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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

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