

Razor

The Screaming Jets

I just bought myself a razor, I can use 'til I come down
Stuck in the government building on the nothing side of town
Chuckling money to the biggies, on dirty sheets, on stolen ground
Quaking with the knowledge that my time has come around

He's not preaching to the people, he's just screaming at the world
He ain't hard like alabaster, no, he breaks like a little girl
Under fire from the rampants, the silent thief did not think twice
Stealing money from the devil, to buy my way into paradise

And the road goes on and on and on, like the words of a protest song

There's a hangman in the back and he's just waiting for a sign
Pull the leather, drop that trapdoor, it's the governor on the line
Counting to my intuition, I chose the left and not the right
I can not be held responsible when all hell breaks loose tonight

The road just goes on and on and on, just like the words of a protest song
And still the war, the war rages on, until the lust for blood is gone

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