

Dropline **"Whipping Boy"**

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Sometimes the music fades
Sometimes we understand the trouble
Sometimes the memory
Means more to you than me
Sometimes the memory's enough

Well I was your whippin' boy
And I shot the Sultan leadin' Troy
Show me the ins and outs
I'll show the world it's doubts
Sometimes the doubt in me's enough

Whatever torture, whatever pain
Whatever hurt you think that I have made
Is there nothin'
We can't see or can't convince ourselves?

Somethin' that you ignored
God must've came in through the alley

Called me the ox for days
By now it's your mistake
Sometime's the tragedy's enough

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Whatever hurt you think that I have made
Is there nothin'
We can't see or can't convince ourselves?

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