

Shout Me Out

TV on the Radio

Soul, cast me out
So I can feel it in another way
I won't talk about
Whoa, passenger's hide
If I can feed it for another day
It might run me dry

I know the seasons evolve to a freeze
Putting hearts in the balance here
It's up to your knees
And it's shifting degrees
And it's choking your atmosphere

Soul, wind me out
So I can feel it in another way
They won't talk about
Whoa, massacre sides
Distant figure in a photograph
Another eye

I know your reason is stout
And your freedoms dissolved in your passion dear
It's burning your eyes and it's killing your mind
And it's poking your atmosphere
But should you find it obscene in that gray
All dramatic series young hearts say

Lord, if you've got loss
Come on, shout me out