

## Strokes, The "Razorblade"

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Oh, the razorblade,  
that's what I call love.  
I bet you'd pick it up and mess around with it if I put it  
down.  
It gets extremely complicated.  
Anything to forget everything.

You got to take me out atleast once a week,  
Whether I'm in your arms or I'm at your feet,  
I know exactly what you're thinking.  
You won't say it now but in your heart it's loud.

"Oh no, my feelings are more important than yours.  
Oh, drop dead, I don't care, I won't worry.  
Let it go."

Oh, the razorblade, wish it would snap this rope.  
The world is in your hand or it's at your throat  
At times it's not that complicated.  
Anything to forget everything.

He would never talk but he was not shy.  
She was a street-smart girl but she could not lie.  
They were perfect for each other.  
Say it now, 'cause in your heart it's loud

"Oh no, my feelings are more important than yours.  
Oh, drop dead, I don't care, I won't worry."

Sweetheart your feelings are more important of course.  
Ofcourse  
Everyone you wanted,  
Everything that we would take from them.  
I don't wanna know, I don't wanna know.  
Tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me.  
No, don't, okay.

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