

Private Line, Prozac Nation

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

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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