

# 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

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