

Chevelle

"This Circus"

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What did I have to lose
Being negative
I bled through the snow
That never sat down
It's clear for today
You're sleazy at night
As as we heal
We will run
Or start swinging

For below
They're begging for it
I'm on way, never settle
Always learning
People,
They beg us for it
I'm on my way,
But I settle almost there

This might,
Just feed
The mother of all needs
Turning over here

Luck must fight over me
And never give in
To weed out the soul
Replace it with salt
I live within sight of
This medicine man
How perfectly sure of this circus
I start swinging
We start swinging

Cause this might,
Just feed
The mother of all needs
Turning over
Heard it oh so clear
The mother of all needs
Turning over
Heard it oh so-

Just run them off
Or grab and hold
Just run them off
Or grab and hold
Run them off
Or grab and hold

Below
They're begging for it
I'm on way, never settle
Always learning
People,
They beg us for it
I'm on my way,
But I settle almost there

This might,
Just feed
The mother of all needs
Turning over
Heard it oh so clear
The mother of all needs
Turning over
Heard it oh so,
Clear...

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