

# The Clincher (Live at The Metro, Chicago, IL)

## Chevelle

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

Songwriters

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