

Trash Can Sinatras

"Claw"

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Poor little thing
Standing framed in the door
Staged in a fancy dress
Silent and dark
As my invitation was
Here is your mail
And the scent of your name
Hangs in air
As I shave with the curse of the blade
Till you would harbor me in

Baptized in blood and soap I clawed at
The envelope reads
Dear meager things you wrote
Could hit home, cut throat

Come press my sour skinned and seedless lips to
yours
Come pass by, let me hear you talk again
Let me be your seasoned friend
Just let me hear you talk again

Listen, I'm glad you came
I knew you would
I waited for months
Now we'll...milk the dwindling hours
So where's the sun, I could sneak out the blooms
And bring out some joy
From the gloom, all morning
And afternoon, put on that song
And sway around the room

Come press my sour skinned and seedless lips to
yours
Come pass by, let me here you talk again
I want to be your seasoned friend
Just let me hear you talk again
Mmmmmm
Dadada,nanana
Come pass by

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