

## Pat Travers

### "Whipping Post"

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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 she's with one of my goodtime 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 youve down.  
But nothin seems to change, the bad times stay the  
same,  
And I can't run.

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Good lord, I feel like I'm dyin.

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