

# Paralyzed

David Archuleta

I hold on and I should let go  
I wait, I think when I really know  
What should have been washed away a million years ago  
I wake up to another day  
Another chance to get out of my own way  
I can't move and I wonder why

I'm paralyzed  
By the pull of the tide that I'm under  
By the strength, by the sound of the thunder  
By the force, by the fear of the waking  
The crash of the waves that could rip me away

I'm paralyzed  
I'm paralyzed

It cuts deep, the shattered glass  
The perfect picture frames I once had  
Trying to rise up from the ash

Breaking myself from these chains that I'm making  
The anchor's here holding me down  
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