the little fat guy
It's getting somewhere near the end,
Duncan's sombrero's hanging up
if you need me I could

right along his side
- this winding trail -
- there with his guns
be a friend for life -

Echoing off the canyon
When we've raced around the corner
Some cigarro sucking slug
There don't seem any point
Hey Cisco from Pancho’s
pretty soon (the) black

-well, for the final dusty time Mr. Rennal do’n’

-says ‘Cisco, Kid you

-under a cheap Hollywood chandelier

-we should throw ‘way all these years-

Why don’t we saddle up—and ride

bro’ would reply—
ri’n’o’s going to jail—

-know your day is done—

-out one more time—

Hey

Let me
What they doing to my friend

What they doing to my man
Don't matter when I'll stay to the end

Cisco Let's go out in style
(We're) going down
together going down
together

going down
LOOSE MY STRINGS

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#35

Intro

VOCAL

Dm

F

Dm

F

C(onE)

GUITAR

<Natural Tone>

KEYBOARD

(4弦=D)

(BASS)

DRUMS
Wake up in the morning
There is no arrangement
You move with the attention
Get into bed
No time, no place
You loosen my strings

Your fingers can smooth out my jangles and left no those
It's gone in the wind

VOCAL

GUITAR

KEYBOARD

BASES

DRUMS
Coda

I don't care

<Distortion & Natural Tone>
Who can say, may be or whatever. It's up to you.

Grease on the handle and the tangles in my

Am  F    F(ionE)  F  Am

You know, you can trust me. I'll make it up to you.

Am  F    F(ionE)  F  Am
ROSA'S CANTINA

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VOCAL

Going to Ro-sa's Can- ti-na
Some would call it su-i-cide

Gm

GUITAR

Going to Ro-sa's Can-ti-na
Some would call it su-i-cide

KEYBOARD

(Bassa)

BASS

3 3 1 1
3 3 3 3
3 1 1

DRUMS

0 0 0 0
0 0 0 0
0 0 0 0
0 0 0 0
VOCAL

Gm

C

Bb

C

Gm

Hoping that she’s still there — I would call it paradise — Going to Rosa’s — Can’t na

Dx

Gm

Dx

Might have been the dust in my eyes — Dancing on the table — Might have been the dust in my — Dancing on the ta —
- eyes
Could have been the neon cactus
Lighting up the desert sky
Dancing on the table when she's drunker than she's able

1. Eb F Eb Gm
Must have been the dust in my eyes

Gm Am Bb Dm
Dancing on the table

Some would call it suicide— I would call it paradise— Some would call it Hell on earth
Is she right-- is she wrong--

Will she sing another song-- Wick-ed as it seems right now
Am

VOCAL

Rosa wants her baby back

GUITAR

D

Since he's gone she's losing track

KEYBOARD

BASS

DRUMS
Rosas wants her baby back

Easy with her Cadillac

Am

Illac easy with her Cadillac

Easy with her Cadillac
Vocal

- mind me to tell you bout the old silver miner name of hard rock Pete had his house.

It wasn’t long before the waitress came over (and) said Can I freshen up your drink and have you voice is getting deeper and now he’s going to put another.

Guitar I

Built on a slope. They say heard of these boys—and if you feel lock on the door one of his legs lived in in-dub-ed to buy some cowboy boots. Well it’s The night is getting later My head is getting lighter.

Drums

- "Cowbell" -

Guitar II

- 4

Keyboard

- 4

Bass

- 4

Drams
rumour going round— (that the) other lived in hope So I walked in the room— and I
not that bad—we can talk above the noise— So I sucked on my
The mood is getting darker Tequila's being poured So I smile at the
stopped
beard
old gun-slinger

(1) turned around— and looked over my shoulder—
Shut my eyes— and tried to listen to the words— (1)
in his frame on the wall— as he pushed back his hat And it's
(They took it from the back seat of my car...)

[Music notation with guitar, keyboard, and drums parts]
I was sleeping in Memphis in my hotel room.
(and)some-body stole my guitar

163
SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE SCREAMING

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While you were out (the message says)
You left a number (end) I tried to call but
they wrote it down in a perfect Spanish scrawl
(The) back street dolls and the side door john-nies The wide eyed boys with their bags full of money Back in the alley going bang to the wall

Tied to the tail of a midnight crawl Heaven wouldn't be so high I know the times gone by hadn't been so low (The best laid plans come a part at the seams)
back street dolls and the side
doors known__The wide-eyed boys__with their bags full of money
Heaven wouldn’t be so high
I know__if the times gone by
hadn’t been so low__(_The)_ back in the alley going bang
_to the wall_
Tied to the tail of a midnight crawl
shatter all my dreams
Sometimes I sit and wonder
I'm a maze by the way how are you
Sometimes I just sit I

It wasn't that good to start with
Anyway who is driving this thing

Did you know the war-riors of the flat earth
Have be-come the ty-rants of the globe It's round a-bout that time a-gain She cried it's all for one my friends

12) All my dreams are [soon] for-got-ten When you leave me on the shelf I can think of no-thing bet-ter

3) Least re-mem-bered [soon] for-got-ten Did it matter a ny-way How can I e-ver miss you
Than to sit here by myself

Least remembered soon for gone

Didn't matter anyway

How can I ever miss you
if you never go away

Than to sit here by myself
Sometimes I sit and wonder
Sometimes I just sit

hope you all know what you're doing
anyway who is driving this thing
VOCAL

if you neve-r go a-way

GUITAR I

GUITAR II

KEYBOARD

BASS

DRUMS

Coda

D.S.
1. Riding on - the moon - path in the sil - ver of - the night
(The) fear and the thrill - of the beast - at - the win - dow
flew a - long - the ligh - ed street I flew a - bove - the town

2. (The) fragrance on the air - was of a - no - ther time -
(The) sky - vers and chi - lls - on the hot - test of - nights (be) (2.) walked right through my open door (As)
(1) flew in e - ver ris - ing cir - cles e - ven fur - ther from the ground (As) (3.) I be - gin - to lose - my breath
you were dressed in white (and) even if I'd had the strength I could not move to save my life
I began to run, he threw some gold upon the floor, and said
printed faxes turn an spin (A distant corner of the room will

2. 3.
(There's) plenty more where that came from I'm tired of the bombs -- -- *(I'm)* tired of the bullets--
(I'm) tired of the weather-- *(I'm)* tired of the crazies *(TV)*
(I'm) tired of the news *(I'm)* tired of the weather *(I'm)* tired of the same thing every day
(1) flew along (the) lighted street I
flew above the town—

(I) flew in ever rising circles even further from the ground

seems and I'm

seems - whatever it seems

D.S. 3.
THE PURPENDICULAR WALTZ

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(Tempo Rubato)

VOCAL

GUITAR

KEYBOARD

BASS

DRUMS
Put your money down
One empty Monday
When the time is right
Take your choice
out of the blue
But the shape is wrong

That's the way it is
took a good luck turn
and you find yourself
every time with these boys-

F♯m
E
F♯m
E
F♯m
and you sense no shame
Out of the gutter
Back to reality

- grace -
- uh, Some-body wins some-body loses It’s a
Out of my head - - and I’m feeling no -
Back into this

and you feel no district
Out of the rain
Back on the line -
E

Ooo

GUITAR

KEYBOARD

BASS

2.3.

VOCAL

D

A(#5)

Bm

d

D A

life
do it once again

It's a dog's

Oh

GUITAR

KEYBOARD

BASS

DRUMS

169
Ducking in the shadows

Diving in the dark — Rolling with the punches
Striking at the heart

Breaking those taboos

Bursting at the seams
Blowing all my fuses

key: G Am G E Bm A(onC#) Bm C#m

Bm A(onC#) Bm C#m G Am G E(onD)
The turning of a page

(The) burning of a book — (If you're talking out of turn — —)
'It’s just the way you look — — — um yeah

Ooo

(He was) playing pool and drinking beer
had a few myself, he said
thing about Ted he didn’t really care
But I
told me of those in - jus - ti - ces (that) He had suf - fered in his life His wife and kids and boss and dogs and

neigh - bours rais - ing calm and caus - ing strife They were for - e - ver whining
Bleat, howl, yap, screech, moan, cry, va-voom.

He fed them well, ah, he keep them warm, Ted.
Ted (the) man
our Ted
Ted (the)
our Ted

Coda ②

B7 9/

D A G E
(deep Purple)
ROGER GLOVER / IAN LORDE / IAN GILLAN / STEVE MORSE / IAN PAICE

PURPENDICULAR

VAVOOM : TED THE MECHANIC
SOON FORGOTTEN
LOOSER MY STRINGS
SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE SCREAMING
CASCADES : I'M NOT YOUR LOVER
THE AVIATOR
ROSA'S CANTINA
A CASTLE FULL OF RASCALS
A TOUCH AWAY
HEY CISCO
SOMEBODY STOLE MY GUITAR
THE PURPENDICULAR WALTZ
DON'T HOLD YOUR BREATH