Blues Traveler
"Psycho Joe"

Visit "Psycho Joe" on MotoLyrics.com

Music: bobby sheehan
Lyrics: john popper

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

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 worshiped 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 electrical chair