

The Boxer

Emmylou Harris

I am just a poor boy though my story's seldom told
I have squandered my existence
On a pocket full of mumbles such are promises
All lies in jest, till a man hears what he wants to hear
And disregards the rest Well, 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, layin' low, seeking out the poor quarters
Where the ragged people go looking for the places
Only they would know Li la li
Li la li
Li la li
...Only seeking workman's wages
I come looking 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 In a-laying out my winter clothes
And wishing I was home, going home
Where the New York City winters
Aren't a-bleeding me, bleeding me
Going home Da da da
Da da da
Da da da
...In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade
And he carries the reminders
Of every bloke that laid him down or cleft him
Till 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 li
Li la li
...

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