

Razors In the Night

Blitz

Running away, something better ahead
But you gotta think fast before it's too late
Just one cut 'round your head
Just one minute and you'll call me dead
You better watch out
For the razors in tonight
You better leave out
The razors in tonight
Backstreet boys wear boots and braces
Razor blades, and angry faces
Too much tension, too much beer
What the hell are we doing here?
Blood is the biggest prize in sport
'Cause violence is the only game you've been taught
Pool of warm blood is you're prize
Or a cold blade across you're eyes

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