

# Blues Traveler, Psycho Joe

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 tabloids  
Because they couldn't get an interview

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Any more out there?

You've got your heroes  
Caesars 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

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