

# Chevelle, This Circus

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, start swinging  
For below, they're 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 our needs  
Turning over, heard it oh so clear  
The mother of all needs  
Turning over, heard it oh so  
Just run them off or grab and hold  
Just run them off or grab and hold  
Run them off or grab and hold  
For below, they're 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, heard it oh so clear  
The mother of all needs  
Turning over, heard it oh so clear