

# Boxers

## Morrissey

Losing in front of your home crowd  
You wish the ground  
Would open up and take you down  
And will time never pass?  
Will time never pass for us?  
Your weary wife is walking away  
Your nephew is true  
Well, he thinks the world of you  
And I have to close my eyes  
Losing in front of your home town  
The crowd call your name  
They love you all the same  
The sound, the smell, and the spray  
You will take them all away  
And they'll stay till the grave

Your weary wife is walking away  
Your nephew, is true  
Well, he thinks the world of you  
And I have to close my eyes  
Losing in your home town  
Hell is the bell  
That will not ring again  
You will return one day  
Because of all the things that you see  
When your eyes close  
Your weary wife, walking away  
Your nephew, it's true  
He still thinks the world of you  
And I have to dry my eyes, oh

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