

# 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  
My stomach's reeling at the thought of all those human beings dead  
I breathe in, breathe out and go to do 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 is gone, he's gone  
Feels like I'm fiddling while Rome is burning down  
Should I lay 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 lay 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 breathe in, I breathe out  
I breathe in, I breathe out

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