

Rosanne Cash, Paralyzed

(Rosanne Cash)

I picked up the phone, you were both on the line
Your words to each other froze me in time
A lifetime between us just burnt on the wires
Dissolved in a dial tone, consumed in your fires
Your footsteps beside me, the phone in my hand
I can't move
I can't stand

Our faces in pieces, facades on the floor
The pretense between us for a moment destroyed
I don't want to go on with these words in my heart
But the ghost of your anger will tear us apart
How my little world just went up in smoke
I'm too young
I'm too old

One day soon I'll know
One day soon I'll just let it go

I run from the bedroom with legs paralyzed
I carve out my future part prophet, part blind
It's nobody's business, no one is to blame
We'll meet in the distance, new numbers new names
I've lifted the veil, I've walked through the fire
I'll move on
I'll go higher