

The Shout

Robin Trower

You tell me that you love my stuff
Baby that ain't good enough
You tell me that you think I'm great
Maybe you're a little late
You say you wanna buy me lunch
Mister you just hit the crunch
You say you wanna hear my views
Sister you ain't heard the news

I've quit the job
I've shut the shop
I've hung the rag
And slung the slot
I'm giving up my life for art
Sold the horse and smashed the cart
I've seen the error of my ways
No use living in a daze
No use living in a dream
Sometimes you have to scream

No more howling at the moon
Time to try a different tune
No more staring at the sun
Time to try a different drum
Time to try a different clock
Wind it up and let it rock
Time to kill those nagging doubts
Turn it up and shout it out

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