

# The Meddler (Album Version)

## Chevelle

You had that nighttime confidence  
Yet again  
Like when you tear us all to bits  
Yet again  
If you really want advice here  
You're too much like a wall  
If you're gonna light those fires  
We're all up in arms again Well I don't belong here  
Don't fit your style  
Felt your left foot  
Now meet my right See now over this, you meddler  
Feed off all the rest, you meddler  
Talking so close, you bring to mind  
It's no fun to be behaving  
But you really lit a fire  
All up in arms again  
Why don't you feed off all the rest Well, I don't belong here  
Don't fit your style  
Felt your left foot  
Now meet my right  
It's now or never  
More difficult  
Those midnight answers  
And stray arrows Never, never  
Lean on you  
Clever, clever  
One on two  
You're mine  
Finite  
Imagine this  
It's sad  
To say  
It's simple  
When still we want to watch Well, I don't belong here  
Don't fit your style  
Felt your left foot  
Now meet my right  
It's now or never  
More difficult

Those midnight answers  
And stray arrows  
I don't belong

Songwriters

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