

Chevelle

"The Clincher"

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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 I'm driftin' off
Now losin' taste and touch
Turnin' a pale blue leanin' 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

Well could we have known
Never would I
Helped to nail down
With nothing to gain
Here's the clincher
This should be you

Made cold and crippled
This happened to be
Never changin'
Holdin' inside
Oh yeah, it still couldn't change
The phobia viewed
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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