

# Whipping Post

Frank Zappa

I been run down  
Lord, and I been lied to  
And I don't know why  
I let that mean woman make me out a fool

She took all my money  
And wrecked my new car  
And 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, tied to the whippin' post  
Good Lord, I feel like I'm dyin'

My friends tell me  
That I been such a fool  
I have to stand back an' take it, girl  
All for loving you

I drown myself in sorrow  
As I look at what you've done  
But 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, tied to the whippin' post  
Oh, good Lord, I feel like I'm dyin'

Sometimes times I feel, sometimes I feel  
Like I been tied to the whippin' post  
Tied to the whippin' post, tied to the whippin' post  
Good Lord, ooh, oh, Lord Lord Lord  
You know sometime, I try to believe  
There just ain't no such thing as dyin'