The Flaming Lips

"Spongebob & Patrick Confront The Wall of Psychic 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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