

Allman Brors "Whipping Post"

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I been run down
Lord, I been lied to
And I don't know why
I let that mean woman make out a fool
She took all my money
Wrecked my new car
Now she's with one of my good-time buddies,
Drinkin' in some cross-town bar
Sometimes I feel
Sometimes I feel
Like I been
Tied to the whippin' post
Tied to the whippin' post
Good Lord, I feel like I'm dyin'
My friends tell me

That I been such a fool
But I got to stand there an' take it
All for loving you
Drown myself in sorrow
As I look at what you done
Nothin' seems to change;
That bad times stay the same,
And I can't run
Sometimes I feel
Sometimes I feel
Like I been
Tied to the whippin' post
Tied to the whippin' post
Good Lord, I feel like I'm dyin'

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