

Shout

OneRepublic

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

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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