

Hours

TV on the Radio

You walked around
Said yourself beautiful
Just too bad, they stare
Just too bad, they stare

Broke up your crown
Called you unusable
See how well you fair

Stole underground
To keep your heart around
Banished from above
Banished from above

Forgot yourself
Go home and shot your health
Left it all for love

And all their lips
Delirious quips
Last seen with friends
Wishing them well

You make the truth
You listen for the truth
Just too bad, they lied
Just too bad, they lied

Oh, come around
Inform our future youth
Summon from the sky

The future is cruel
Unusual fools
Leave them to rule
In hollow point hell

In absolute
Now listen to the truth
Cradle little cry
Cradle little cry

Your light will shine
Fire undisputable
Keep your head on high
Keep your head on high

You walk around
Know you are beautiful
Aimless and alive
Broken and defined

Oh, walk around
Know you are future youth
Summon to the sky