

The Razors Edge

AC/DC

(Yeeeeaaaah)

(Yeah)

(Here)

(Yeah)

(Yeah)

(Razors edge)

(Yeah)

(Razors)

There's fighting on the left, and marching on the right

Don't look up in the sky, you're gunna die of fright

Here, comes the razors edge

You're livin' on the edge, don't know wrong from right

They're breathin' down your neck; you're runnin' out of lives

And here comes the razors edge

Here comes the razors edge

The razors edge

(Razors edge) to raise the dead

(Razors edge) to cut to shreds

Here comes the razors edge

Here comes the razors edge

Well here it comes, to cut to shreds

The razors edge

It's the razors edge

Well the razors edge

You'll be cut to shreds

You're the razors edge

Well the razors edge