

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