

Psycho

The Growlers

Can Mary fry some fish, Mama
I'm as hungry as can be
Oh lordy, how I wish, Mama
You could keep that 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 now 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 better let 'em lock me up

Don't hand me Johnny's pup, Mama
I might squeeze him too tight
I'm having crazy dreams again, Mama
Let me tell you 'bout last night

Well, I woke up in Johnny's room, Mama
Sitting right there in 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
Well, don't tell me that she's dead, Mama
Cause I just saw her in the park

We was sitting on a bench, Mama
Talking about the games we used 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, why don't you get up?