

# Finger Eleven, Slow Chemical

The wonder of the world  
Is gone, I know for sure  
All the wonder that I  
Would have found in her  
As a whole becomes  
Another strike to burn  
An old flame returns

Every intuition fails  
To find it's way  
One more table turned  
Around I'm back again  
Finding I'm a lost and found  
When she's not around  
When she's not around  
I feel it coming down

Give me what I could  
Never ask for  
Connect me and  
You could be  
My chemical now  
Give me the drug  
You know I'm after  
Connect me and you  
Could be my chemical

When everybody wants you  
(The chemical of your soul)  
When everybody wants you  
(The chemical of your soul)

Slow and  
Everybody wants you  
So slow and  
Everybody wants your soul

Give me what I could  
Never ask for  
Connect me and  
You could be  
My chemical now  
Give me the drug  
You know I'm after  
Connect me and you  
Could be my chemical

You could be the chemical  
You could be the chemical  
You could be the chemical