Bob Mould, Paralyzed

An obvous 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