

Shout Out Louds, Your Parents Livingroom

How do you choose your words - that's where I judge your darling.
Where the attention comes from depends on how much I care,
and I do remember waking up with a headache in your parents' livingroom.

I remember those years, they're hard not to remember.
All the things you wrote then, I know them word by word,
but I don't remember playing your piano in your parents' livingroom.

Oh, so they say: Oh, shut up, will you!
It's so strange how much in life that changes you,
and I do remember waking up with a headache in your parents' livingroom.

A smell and a sound, a moving picture can take you back again.
And I, I don't know how to take it.
And you, you don't know how to spell it.

There's so much we need to say, there's so much to understand,
on my way home in the car you held my hand,
and I do remember sleeping in your house, on the floor,
with the dust in my eye.

Oh, so they say: Oh, shut up, will you!
There are so many secrets and I'm telling this one to you,
turning back all the clocks and the memories from your parents' livingroom.

A smell and a sound, a moving picture can take you back again.
And you, you just know how to spell it.
And I, I don't know how to take it.