

# MxPx, Prozac

You think I'm crazy because I love you  
You think I'm lost and that I'm cuckoo  
I may be mental, maybe whacko too  
But who needs prozac when I've got you?

You think I'm three sheets to the wind  
That I should be locked in the loony bin  
I may be mad, I may be psycho too  
But who needs prozac when I've got you?  
Who needs prozac when I've got you?

Maybe they should lock me in a padded room  
I'm a special case and it's safe to assume  
I may be insane, out of my mind too  
But who needs prozac when I've got you?  
Who needs prozac when I've got you?

You may be right  
That I'm losing sight of my sanity  
Or maybe you're the one who's really crazy

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