

Brian Wilson – BNL – V1

[VERSE]

[G] Drove down [D] town in the rain, [Am] nine-thirty [Am] on a Tuesday...

[G] night, Just to [D] check out the late-night [Bm] record [Am] shop.

[G] Call it [D] impulsive, call it comp[Am]ulsive, call it [Am] insane;

[G] But when I'm surr[D]ounded I just can't [Bm] Sto-o-[Am]op.



[VERSE]

[G] It's a matter of [D] instinct. it's a matter of cond[Am]itioning, a matter [Am] of fact.

[G] You can [D] call me Pavlov's [Bm] do-[Am]og,

[G] Ring a [D] bell and I'll sali[Am]vate, how'd you like [Am] that?

[G] Dr. Lan[D]dy tell me you're [Bm] not just a pedag[Am]ogue 'cause right now I'm...

[CHORUS]

I'm [G] lying in [D] bed, just like [Am] Brian Wilson [Am] did

Well I'm ly[G]ing in [D] bed just like Brian Wil[Em]son did...

[VERSE]

[G] So I'm [D] lying [Am] here, just star[Am]ing at the ceiling...

[G] tiles, And I'm thin[D]king about [Bm] oh what to think [Am] about.

[G] Just [D] listening and re-lis[Am]tening to Smiley...

[G] Smile, and I'm won[D]dering if this is [Bm] some kind of crea[Am]tive drought because

[CHORUS]

I'm [G] lying in [D] bed, just like [Am] Brian Wilson [Am] did

Well I'm ly[G]ing in [D] bed just like Brian Wil[Em]son did...

[BRIDGE 1]

[Am] And if you want to [D] find me, I'll be [F] out in the sand[Em]box

[Am] Wondering [D] where the hell all the [G] love has [F] go-o-one[Am]

[Am] Playing my [D] guitar and building [F] castles in the [Em] sun whoa-oh...

[Am] Oh, and [D] singing "Fun, Fun, [G] Fun"

[CHORUS]

I'm [G] lying in [D] bed, just like [Am] Brian Wilson [Am] did

Well I'm ly[G]ing in [D] bed just like Brian Wil[Em]son did...

[BRIDGE 2]

... I [E7] had a [Am] dream that I was [E7] three hundred [Am] pounds

And [E7] though I was very [Am] heavy, I [E7] floated 'til I couldn't see the [Am] ground

I [E7] floated 'til I [Am] couldn't see the [E7] ground, whoa

[Am] Somebody help me [E7] (I couldn't see the ground)

[Am] Somebody help me [E7] (I couldn't see the ground)

[Am] Somebody help meeeeeee,[E7] because I'm...

[CHORUS]

I'm **[G]** lying in **[D]** bed, just like **[Am]** Brian Wilson **[Am]** did
Well I'm ly**[G]**ing in **[D]** bed just like Brian Wil**[Em]**son did...

[VERSE]

[G]Drove down**[D]**town in the rain, **[Am]** nine-thirty **[Am]** on a Tuesday...
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[G] Call it **[D]** impulsive, call it comp**[Am]**ulsive, call it **[Am]** insane;
[G] But when I'm surr**[D]**ounded I just can't **[Bm]**Sto-o-**[Am]**op **[Cmaj7]** **[Em]**