

Psycho Joe

Blues Traveler

He took a rifle and killed a disciple
So that those nagging thoughts would leave him in peace
He'd drown a puppy a 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
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?
Any more out there?
And in the weirdest way, it sets him free
He's finally relieved 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 her 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?
Any more out there?
Yea eee yea
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?
Any more out there?
In the weirdest way it sets him free
He's finally relieved you and me
Joe and his electric, Joe and his electric
Joe and his electrical chair

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