

# 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 meaning  
And 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 brings  
It's alive with such possibilities

All I know is I feel better when I sing  
Burdens are lifted from me

That's my voice rising  
So 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 ending  
So 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 disappear  
Well, 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 loved  
So 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 me  
And 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 on  
And on  
And on  
...

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