

Razors in the Night

Blitz

Running away, something better ahead
But you gotta think fast before it's too late
Just one cut around your head

Just one minute and you'll call me dead You better watch out for the razors in the night

You better leave out the razors in the night Backstreet boys wear boots and braces

Razor blades and angry faces

Too much tension, too much fear

What the hell are we doing here Murder is the biggest prize in sport

Cause violence is the only game you've been taught

A pool of warm blood is your prize

Or a cold blade across your eyes

Songwriters

NEIL MCLENNAN, CARL FISHER, CHRISTOPHER HOWE, NIGEL MILLER Published by

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