

# In a Razor Town

## Jason Isbell & The 400 Unit

In a razor town  
you take whoever you think you can keep around.  
There's an echoed sound  
that permeates the sidewalk where she shuffles 'round.  
It's a big machine.  
It used to be the avenue of changing dreams.  
She's a lonely thing,  
sweeping up the glitter while she pulls the strings. Take a long last look  
before she turns to stone  
what the last man took  
and what was long, long gone.  
The way it used to be...  
I wasn't there to see it working properly.  
Now it seems to me  
both of you are suffering.  
I've heard her say  
that you're the only reason she's alive today.  
I just turned away  
thinking maybe she was right. So say your last goodbye.  
Make it short and sweet  
There ain't no way to fly  
with her hanging on your feet. Let her go out if she wants to.  
If she don't, go out yourself.  
Don't take sorry for an answer  
unless you really want what's left.  
'Cause in a razor town  
the only thing that matters tends to bring you down.  
There's no way around,  
but maybe you can barrel through  
cause a razor ain't no good for you.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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