

Brian Wilson

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
It's 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 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. And if you want to find me
I'll be out in the sandbox,
Wondering where the hell all the
Love has gone,
Playing my guitar and
Building castles in the sun and
Singing "Fun, Fun, Fun" Lying in bed
Just like Brian Wilson did
Well I am

Lying in bed
Just like Brian Wilson did.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 help me,
I couldn't see the ground
Somebody help me because I'mLying in bed
Just like Brian Wilson did
Well I am
Lying in bed
Just like Brian Wilson did.Drove downtown in the rain
Nine-thirty on a Tuesday night,
Just to check out the late-night
Record shop.
Call it impulsive
You can call it compulsive,
You can call it insane;
But when I'm surrounded
I just can't
Stop.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>