

# New Cannonball Blues

TV on the Radio

Hey girls, hey boys, no, don't mind the noise  
It's just the sound of being dragged ahead  
It's just a pornographic annulationship  
As we watch the spider's web eat itself

All this death above, extinguishing  
All that you've ever known  
Turn your touch screens off and start harvesting  
In the seeds that your parents sew

It's got me singing blues that hit you like a cannonball  
Loud enough to break your bones  
But it was written in blood before they wrote it in stone  
So sing it with me like it's your own

It's got me fucked up and dried up, and fed up, can't get up  
And bleeding and crying like I'm mad at the song  
I'm a carbon copy, now they got me up  
Oh, look at where we're going

It's got you strung out and bothered, and caught up, and drowning  
And feeling, and shot up, and feeling you gotta run  
You're a carbon copy, now they got me up  
Oh, look at where we're going

You're getting bothered staying low like under four hundred blows  
Makes you feel like you are all by yourself  
So when the chance comes along where you could help out a wrong  
The bullshit's got you stuck up on the shelf

But it's heavy, I'm not ready  
Do you feel like you're swimming in the notes?  
Well baby, follow the sound that's shooting out of your crown  
There's only one way up from the floor

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And bleeding and crying like I'm mad at the song  
I'm a carbon copy, now they got me up  
Oh, look at where we're going

It's got you strung out and bothered, and caught up, and drowning  
And feeling, and shot up, and feeling you gotta run  
You're a carbon copy, now they got me up  
Oh, look at where we're going

Now gonna kick toe, gonna run right forward  
Lord, not the first time we've imposed a locked door  
Oh critter, fight back, it's your sole reward  
Below with your fist up, brush the dust off  
Boy, it's got, got, it's got me singing

Blues that hit you like a cannonball  
And loud enough to break your bones  
But it was written in blood before they wrote it in stone  
So sing it with me like it's your own

Those blues, they hit you like a cannonball

Loud enough to break your bones  
But wish the rising in love before we're taking the throne  
So sing it with me like it's your own

You better dust off and get up, get ready to push up  
Hey baby, get ready 'cause yeah, yeah, it's gonna come  
If we want to see what's possible for a, a better way right now

You better dust off and get up, get ready to push up  
Hey baby, get ready 'cause yeah, yeah it's gonna come  
When the truth is spoken, love's unbroken  
Nothing's gonna weigh us down