

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

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