

Whipping Boy, Fiction

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

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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

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