Gang Of Four, Paralysed

PARALYSED

Blinkered, paralysed Flat on my back

They say our world is built on 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

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

And I'm the dupe