

# AC/DC, The razor's edge

There's fighting on the left  
And marching on the right  
Don't look up in the sky  
You're gonna die of fright  
Here comes the razors edge  
You're living on the edge  
Don't know wrong from right  
They're breathing down your neck  
You're running out of lives  
And here comes the razors edge  
Here comes the razors edge  
The razors edge  
Razors edge, to raise the dead  
Razors edge, to cut to shreds  
To raise the dead  
Here comes the razors edge  
Here comes the razors edge  
Well here it comes to cut to shreds  
The razors edge  
The razors edge [It's the razor's edge]  
Gotta razors edge [Well, the razor's edge]  
You'll be cut to shreds [that you'll be cut to shreds]  
by the razors edge [gotta razor's edge]  
Gotta razors edge [by the razor's edge]