Whipping Post

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I've been run down and I've been lied to.
And I don't know why, I let that mean woman make me a fool.
She took all my money, wrecks my new car.
Now she's with one of my good time buddies,
They're 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've been such a fool.
But I had to stand by and take it baby, all for lovin' you.
Drown myself in sorrow as I look at what you've done.
But nothing seemed to change, the bad times stayed the same,
And I can't run.

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