

Head Automatica, The Razor

This is television, late night television, scripted with precision
A corner store pulp fiction sits where your heart isn't
And with your eyes so green, and your pinkish theme
You made an old friend seem rather dead to me
Alas, the weapon sex can be

Your body is a weapon and you're afraid it could get out
A friend of the devil and you're afraid it could get out

Don't say I don't cut when I do, I do, I do
Don't say I'm lying when I'm true, I'm true, I'm true
The razor

You rub of suspicious, so vile and aniscious, with a heart so vicious
And dare you ask what this is, this is so delicious
To eat the best of you like the others do
We take your pride from you
The drive-in, the embassy, the jets, it's all the same to me

Your body is a weapon and you're afraid it could get out
A friend of the devil and you're afraid it could get out

Don't say I don't cut when I do, I do, I do
Don't say I'm lying when I'm true, I'm true, I'm true
The razor (the razor)
Don't say we're healing when it's just not what we do

So many suitors, I don't even have a suit to wear
So many influential fingers running through your hair
I am the razor in the hands of your heart
And I am the razor in the hands of God

Don't say I don't cut when I do, I do, I do (I do, I do)
Don't say I'm lying when I'm true, I'm true, I'm true (I do, I do)
The razor (the razor)
Don't say we're healing when it's just not what we do (the razor)
Don't say we're healing when it's just not what we do (the razor)
Don't say we're healing when it's just not what we do