

# Private Line, Prozac Nation

Tender young blondes with lobotomy eyes  
Looking for another hit  
Talking like a jukebox  
Smiling through Botox  
Happy relationship

You ain't got more than meets the eye  
Are you ready to prove it and show me it's a lie?  
It ain't worth living in yesterday  
But today, it feels there's no tomorrow

We all live in a Prozac nation

Pre-corpses incorporated  
Looking down the drain  
Happiness is too overrated  
Sometimes it's enough to remain sane

We all live in a Prozac nation

Don't care so much about tomorrow  
I have some bitter pills to swallow  
I don't believe in this medication  
But we are living in a Prozac nation

We are young and frustrated  
Depressed and over-medicated  
United lost generation  
We are living in a Prozac nation

More, now and again  
Fight to the bitter end

I don't believe in this medication  
We are living in a Prozac nation

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Depressed and over-medicated  
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