

Paralyzed

Sixpence None The Richer

I look out to the fields
Where blood is shed upon the ground
I breathe in, breathe out
Change the channel, mute the sound
I take a match, a cigarette, and a walk to clear my head
Stomach's reeling at the thought of all those (human beings dead)

I breathe in, breathe out
I'm going to an interview
About a song, three minutes long
I just need something to do
Especially when my dearest friend
Was sent to cover Kosovo
His last assignment brought a bullet
And now he's gone, he's gone

Feels like I'm fiddling while Rome is burning down
Should I put my fiddle down, take a rifle from the ground
I need the Ghost to breathe a Northern Gale tonight
'cause I'm paralyzed, I'm paralyzed

I packed his books up, left the office
Went to tell the wife the news
She fell in shock, the baby kicked,
And shed a tear inside the womb
I breathed in, I breathed out,
Soaked the ground up with my eyes
It's hard to say a healing word
When your tongue is paralyzed

Feels like I'm fiddling while Rome is burning down
Should I put my fiddle down, take a rifle from the ground
God give me strength to pray that You will set things right
'cause I'm paralyzed, I'm paralyzed