

## 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