

# The Pristine Claw

Ed Harcourt

Oh, to have a pristine claw  
These hands are old and sore  
The knuckles, they ache  
The bones they do break Oh, to have a youthful frown  
Bleed on the surgeon's gown  
Put plastic in me  
I'm perfect you see Don't look older than 43  
But really I'm 70  
Now run young man  
And get my pills from the pharmacy Rearrange my face for a hefty fee  
I can't change the inside of me  
I'm a vampire of the 21st century Oh, to have a pristine claw  
Marry the doctor when I'm poor  
A face I can love  
A cut that's above If the aliens landed here  
They'd see why we're so weird  
We're destined to die  
We're destined to die Don't look older than 43  
But really I'm 70  
Now run young man  
And get my pills from the pharmacy Rearrange my face for a hefty fee  
I can't change the inside of me  
I'm a vampire of the 21st century That's me, that's me, that's me, that's me  
That's me, that's me, that's me, that's me  
That's me, that's me, that's me, that's me

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