

# The Shout

Robin Trower

You tell me that you love my stuff  
Baby that ain't good enough  
You tell me that you think I'm great  
Maybe you're a little late  
You say you wanna buy me lunch  
Mister you just hit the crunch  
You say you wanna hear my views  
Sister you ain't heard the news

I've quit the job  
I've shut the shop  
I've hung the rag  
And slung the slot  
I'm giving up my life for art  
Sold the horse and smashed the cart  
I've seen the error of my ways  
No use living in a daze  
No use living in a dream  
Sometimes you have to scream

No more howling at the moon  
Time to try a different tune  
No more staring at the sun  
Time to try a different drum  
Time to try a different clock  
Wind it up and let it rock  
Time to kill those nagging doubts  
Turn it up and shout it out

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