

# Mister Prozac

## For Our Hero

If Im #home #suite or #honeymoon in a glass room  
My jealousy threw stones to it  
I press my head against a star  
To light up my thoughts or wish uponIm slipping through my village green bluesAll alphaholics to A.m.  
anonymous  
& kiss, kiss my good name goodbyes  
Tired out theriac eyes  
So they call me Mr. ProzacWhoa oh,  
Whoa oh, oh, oh, ohStep twos  
Somewhat a doozy  
When im one foot in the gurney  
& your one foot in my head  
Steppin all over me  
All over again &  
No-no-nostalgias hell on the exit to your window ledge  
But if i say so myself  
Loneliness dont get much better than thisIm slipping through my village green bluesAll alphaholics to A.m.  
anonymous  
& kiss, kiss my good name goodbyes  
Tired out theriac eyes  
So they call me Mr. ProzacWhoa oh,  
Whoa oh, oh, oh, oh  
Whoa oh,  
Whoa oh, oh, oh, ohAll alphaholics to A.m. anonymous  
& kiss, kiss my good name goodbyes  
Tired out theriac eyes  
So they call me Mr. ProzacAll alphaholics to A.m. anonymous  
& kiss, kiss my good name goodbyes  
Tired out theriac eyes  
So they call me Mr. ProzacWhoa oh,  
Whoa oh, oh, oh, oh  
Whoa oh,  
Whoa oh, oh, oh, oh

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