

## 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