

Billy Goodrum, Razor Boy

I hear you are singing a song of the past
I see no tears
I know that you know it may be the last
For many years
You'd gamble or give anything
To be in with the better half
But how many friends must I have
To begin with to make you laugh
Will you still have a song to sing
When the razor boy comes
And takes your fancy things away
Will you still be singing it
On that cold and windy day
You know that the coming is so close at hand
You feel all right
I guess only women in cages can stand
This kind of night
I guess only women in cages
Can play down
The things they lose
You think no tomorrow will come
When you lay down
You can't refuse
Will you still have a song to sing
When the razor boy comes
And takes your fancy things away
Will you still be singing it
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