

Paul McCartney

"Pads, Paws and Claws"

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OW!

SHE'S A FELINE TORMENTOR,
NOT ANY VAUDEVILLE WIFE,
BUT 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 ON LITTLE HONEY, LET ME UNDER YOUR HIVE."
SHE PADS, PAWS, PADS, PAWS AND CLAWS

SHE PADS, PADS AROUND THE BEDROOM,
PRACTISING 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.
'TIL HE'S DRINKING HAIRSPRAY,
SHE KNOWS THAT HE NEVER WOULD DARE,
SHE COULD BE IN PICTURES
IF SHE WASN'T ALL COVERED IN FUR

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 FAVOURITE SIZE,
SHE PADS, PAWS, PADS, PAWS AND CLAWS.

SHE PADS, PAWS, PADS, PAWS AND CLAWS.

SHE PADS, PAWS, PADS, PAWS AND CLAWS, YEAH.

WHOA!

OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! OH!

HEY YEAH!

DOO!

OH YEAH!

PADS, PAWS, PADS, PAWS, PADS, PAWS AND CLAWS.

OH!

WHOA!

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