

# The Razor

Head Automatica

This is television, late night television, scripted with precision

A corner store pulp fiction sits where your heart isn't  
And with your eyes so green, and your pinkish theme  
You made an old friend seem rather dead to me  
Alas, the weapon sex can be

Your body is a weapon and you're afraid it could get out  
A friend of the devil and you're afraid it could get out

Don't say i don't cut when i do, i do, i do  
Don't say i'm lying when i'm true, i'm true, i'm true  
The razor

You rub of suspicious, so vile and aniscious, with a heart so vicious  
And dare you ask what this is, this is so delicious  
To eat the best of you like the others do  
We take your pride from you  
The drive-in, the embassy, the jets, it's all the same to me

Your body is a weapon and you're afraid it could get out  
A friend of the devil and you're afraid it could get out

Don't say i don't cut when i do, i do, i do  
Don't say i'm lying when i'm true, i'm true, i'm true  
The razor (the razor)  
Don't say we're healing when it's just not what we do

So many suitors, i don't even have a suit to wear  
So many influential fingers running through your hair  
I am the razor in the hands of your heart  
And i am the razor in the hands of god

Don't say i don't cut when i do, i do, i do (i do, i do)  
Don't say i'm lying when i'm true, i'm true, i'm true (i do, i do)  
The razor (the razor)  
Don't say we're healing when it's just not what we do (the razor)  
Don't say we're healing when it's just not what we do (the razor)  
Don't say we're healing when it's just not what we do