

Rekevin "Edward"

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Cut, cut, cut
Oh, I cut my face
Cut, cut, cut
I can hurt my friends

And it's not because I'm mad
Or some kind of maniac
I just have no hands
I have blades instead

A fashionable hair-cut
A clipping for your dog
I'll make funny figures
Out of bushes in your yard

Cut, cut, cut
Oh, I cut my face
Cut, cut, cut
I can hurt my friends

Cut, cut, cut
Oh, I cut my face
Cut, cut, cut
I can hurt my friends

Can't hold you, baby
If I only had a chance
To touch your face
Without shedding blood

Don't be suspicious of me
You know all the truth
Keep in your heart
Remembrance of Edward

Cut, cut, cut
Oh, I cut my face
Cut, cut, cut
I can hurt my friends

