

Bird York

"Prozac day"

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Hiding under covers
Pillow over head
He's not coming out of his safe bed
No matter how close I hold him
Or sing his praise
There's a big black cloud inside him
And it's had it's way
Kevin's heading for another Prozac Day
Looking for something that's gonna make the world a
nicer place
Doesn't feel like talking
No desire to eat
He's too busy boxing with his little joy thief
Though, all the clouds swirl above him like a giant
Monet
When he looks up he can't see them when he thinks in
gray
Kevin's heading for another Prozac Day
Looking for something that's gonna make the world a
nicer place
Kevin's heading for another Prozac Day
He's so bone tired and stripped inside
His muse has got away (so far away yeah)
Skin on skin is the medicine
He'll just have to take now
Kevin's heading for another Prozac Day
Looking for something that's gonna make the world a
nicer place, yeah
Kevin's heading for another Prozac Day
Looking for something that's gonna make the world a
nicer, smoother, kinder, lovelier,
Lighter, oh-so-happy-wonderful place
Yeah, he's looking for a Prozac Day

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