

# Paralysed

Gang of Four

Blinkered, paralysed  
Flat on my back

They say our world is built endeavor  
That every man is for himself  
Wealth is for the one that wants it  
Paradise, if you can earn it

History is the reason  
I'm washed up

Blinkered, paralysed  
Flat on my back

My ambitions come to nothing  
What I wanted now just seems a waste of time  
I can't make out what has gone wrong  
I was good at what I did

The crows come home to roost  
And I'm the dupe