

# 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&#039;d get into a fight just so 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