Whipping Boy

Dropline

Sometimes the music fades
Sometimes we understand the trouble
Sometimes the memory
Means more to you than me
Sometimes the memory's enoughWell I was your whippin' boy
And I shot the Sultan leadin' Troy
Show me the ins and outs
I'll show the world it's doubts
Sometimes the doubt in me's enoughWhatever torture, whatever pain
Whatever hurt you think that I have made
Is there nothin'
We can't see or can't convince ourselves?Somethin' that you ignored
God must've came in through the alley
Called me the ox for days
By now it's your mistake
Sometime's the tragedy's enoughWhatever torture, whatever pain
Whatever hurt you think that I have made
Is there nothin'
We can't see or can't convince ourselves?Sometimes the music fades
Sometimes we understand the trouble
Sometimes the memory
Means more to you than me
Sometimes the memory's enoughSometimes the memory's enough

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