

Chevelle - The Clincher

Bm A Bm A Bm A Bm A

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

G Bm G Bm

(Well) Could we have known

Never would I (have) helped to nail down

Bm A Bm A Bm A Bm A

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

[CHORUS]

G Bm D A Gb Bm A D Bm

(Well) Could we have known

Never would I (have) helped to nail down

With nothing to gain

Here's the clincher, this should be you

Now saturate [x4] and touch

Now saturate [x3], the earth

Now saturate [x3], the earth

[CHORUS]

Now saturate [x4], the earth

Now saturate [x3]