

Brian Wilson

(CAPO ON 3RD FRET)

G D C G

Drove downtown in the rain, 9:30 on a Tuesday night

D C

Just to check out the late night record shop

G D C

Call it impulsive, call it compulsive, call it insane

G D C

But when I'm surrounded I just can't stop



(This progression continues throughout the slow intro)

It's a matter of instinct, it's a matter of conditioning, a matter of fact

You can call me Pavlov's dog

Ring a bell and I'll salivate, well how'd you like that

Dr. Landy tell me you're not just a pedagogue, 'cause right now I'm

CHORUS:-----

G D C

Lying in bed just like Brian Wilson did

G D Em Em/C Em/C# Em/C

Well I'm, lying in bed just like Brian Wilson did

Well I'm lying here, just staring at the ceiling tiles

And I'm thinking about, whoa what to think about

Just listening and relistening to smiley smile

And I'm wondering if this is some kind of creative doubt, because I'm

CHORUS

C D F Em

And if you wanna find me I'll be out in the sandbox

C D G F C

Just wondering where the hell all the love has gah-ah-ahn

D F Em C

Playing my guitar and building castles in the sun, whoa-whoa-oh-oh

D G

And singing fun, fun, fun

CHORUS

Am E7 Am E7 Am

I had a dream that I was three hundred pounds

E7 Am E7 Am

And though I was very heavy I floated 'til I couldn't see the ground

E7 Am E7

I floated 'til I couldn't see the ground

Am E7

Somebody help me (I couldn't see the ground)

Am E7

Somebody help me (I couldn't see the ground)

Am E7

Somebody help meeeeeee, because I'm

(Pick up the rythm at this point)

CHORUS

REPEAT 1st Verse