

# Method Acting

## Bright Eyes

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  
And on  
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