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