

Whipping Boy

Elton John

Ooh, you're cruel, ooh, you do
Ooh, you do, you do me wrong
Ooh, you hurt me, ooh you flirt with
Any old face that comes along I won't be your whipping boy
No, I won't be your whipping boy
Break me like a little toy, run me till my feet are sore
But I won't be your whipping boy Ooh, you're wild, ooh, you're sly
What you done to me
I was thirty, I look like fifty
Ooh, but I feel like sixty three No, I won't be your whipping boy
I won't be your whipping boy
Break me like a little toy, run me till my feet are sore
But I won't be your whipping boy It's this illegal kind of loving that keeps my motor running
From the start to the finish line
It's a trashy kind of me that likes to believe
That I'm still trying, I'm still trying
I'm still trying, yes, I'm trying Ooh, you're dirty, but you're worth it
But you're way, you're way too young
I could do time if they found out
Look out, San Quentin here I come But I won't be your whipping boy
I won't be your whipping boy
Break me like a little toy, run me till my feet are sore
But I won't be your whipping boy I won't be your whipping boy
I won't be your whipping boy
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