Paralyzed

Sixpence None The Richer

Verse: I look out to the fields Where blood is shed upon the ground I breathe in I breathe out Change the channel mute the sound I take a match, a cigarette and a walk to clear my head Stomach seething at the thought Of all those human beings dead Chorus: C G Em Feels like I m fiddilin when Rome is (**G** C Em Em) burning down G С Em Should I put my fiddle down and rise up from Em the ground С Em G God give me strength to pray that you will set Em things right С Cuz I m Paralyzed, I m Paralyzed