

Chevelle, Another Know It All

Damn you're so dull
Still need to borrow your hate
Change what they can
Persuade us back under cover

Oh old you're so over
Who made you king of the ages?
Tending the wounds
Thinking of adding another

But the chosen
Never wrong
He sat holding
Several thoughts
I'll take anything that's not bolted down
Bolted down

Tricking us in, don't get along if they're brothers
So phasing it out, correcting vision with fists
And drawing a line, still give it less than a week
Checking the wounds, thinking of adding another

But the chosen
Never wrong
He sat holding
Several thoughts
I'll take anything that's not bolted down
Bolted down

Free what's bolted down

Chosen
Never wrong
He sat holding
Several thoughts
I'll take anything that's not bolted down
He was chosen
Never wrong
He sat holding
Several thoughts
I'll take anything that's not bolted down