

Elvis Costello, Psycho

Can Mary fry some fish, mama
I'm as hungry as can be
Oh lord, how I wish, mama
You could stop the baby cryin'
'Cause my head is killing me
I saw my ex again last night mama
She was at the dance at Miller's store
She was with that Jackie White mama
I killed them both
And they're buried under Jacob's sycamore

You think I'm psycho don't you mama
I didn't mean to break your cup
You think I'm psycho don't you mama
You better let 'em lock me up

Oh, don't hand me Johnny's pup mama
As I might squeeze him too tight
I'm havin' crazy dreams again mama
So let me tell you 'bout last night
I woke up in Johnny's room mama
Standing right there by his bed
With my hands around his throat mama
Wishing both of us were dead

You think I'm psycho don't you mama
I just killed Johnny's pup
You think I'm psycho don't you mama
You'd better let 'em lock me up

Oh you recall that little girl mama
I believe her name was Betty Clark
Oh don't tell me that she's dead mama
'Cause I just saw her in the park
We were sitting on a bench mama
Thinking of a game to play
Seems I was holding a wrench mama
Then my mind just walked away

You think I'm psycho don't you mama
I didn't mean to break your cup
You think I'm psycho don't you mama
Mama why don't you get up?