

Six Pence None The Richer "Paralyzed"

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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
I breathe in, I breathe out

