

The Clincher

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
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
Now saturate
The earth Now saturate
Now saturate
Now saturate

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