

# 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.

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