

Marc Blackwell "Her Rusty Razor"

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She knows my weaknesses, I let her get too close
She knows where to cut so I bleed the most
She could use a gun but that would be too quick
She could use a knife but that would be to clean
She likes to rip

Her rusty razor, jagged edge
Tears my soul to bloody shreds
Spiteful woman carves my heart from my chest
Her rusty razor makes a mess
Dirty and infected
Her rusty razor does not rest

She liked my face all smooth, when we used to kiss
She knew how to shave, man it was a gift
Wielding the straight blade, she had an artful hand
Around my jugular, she used her master's touch
Like Rembrandt

Her rusty razor, jagged edge

Tears my soul to bloody shreds
Spiteful woman carves my heart from my chest
Her rusty razor makes a mess
Dirty and infected
Her rusty razor does not rest

She mixes gasoline in my shaving cream
To add sting to the pain
There's only one way I'll get relief
I pray, I pray she lights the flame

Her rusty razor, jagged edge
Tears my soul to bloody shreds
Spiteful woman carves my heart from my chest
Her rusty razor makes a mess
Dirty and infected
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