

# Paralyzed

Bob Mould

An obvious display  
Of feelings that have dissipated  
And I don't have a clue where to start

You wouldn't let me near you  
So I settled for the fear that you'd be  
Happy with me six feet in the ground

I will crash when your mood defeats me  
Circle of trash swirls around beneath me  
I feel paralyzed most every time  
You come around to meet me

Stuck in a place that I don't remember  
Was it Sunday or last November?  
I feel paralyzed most every time  
You come around to meet me

Emotions vaporize  
They disappear before my eyes  
I wish for things that sadly have come true

So if I tried to make it right  
And if I found my appetite  
I'd eat away at all the pain I seem to bring to you

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