

The Strokes, Razorblade

Oh, the razorblade, that's what I call love,
I bet you'd pick it up and mess around with it
If I put it down
It gets extremely complicated.
Anything to forget everything.
You've got to take me out,
At least once a week
Whether I'm in your arms,
Or I'm at your feet.
I know exactly what you're thinking
You won't say it now
But in your heart it's loud
Oh no, my feelings are more important than yours.
Oh, drop dead, I don't care, I won't worry.
Let it go.
Oh, the razor blade,
Wish it would snap this rope
The world is in your hands
Or it's at your throat
At times it's not that complicated
Anything to forget everything.
He would never talk,
But he was not shy
She was a street-smart girl,
But she could not lie
They were perfect for each other
Say it now
'Cause in your heart it's loud
Oh no, my feelings are more important than yours
Oh, drop dead, I don't care, I won't worry
Hey!
Sweetheart, your feelings are more important of course
Of course
Everyone that wanted
Everything that we would take from them
I don't wanna know, I don't wanna know
Tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me
No, don't.
Okay