

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