

# The Boxer

## Mumford & Sons

(original by Simon & Garfunkel)

I am just a poor boy  
Though my story seldom told  
I squandered my resistance  
For a pocket full of mumbles such are promises  
All lies and jests  
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 the railway stations running scared  
Laying low seeking out the poor quarters  
Where the ragged people go  
Looking for the places  
  
Only they would know  
Asking only 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  
Then I'm laying down my winter clothes  
And wishing I was home going home  
Where the New York City winters  
Are bleeding me, bleeding me going home  
In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade  
And he carries the reminder of every glove that laid him down  
And cut him till he cried out in his anger and his shame  
I am leaving I am leaving but the fighter still remains

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>