Prozakc Blues

King Crimson

Well, I woke up this morning in a cloud of despair
I ran my hand across my head, pulled out a pile of worried hair
I went to my physician who was buried in his thoughts
He said, ?Son, you've been reading to much Elephant Talk?
He said, ?The thing about depression is?
Well you just can't let it get you down
You have to see the world for what it is
A circus full of freaks and clowns
And you'll never please everybody
It's a well established fact
He said, ?I recommend a fifth of Jack
And a bottle of Prozac?
What can you give a man who has everything?
Can you give him back his edge?
Can you make him want to sing?
No, you can only take from him
And there's nothing he can do
I've got the driving me to drink and eat
A bottle of Prozac blues
Well, I woke up this morning and I shaved of my head
By the time, I realized what I had done, I was already dead
I went to see the gatekeeper standing by Heaven's door
He said, ?I hope you brought a good supply of, you know?

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