

Claws Tracking

Spoon

You could feel a lot of doubt
On the runway and in her murder walk
You could tell, maybe it's how she fell
When she saw you, maybe it's how she fell
Like some bright orange pumps
It was the murder mystery she didn't want
She put her claws deep in your arm and it made the tracks go all red

Pull yourself together, hon or heaven's just in your head
When the bulbs had all broke and hit the ground
There was hardly any sound, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Then you see a lot of doubt and then they knew all along it was you
It's too late now 'cause breaking up's hard to do

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