

Elvis Costello "Pads, Paws And Claws"

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She's a feline tormentor, not any vaudeville wife
With a drunk-town lament, he leads her a miserable life
But when he's full of that beer, champagne
She pads, paws, pads, paws and claws

And if he should wake up in some terrible dive
And he don't know if he's so-so, but he's so surprised
he's alive
"Come, little honey, let me under your hive"
She pads, paws, pads, paws and claws

She pads, pads around the bedroom, practicing ways
to flirt
He paws, pours another drink and anything in a skirt
Anything wearing a necklace
He thinks of claws scratching his back
He's going out there, he's not coming back

She's got spider-leg fingers, sharpened whenever he
strays
And she carries a bird-purse, with all of her womanly
ways
Oh, while he's drinking hairspray, she knows that he
never would dare
She could be in pictures if she wasn't all covered in fur

So, he's coming home now and here's the surprise
You wouldn't believe the lies that he tries
She cut him down to her favorite size
She pads, paws, pads, paws and claws

She pads, paws, pads, paws and claws
She pads, paws, pads, paws and claws
She paws, paws
Pads, paws
Oh, yeah
Pads, paws, pads, paws and claws
Pads, paws
Yeah

