## **Razors in the Night**

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