

# Brian Wilson (East Lansing, MI 2.12.04)

## Barenaked Ladies

Drove downtown in the rain  
Nine-thirty on a Tuesday night  
Just to check out the late-night record shop  
Call it impulsive, Call it compulsive  
Call it insane  
But when I'm surrounded I just can't stop  
It's a matter of instinct  
It's a matter of conditioning and a matter of fact  
You can call me Pavlov's Dog  
Ring a bell and I'll salivate  
How'd you like that?  
Dr. Landy tell me you're not just a pedagogue  
Cause right now I'm lying in bed  
Just like Brian Wilson did  
Well I am lying in bed  
Just like Brian Wilson did  
So I'm lying here  
Just staring at the ceiling tiles  
And I'm thinking about, oh what to think about  
Just listening and relistening  
To Smiley Smile  
And I'm wondering if this is some kind of creative drought  
Because I'm lying in bed  
Just like Brian Wilson did  
Well I am lying in bed  
Just like Brian Wilson did, whoa  
And if you want to find me  
I'll be out in the sandbox  
Just wondering where the hell all the love has gone  
I'm playing my guitar and building  
Castles in the sun, oh oh oh  
And singing "Fun, Fun, Fun"  
Lying in bed  
Just like Brian Wilson did  
Well I am lying in bed  
Just like Brian Wilson did, whoa  
I had a dream  
That I was three hundred pounds  
And though I was very heavy  
I floated 'til I couldn't see the ground  
I floated 'til I couldn't see the ground  
Somebody, I couldn't see the ground  
Somebody, I couldn't see the ground  
Somebody  
Because I'm lying in bed  
Just like Brian Wilson did  
Well I am lying in bed

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Songwriters  
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