

## A Method

### TV on the Radio

Eyes wide mine, suddenly everything  
Flies by fine, mind goes on holiday  
In its stead, clicking along the curb  
Clucking tongues how could they have the nerve

There is hardly a method you know

It's a broken poem, started up yesterday  
And it came true now, mind was on holiday  
It's an open road will we soon see the end  
It's an open book, a story to tell the band

There is hardly a method you know

It's a storm faced cloud, hanging in dystrophy  
It's a cold, base clown laughing at enemies  
It's a rough wild world could you please chaperone  
It's a mind field trip, oh leave it the fuck alone

This is hardly the method you know

There's a purple pain strangling yesterday  
There's a purple stain spattered on interstates  
It's an awkward stage grasping at anything  
'Cause it's lost the page  
Can't find a word to say  
But they want you to  
Oh they want you to  
Yes they want you too  
Oh they want you, too

Broken plates on dirty highways  
Pave the way for alien grace

There is hardly a method you know