

My Edge Of The Razor

John Hiatt

We've been training
Now we look like each other
Face down and
Booked and printed for young lovers
Even as I write out of this song
The ink wears off but the beat goes on

I pledge my edge of the razor
No minor league night in the majors
Even though we cut up, we can really cut 'em down
Though you're sharper than me, it's too late to turn around

Heavy trading
On the floor at the market
A million keys for my heart
But they'll never unlock it
We played for laughs now love is the prize
If we're playing for keeps, keep these tears from my eyes

One slice of life
One lover's lane
One man and a wife
Not taken in vain
While they're cutting deals with grim reapers
Tell me, where'd you get those peepers

Well I filling out all the pages of this questionnaire
But I left out all the details of this affair
They'll never get it down on the books
So they'll never know how much it took