

## 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