The Clincher (Acoustic Version)

Chevelle

Touch
I'll stand for nothing less
Or never stand again
These are the limits when one's buriedThis body's left the soul
Could we have known
Never would I, helped to nail down
Careful of drifting offNow losing taste and touch
Turning a pale blue leaning in to say
This body's left the soul
The brain needs oxygenCan't sneak around this bait
His catacomb has got me by the chin
This body's left the soulCould we have known
Never would I, helped to nail down
With nothing to gain
Here's the clincher, this should be youNow saturate
Now saturate
Now saturate
Now saturate
And touchNow saturate
Now saturate
Now saturate
The earthNow saturate
Now saturate
Now saturate
The earthCould we have known
Never would I, helped to nail down
With nothing to gain
Here's the clincher, this should be youThis happened to be never changing
Holding inside,
The phobia made cold and crippled, ending it allNow saturate
Now saturate
Now saturate
Now saturate
The earthNow saturate
Now saturate
Now saturate

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