Traveler Blues "Psycho Joe Goes To The Electric Chair"

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He took a rifle

And killed a disciple

So that those nagging thoughts would

leave him in peace

He'd drown a puppy

Or shive-shank a yuppie

Just to make the voices cease

Goes on a bender

Then he surrenders

Taken into custody

So satisfying I would be lying

If I didn't want to hear the plea

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And so we gather round Psycho Joe

The quiet loners always blow

Strap him in the chair

And killing bad guys is such fun

Too bad we only captured one

Are there any more out there

Are there any more out there

And in the weirdest way it sets him free

He's finally rid of you and me Joe and his electric chair He worshipped Satan And liked Iron Maiden And now he's in the cold cold ground For more exciting Staging and lighting We waited till the sun went down Killed someone's daughter With the chain that they bought her What's a daddy gonna do But the most annoyed Were the talk show tabloid Because they couldn't get an interview And so we gather round Psycho Joe The quiet loners always blow Strap him in the chair And killing bad guys is such fun Too bad we only captured one Are there any more out there Are there any more out there Any more out there?

You've got your heroes

Ceasars and Neros Men of infamy and fame Now we've got Jo Jo Have we sunk so low Guess I've got myself to blame An eye for an eye won't get you by Good book says that it's a sin But the ratings war Says that if we kill more Psychopaths then we will win And so we gather round Psycho Joe The quiet loners always blow Strap him in the chair And killing bad guys is such fun Too bad we only captured one Are there any more out there Are there any more out there And in the weirdest way it sets him free He's finally rid of you and me Joe and his electric, Joe and his electric Joe and his electric chair

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