

# Fiction

## Whipping Boy

Done with drinking, thinking, fighting  
I've sat down and washed out greed  
Turned on shyness, conquered weakness  
Out of kindness some say need

Hear me, I can't find a place where I belong  
Hear me, never give much thought to what went wrong  
I can't control myself  
I can't control myself

No more songs for swinging lovers  
Streams of whisky over me  
U.C. BJORLING be my teacher  
Dress me down like Kid Chelene

Bleed me, there must be more to life than this  
Bleed me, I can't recall the things I miss  
I can't control myself  
I can't control myself

God knows that I'm only trying  
Only trying to please me  
Not for me your idol worship  
Not for me your games of greed

Forgive me, I can't find a line to fit this song  
Forgive me, I'm not a friend who lasts for long

I can't control myself  
I can't control myself  
I can't control myself  
I can't control myself

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