The Boxer

Waylon Jennings

Well I am just a poor boy, though my story's seldom told
I have squandered my resistance
For a pocketful of mumbles, such are promises
All lies and just
Still a 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 a railway station, runnin' scared
Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters
Where the ragged people go
Lookin' for the places, only they would know
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
Then I'm laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was gone
Going home, where the New York City winters aren't bleedin' me
Leadin' me, to 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
"Well I am leaving, I am leaving"
But the fighter still remains, it still remains

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