This Circus

Chevelle

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

For below there begging for it
I'm on my way, never settle
Always learning
People they beg us for it
I'm on my way
Better settle
Almost there

This might just feed the
Mother of all our needs
Turning over here

Luck must fight over me
And never give in to
Weird 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 our needs
Turning over, heard it oh so

Just run them off
Or grab and hold

Below there begging for it
I'm on my way, never settle
Always learning
People they beg us for it
I'm on my way
Better settle
Almost there

This might just feed
The mother of all needs
Turning over, heard it oh so clear
The mother of all our needs
Turning over, heard it oh so clear

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