

# Sixpence None the Richer, Paralyzed

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's 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, breathed out  
Soak the ground up with my eyes  
It's hard to say a healing word  
When your tongue is paralyzed

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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, and breathe out  
I breathe in, and breathe out  
I breathe in, and breathe out