

In a Razor Town

Jason Isbell

In a razor town
you take whoever you think you can keep around.
There's an echoed sound
that permeates the sidewalk where she shuffles 'round.
It's a big machine.
It used to be the avenue of changing dreams.
She's a lonely thing,
sweeping up the glitter while she pulls the strings. Take a long last look
before she turns to stone
what the last man took
and what was long, long gone.
The way it used to be...
I wasn't there to see it working properly.
Now it seems to me
both of you are suffering.
I've heard her say
that you're the only reason she's alive today.
I just turned away
thinking maybe she was right. So say your last goodbye.
Make it short and sweet
There ain't no way to fly
with her hanging on your feet. Let her go out if she wants to.
If she don't, go out yourself.
Don't take sorry for an answer
unless you really want what's left.
'Cause in a razor town
the only thing that matters tends to bring you down.
There's no way around,
but maybe you can barrel through
cause a razor ain't no good for you.

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