

Brian Wilson (Rochester, NY 3-3-04)

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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You can call it insane, oh oh
But when I'm surrounded I just can't stop

Songwriters

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