

Brian Vander Ark

"Brian Wilson"

Visit "[Brian Wilson](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

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.

Visit [Brian Vander Ark](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.