Tom Cochrane "Whipping Boy"

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There is always some excuse For your air of sad abuse But when the table's turned Holding it out don't you ever learn

CHORUS:

I won't be a whipping boy
I won't get down on my knees
I won't be your whipping boy
You won't hang that tag on me

I have read this book before
Tell it all to some tired stranger
I have no more cheeks to turn
I won't trade it all for your taste for danger
Thought you'd take just what you please
Come back for more when you want it
The price is high these dice are loaded
I'll never pay for the same goods twice

(CHORUS)

Your schemes
Lie battered on the ground
It's your turn
Now I've turned it all around
When I needed you
You were nowhere to be found
Where are you now
Where are you now

There is always the same excuse For this air of sad abuse And now the table's turned It's too late now to say you've learned

I...I won't be your whipping boy And I'm back up off my knees I...I won't be your whipping boy It took so long to break free I...I won't be your whipping boy And I'm back up off my knees I...I won't be your whipping boy You won't hang that tag on me I...I won't be your whipping boy And I'm back up off my knees I...I won't be your whipping boy You won't hang that tag on me

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