

TV on the Radio

"New Cannonball Blues"

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Hey girls, hey boys, no, don't mind the noise
It's just the sound of being dragged ahead
It's just a pornographic annulationship
As we watch the spider's web eat itself

All this death above, extinguishing
All that you've ever known
Turn your touch screens off and start harvesting
In the seeds that your parents sew

It's got me singing blues that hit you like a cannonball
Loud enough to break your bones
But it was written in blood before they wrote it in stone
So sing it with me like it's your own

It's got me fucked up and dried up, and fed up, can't
get up
And bleeding and crying like I'm mad at the song
I'm a carbon copy, now they got me up
Oh, look at where we're going

It's got you strung out and bothered, and caught up,
and drowning
And feeling, and shot up, and feeling you gotta run
You're a carbon copy, now they got me up
Oh, look at where we're going

You're getting bothered staying low like under four
hundred blows
Makes you feel like you are all by yourself
So when the chance comes along where you could help
out a wrong
The bullshit's got you stuck up on the shelf

But it's heavy, I'm not ready
Do you feel like you're swimming in the notes?
Well baby, follow the sound that's shooting out of your
crown
There's only one way up from the floor

It's got me fucked up and dried up, and fed up, can't
get up

And bleeding and crying like I'm mad at the song
I'm a carbon copy, now they got me up
Oh, look at where we're going

It's got you strung out and bothered, and caught up,
and drowning
And feeling, and shot up, and feeling you gotta run
You're a carbon copy, now they got me up
Oh, look at where we're going

Now gonna kick toe, gonna run right forward
Lord, not the first time we've imposed a locked door
Oh critter, fight back, it's your sole reward
Below with your fist up, brush the dust off
Boy, it's got, got, it's got me singing

Blues that hit you like a cannonball
And loud enough to break your bones
But it was written in blood before they wrote it in stone
So sing it with me like it's your own

Those blues, they hit you like a cannonball
Loud enough to break your bones
But wish the rising in love before we're taking the
throne
So sing it with me like it's your own

You better dust off and get up, get ready to push up
Hey baby, get ready 'cause yeah, yeah, it's gonna
come
If we want to see what's possible for a, a better way
right now

You better dust off and get up, get ready to push up
Hey baby, get ready 'cause yeah, yeah it's gonna come
When the truth is spoken, love's unbroken
Nothing's gonna weigh us down

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