

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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