

# Switchblade To Soul

Chris Murray

Switchblade to soul, little darlin',  
Switchblade to soul.  
Switchblade to soul, little darlin',  
Switchblade to soul.

Even the sharpest knife  
Still needs a hand's control,  
A wrist to take its slice,  
A heart to take its hole. Oh.

Switchblade to soul, little darlin',  
Switchblade to soul. Oh.  
Switchblade to soul, little darlin',  
Switchblade to soul.

The dying drops of life  
Are carved in fine detail,  
And to the vicious mind,  
All other visions pale. Yeah.

Switchblade to soul, little darlin',  
Switchblade to soul. Oh.  
Switchblade to soul, little darlin',  
Switchblade to soul.

Switchblade to soul, little darlin',  
Switchblade to soul. Oh.  
Switchblade to soul, little darlin',  
Switchblade to soul.

The swift caress of steel,  
Red hot and icy cold,  
Will be the last you feel,  
The final thought you hold. Oh.

Switchblade to soul, little darlin',  
Switchblade to soul. Oh.  
Switchblade to soul, little darlin',  
Switchblade to soul.  
Yeah, little darlin',  
Switchblade to soul. Oh.  
Switchblade to soul, little darlin',  
Switchblade to soul.