

The Flaming Lips

"Spongebob & Patrick Confront The Psychic Wall Of Energy"

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Patrick

You see I'm growin' a moustache
And though I know, I must ask
Does it really make me look like a man?

Spongebob

Bein' a Manager's a tough job
I hope you're picked to be the best Sponge Boss
they've had
Workin' like a dog at the Krusty Krab

Now wait a minute...

I think we hit a Wall
I think we hit a Psychic Wall

Maybe
We're just young
And we won't know
Till we're old

Too young
To free ourselves
From this lonely Fishbowl

Some kind of Wall
Some kind of Psychic Wall
Some kind of Wall
Some kind of Psychic Wall
We can't get above

Come on
Let's find a way to be happy
Not like plankton, He'll never be satisfied
Always complainin' about his life

To his Computer Wife
You think he would've found by now
To be thought of as a king
You don't need a crown

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