

Below the Belt

Razor

They called me a liar, a cheat and a thief
they called me a sleaze and a creep
they said I was stupid, they said I was wrong
they told me my brain was asleep
they new all along that I'd take revenge
get even for all of their lies
the truth doesn't hurt as much as this dirt
so now I must plot their demise
Don't: don't criticize or try to be wise
or I'll kick you in the teeth
don't: don't make me fight, at least not tonight
or they'll be laying your wreath
Don't know who they are but they can't be far
so I'll hurt them down and make 'em pay
I've heard it before, I've heard it too much
I heard it only yesterday
they think they are smart, they think they're tough
well let 'em say it to my face
cause when I am through, I'll promise you
below the belt, my fist I'll place

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