

Teddy Thompson, Psycho

Can Mary fry some fish, mama
I'm as hungry as can be
Oh lordy, how I wish, mama
That you could keep the baby quiet
'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 Jenkins' sycamore

You think I'm psycho don't you mama
Mama pour me a cup
You think I'm psycho don't you mama
You'd better let 'em lock me up

Don't hand me Johnny's pup mama
'Cause I might squeeze him too tight
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

You know that little girl next door mama
I believe her name was Betty Clark
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 up 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
Oh mama, why don't you get up?