

## Your Parents Living Room

### Shout Out Louds

How do you choose your words  
That's where I judge your darling.  
Where the attention comes from depends on how much I  
care.  
And I do remember waking up with a headache in your  
parents' livingroom.

I remember those years, they're hard not to remember.  
All the things you wrote then, I know them word by  
word,  
But I don't remember playing your piano in your  
parents' livingroom.

Oh, so they say: Oh, shut up, will you!  
It's so strange how much in life that changes you.  
And I do remember waking up with a headache in your  
parents' livingroom.

A smell and a sound, a moving picture can take you back  
again.  
And I, I don't know how to take it.  
And you, you don't know how to spell it,  
Yeah, you don't know how to spell it.

There's so much we need to say, there's so much to  
understand.  
On my way home in the car you held my hand.  
And I do remember sleeping in your house, on the floor,  
With the dust in my eye.

Oh, so they say: Oh, shut up, will you!  
There are so many secrets and I'm telling this one to  
you,  
Turning back all the clocks and the memories from your  
parent's livingroom.

A smell and a sound, a moving picture can take you back  
again.  
And you, you just know how to spell it.  
And I, I don't know how to take it.