

Warpaint, Gang of Four

Blinkered, paralysed
Flat on my back

They say our world is built on endeavor
That every man is for himself
Wealth is for the one that wants it
Paradise, if you can earn it

History is the reason
I'm washed up

Blinkered, paralysed
Flat on my back

What I wanted now just seems a waste of time
I can't make out what has gone wrong
I was good at what I did

And I'm the dupe