

# The Boxer

## Coleske

A bruised full moon play fights with the stars  
This place is our prison, its cells are the bars  
So take me to town, I wanna dance with the city  
Show me something ugly and show me something pretty  
Damn, this place makes a boy out of me  
The ring meets my face by the count of three  
An unwanted sun pulls rank in the sky  
The boxer isn't finished, he's not ready to die  
I'm attracted to the light, I'm attracted to the heat  
It's a violent night, there are boxers in the street  
Damn, this place makes a boy out of me  
The ring meets my face by the count of three  
And damn this place makes a boy out of me  
The ring meets my face, I'm a fallen oak tree  
Dazed in the final count, dazed in the final count  
Dazed in the final count, dazed in the final count

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