

# Crack The Sky, Hot Razors In My Heart

Cindy I don't want to catch you in his car  
Cindy you don't have to play with me no more  
All the boys are telling stories about you  
I don't want to hear no stories about you  
Cindy you don't have to run around any more  
Cindy you don't have to prove to me that you can score  
When you dance with the boys in the street  
Can't you see that it's tearing me apart

Hot Razors in my Heart  
Heart Hot Razors in my Heart

Cindy you don't have to make me crawl no more  
We can make it better than it was before  
Tell the boys you belong to me  
Tell them anything but stop this bleeding in my heart

Hot Razors in my Heart  
Heart Hot Razors in my Heart