

Eddie Noack

"Psycho"

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Can Mary fry some fish, Mama
I'm as hungry as can be
Oh lordy, how I wish, Mama
You could keep the baby quiet 'cause my head is killing
Me

I've seen my ex last night, Mama
At a dance at Miller's store
She was with that Jackie White, Mama
I killed them both, and they're buried
Under Jenkins sycamore.

Don't you think I'm psycho, Mama
You can pour me a cup
If you think I'm psycho, Mama
You better let 'em lock me up

Don't hand the george to me, Mama
I might squeeze him too tight
And I'm as nervous as can be, Mama
So let me tell you 'bout last night

I woke up in Johnny's room, Mama
Standing right by the bed
With my hands near 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 the little girl next door, Mama
I think her name is Betty Clark
Oh, don't tell me that she's dead, Mama
Why I just seen It in the park

She was sitting on a bench, Mama
Thinking of a game to play
Seems I was holding a wrench, Mama

Then my mind 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, Mama why don't you get up?

Say something Mama

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