Whipping Boy

Elton John

You're cruel, you do You do, you do me wrong You hurt me, you flirt with Any old face that comes along

But I won't be your whipping boy No I won't be your whipping boy Break me like a little toy Run me till my feet are sore But I won't be your whipping boy

You're wild, you're sly
What you done to me
I was thirty, I look like fifty
But I feel like sixty three

It's this illegal kind of loving
That keeps my motor running
From the start to the finish line
It's a trashy kind of me that likes to believe
That I'm still trying, I'm still trying
I'm still trying, yes I'm trying

You're dirty, but you're worth it
But you're way, you're way too young
I could do time if they found out
Look out, San Quentin here I come