

Well I woke up this morning
In a, In a cloud of despair
I ran my hand across my head
And pulled out a pile of worried hair
I went to my physician
Who was buried in his thoughts
He said, "Son, you've been reading too much Elephant Talk"
(Chit-chat)

He said, "The thing about depression is,
well, you just can't let it get you down.
You have to see the world for what it is:
a circus full of freaks and clowns
and you'll never please everybody,
it's a well established fact."
He said, "I recommend a fifth of Jack and a bottle of Prozac"

What can you give a man
Who has everything?
Can you give him back his edge?
Can you make him want to sing?
No, you can only take from him,
and there's nothing he can do.
I've got the "driving me to drink and eat a bottle of Prozac" b
lues.

Well, I woke up this morning and I shaved off my head.
By the time I realized what I had done, I was already dead
I went to see the gatekeeper who was standing by Heaven's door
He said, "I hope you brought a good supply of... you know"
(Oh, don't worry)