

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'