

The Boxer

Lee Dewyze

I am just a poor boy though my story's seldom told
I've squandered my resistance
For a pocketful of mumbles
Such are promises
All lies and jest
Still the man hears what he wants to hear
And disregards the rest
When I left my home and my family
I was no more than a boy
In the company of strangers
In the quiet of the railway station, runnin' scared
Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters
Where the ragged people go
Looking for the places only they would know
Li la li
Li la la la, li la li
Li la li
Li la la la, li la li
La la la la, li
Asking only workman's wages
I come lookin' for a job but I get no offers
Just a come on from the whores on Seventh Avenue
I do declare, there were times when I was so lonesome
I took some comfort there
La la la la la la la
Li la li
Li la la la, li la li
Li la li
Li la la la, li la li
La la la la, li
And I'm laying out my winter clothes
And wishing I was gone, goin' home
Where the New York City winters aren't bleedin' me
Leadin' me goin' home
In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade
And he carries the reminders
Of every glove that laid him down or cut him
'Til he cried out in his anger and his shame
I am leaving, I am leaving, but the fighter still remains

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