

Bob Mould, Paralyzed

An obvious display of feelings that have dissipated
And I don't have a clue where to start
You wouldn't let me near you, so I settled for the fear that
You'd be happy with me six feet in the ground

I will crash when your mood defeats me
Circle of trash swirls around beneath me
I feel paralyzed most every time you come around to meet me
Stuck in a place that I don't remember
Was it Sunday or last November
I feel paralyzed most every time you come around to meet me

Emotions vaporize, they disappear before my eyes
I wish for things that sadly have come true
So if I tried to make it right, and if I found my appetite
I'd eat away at all the pain I seem to bring to you