

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