

# Brian Wilson

## Barenaked Ladies

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 instinct  
It's a matter of conditioning  
Matter of fact  
You can call me Pavlov, dog  
Ring a bell and I'll salivate  
And how'd you like that?  
Dr.Landy tell me  
You're not just a pedagogue  
Cause right now I'm  
Lyin' in bed, just like Brian Wilson did  
Well I'm  
I'm lyin' in bed just like Brian Wilson did ohh  
So I'm lyin' here  
Just starin' at the ceilin' tiles  
And I'm thinkin' about  
What to think about  
Just listenin' and relistenin'  
To smiley smile  
And I'm wonderin' if this is  
Some kind of creative drought because  
I'm lyin' in bed  
Just like Brian Wilson did  
Well I'm  
I'm lyin' in bed just like Brian Wilson did ohh  
And if you wanna find me I'll be  
Out in the sandbox  
Just wonderin' where the hell all the  
Love is gone  
I'm playin' my guitar and buildin'  
Castles in the sun, woh wo woh  
And singin', "Fun, fun, fun"  
I'm lyin' in bed  
Just like Brian Wilson did  
Well I'm  
I'm lyin' in bed just like Brian Wilson did ohh  
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, ohh  
Somebody help me  
I couldn't see the ground  
Somebody help me  
Couldn't see the ground  
Somebody help me Because I'm  
I'm lyin' in bed  
Just like Brian Wilson did  
Well I'm  
I'm lyin' in bed just like Brian Wilson did, ooh yea Drove downtown in the rain  
Nine thirty on a Tuesday night  
Just to check out the late night  
Record shop  
(Late night record shop)  
Call it impulsive  
You can call it compulsive  
And you can call it insane, ohh ohh  
But when I'm surrounded I just can't  
Stop

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>