

Whipping boy

Red Rider

There is always some excuse
For your air of sad abuse
But when the table's turned
Holding it out, don't you ever learn?

I won't be a whipping boy
I won't get down on my knees
I won't be your whipping boy
You won't hang that tag on me

I have read this book before
Tell it all to some tired stranger
I have no more cheeks to turn
I won't trade it all for your taste for danger

Thought you'd take just what you please
Come back for more when you want it
The price is high, these dice are loaded
I'll never pay for the same goods twice

I won't be a whipping boy
I won't get down on my knees
I won't be your whipping boy
You won't hang that tag on me

Your schemes lie battered on the ground
It's your turn, now I've turned it all around
When I needed you, you were nowhere to be found
Where are you now? Where are you now?

There is always the same excuse
For this air of sad abuse
And now the table's turned
It's too late now to say you've learned

I, I won't be your whipping boy
And I'm back up off my knees
I, I won't be your whipping boy
It took so long to break free

I, I won't be your whipping boy
And I'm back up off my knees
I, I won't be your whipping boy
You won't hang that tag on me

I, I won't be your whipping boy
And I'm back up off my knees
I, I won't be your whipping boy
You won't hang that tag on me