

The Meddler

Chevelle

You had that nighttime confidence
Yet again
Like when you tear us all to bits
Yet again
If you really want advice here
You're too much like a wall
If you're gonna light those fires
We're all up in arms again

Well I don't belong here
Don't fit your style
Felt your left foot
Now meet my right

See now over this, you meddler
Feed off all the rest, you meddler
Talking so close, you bring to mind
No fun to be behaving
But you really lit a fire
All up in arms again
Why don't you feed off all the rest

Well, I don't belong here
Don't fit your style
Felt your left foot
Now meet my right
It's now or never
More difficult
Those midnight answers
And stray arrows

Never, never
Lean on you
Clever, clever
One on two
You're mine
Finite
Imagine this
It's sad
To say
It's simple
When still we want to watch

Well, I don't belong here
Don't fit your style
Felt your left foot
Now meet my right
It's now or never
More difficult
Those midnight answers
And stray arrows
I don't belong