

## Razor

# "Taste The Floor"

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All the pool hall, hustling dough  
I'll beat the panzies and then I'll go  
out to the bar, to pick a fight  
main some redneck then hit the night  
why am I always in a mood like this  
I don't know, ain't no psychiatrist  
this nagging feeling, that I've got won't quit  
I feel no pain and I don't give a shit

Left, right, fight-taste the floor  
two, four, move-out the door

Music magazines with fags on the front  
they dress like women, their message is blunt  
they make their money, but they're doing it wrong  
kissing ass and writing radio songs  
bying their records and seeing their shows  
the general public likes their panty hose  
I'm not as younged as I used to be  
but I'll still be thrashing at a hundred and three  
(you'll see)  
but they think I'm psycho, they think I'm deranged  
I wear my leather, but I'm not that strange  
I walk the streets but I hate what I see  
like a book by it's cover, they're judging me  
(fuck off!)

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