

Whipping Post

Pat Travers

I been run down, I been lied to,
I don't know why I let that mean woman make me a fool.
She took all my money, wrecked my new car.
Now shes with one of my good time buddies,
They're drinkin' in some crosstown bar
Sometimes I feel, sometimes I feel
Like I been tied to the whipping post
Tied to the whipping post
Tied to the whipping post
Good lord, I feel like I'm dyin'

My friends tell me, that I've been such a fool
And I have to stand by and take it baby, all for lovin' you
Drown myself in sorrow, and I look at what you've down
But nothin' seems to change, the bad times stay the same
And I can't run

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