

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.