

Hot Razors in My Heart

Crack the Sky

Cindy I don't want to catch you in his car
Cindy you don't have to play with me no more
All the boys are telling stories about you
I don't want to hear no stories about you
Cindy you don't have to run around any more
Cindy you don't have to prove to me that you can score
When you dance with the boys in the street
Can't you see that it's tearing me apart

Hot Razors in my Heart
Heart Hot Razors in my Heart

Cindy you don't have to make me crawl no more
We can make it better than it was before
Tell the boys you belong to me
Tell them anything but stop this bleeding in my heart

Hot Razors in my Heart
Heart Hot Razors in my Heart