

Shout

Russian Red

In violent times
You shouldn't have to sell your soul
In black and white
They really really ought to know
Those one track minds
That took you for a working boy
Kiss them goodbye
You shouldn't have to jump for joy
You shouldn't have to shout for joy

Shout, shout
Let it all out
These are the things I can do without
Come on, I'm talking to you
Come on

They gave you life
And in return you gave them hell
As cold as ice
I hope we live to tell the tale
I hope we live to tell the tale

Shout, shout
Let it all out
These are the things I can do without
Come on, I'm talking to you
Come on

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