Method Acting

June Madrona

There is no beginning to the story, a bookshelf sinks into the sand
And a language learned and forgot, in turn is studied once again
It's a shocking bit of footage viewed from a shitty TV screen
You can squint at it through snowy static to make out the meaningAnd just keep stretching the antennae, hoping that it will come clear
We need some reception, a higher message, just tell us what to fear
Because I don't know what tomorrow bringsIt's alive with such possibilities
All I know is I feel better when I sing
Burdens are lifted from me
That's my voice risingSo Michael, please keep the tape rolling
Boys keep strumming those guitars
We need a record of our failures, we must document our love
I've sat too long in my silence, I've grown too old in my pain
To shed this skin, be born again, it starts with an endingSo thank you friends for the time we shared
My love stays with you like sunlight and air
Oh, I truly wish I could keep hanging around here
But my joy is covering me, soon, I will disappearWell, not a movie, no private screening
This method acting, well, I call that living
It is a fountain, all the doors are open
We got a problem with no solution
But to love, love, love and to be lovedSo I've made peace with the falling leaves
I see their same fate in my own body
I won't be frightened when I am awoken from this dream
And returned to that which gave birth to meAnd the story goes, and the story goes
And it goes on and on and on and on
It's going on and on and on
It's going on and on and on
It's going on and on and on
It's going on and on and onAnd on
And on
And on
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