

## Pads, Paws and Claws

Elvis Costello

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, 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  
Till 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

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