

# Serotonin

## Simple Kid

All day long I sing this same old song  
Around my head the same old record's on  
Sound I know, the engines slow  
And the ground disappears, oh, my love Laying on the floor I think about Superman  
And did he ever lay around drinking?  
Telling his friends reefer in his hand  
Hey, man, some day I'm gonna make a big splash Or does that kind of talk just come to us folk  
Who can't find an S on our chests?  
So just keep wheeling, dealing, bus-stop dreaming  
Laying on the floor and just staring at the ceiling Sound I know, the engines slow  
And the ground disappears, oh, my love Laying in the tub I thought about rock 'n roll  
And has it already been done before?  
Guess so, it's just getting your dick sucked  
They don't make it any less good than it once was  
Oh, my God, I wish that this dream would stop, start again When I get well I'm gonna move to the country  
Breathe clean air, man, turn televisions off  
For a while, Eskimo style  
Gotta just breathe in, breathe out, breathe in The city you know, get paid, you get laid  
Go clinic and you listen as the doc says  
Don't drink, don't smoke, work hard, be fun  
Don't eat no junk, ain't it just enough to make you  
Wanna go get drunk? That's what I've done Well, anyway the drink got me thinking  
What a friend had said, guess what he said  
Happiness is nothing but the flow of serotonin It aint got to do with Jesus Christ  
Nothing got to do with wrong or right  
Oh, help me out, friend, but can it be right?  
That it all boils down to how the chemicals flow to your soul? Serotonin into my soul  
Serotonin into my soul  
Serotonin into my soul  
Serotonin into my soul

Lyrics provided by

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