

## **Brian Wilson**

### **"Brian Wilson"**

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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 instincts,  
A matter of conditioning,  
A matter of fact.  
You can call me Pavlov's dog.

Ring a bell and I salivate,  
How'd you like that?  
Dr. Landy tell me,  
I'm not just a pedagogue.

"cause right now I'm

(chorus)  
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

Chorus

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"

Chorus

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'm

Chorus

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Record shop.  
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You can call it insane;  
But when I'm surrounded  
I just can't  
Stop.

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