## Carlos Lyra, The Razor Blade-eater

Once upon a hard time Back in my Cear I felt hunger So much, I decided To leave all behind me To look over yonder And wander away

Got a lift on a truck With my stuff Of a wealthy hillbilly Two pair of old pants And one ukulele For worse or for better I headed this way

Down in Rio I stepped On the beaches Of Copacabana, I slept in the ditches Of Copacabana And did funny numbers For people to see

Holy virgin!
No one can imagine
How much I was hungry
My voice nearly fading
Would make me more funny
While singing my number
So far out of key

(Spoken): So that was when I decided to eat razor blades. There was an old buddy of mine from ba

Holy smoke!
There was never a joke
As bad as my story
The more I would worry
The more I went broke
And more I felt hungry,
Beginning to starve

When I watched the fellas In restaurants Stuffing their bellies I saw at that instant How much I was missing The hunger I felt Back in my Cear

And again I would stroll
By the beaches
Of Copacabana
And crawl through the ditches
Of Copacabana
Just singing routines
To the crowds going by

Holy shit!
I was hungry and sick
And hardly a singer
My voice getting weaker
My bones getting thinner
My body so light

That it could even fly...

(Spoken): Sometimes, the hunger was so bad, we'd get into a fight just sos we could ca

Going back
To my ol Cear
Where at least Im somebody
Out here Im a hick
And a hungry nobody
A silly hillbilly
Without any means
Gonna split
Out of here before
This whole crisis increases
I fear the world
Is just going to pieces
Cant get any worse
Than its already been