

# 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  
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  
Li la la la la, li la li  
Li la li  
Li la la la, li la li

La la la la, liLi la la la, li la li

Li la li

Li la la la, li la li

La la la la, li

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