

TV On The Radio, Shout Me Out

Storm, cast me out
So I can feel it in another way
I won't talk about

Warm passenger's high
If I can feed it for another day
It might run me dry

I know the season evolved 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

Storm, wind me out
So I can feel it in another way
They won't talk about

Worn, masochist's sigh
A distant figure in a photograph
Another eye

I know your reason is stalled
And your freedom's dissolved in your passion dear
It's burning your eyes and it's killing your mind
And it's broken your atmosphere

But should you find it obscene in that grey
Old dramatics hear a young heart say
Lord, if you got lost
C'mon shout me out

I know the freeze has unthawed
And it's putting your love into action dear
It's off in the breeze and it's shifting degrees
And it's opened your atmosphere

So should you find it obscene in that grey
Old dramatics hear a young heart say
Lord, if you got lost
C'mon shout me out