

# 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