

## The Freeze

### The Verve Pipe

What a happy place  
A canopy of branches  
On a bed of green  
What a lovely scene  
Now among the wild  
With eyes upon me  
I'm afraid to breathe

I am only flesh and bone  
Running through the great unknown  
Stumbling over sticks and stones  
'Til I'm down upon my knees  
Suddenly the day is night  
Things aren't always black and white  
They talk about the fight or flight  
They don't talk about the freeze

When your happy place  
Is suddenly a stranger  
You feel the danger  
Of where the wild things are

When you want to run  
But you're bearing the weight  
The branch-like fingers  
Of a clumsy boy

Once an open sky  
There's suddenly a ceiling  
And you're forced to feel

I am only flesh and bone  
Running through the great unknown  
Stumbling over sticks and stones  
'Til I'm down upon my knees  
Suddenly the day is night  
Things aren't always black and white  
They talk about the fight or flight  
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I don't need your sympathy  
It doesn't heal the wounds in me  
We can talk endlessly  
And it doesn't change a thing  
It means nothing in the dead of night  
When things aren't always black and white  
We talk about the fight or flight  
We don't talk about the freeze

My body is frozen  
Down on my knees  
No fighting  
No fleeing  
I'm in the freeze