

# 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?