

Elton John, Whipping Boy

You're cruel, you do
You do, you do me wrong
You hurt me, you flirt with
Any old face that comes along

But 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

You're wild, you're sly
What you done to me
I was thirty, I look like fifty
But I feel like sixty three

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

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