

# 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  
On that cold and windy day  
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