

# Bus Stop Boxer

## Eels

I don't miss where I came from  
But each night I dream about being back home  
When I wake up in the morning  
I'm too tired  
And tired of being alone So I get up and go downtown  
And pick me out a little piece of ground  
Where I can prove something to the world  
I can prove something to the world Don't look at me  
I'm the bus stop boxer Daddy put us in the truck and  
Dropped us off and said good luck  
Then one lucky kid waiting for the bus  
Made a winner out of one of us Don't look at me  
I'm the bus stop boxer Going down to the railroad tracks  
Where people know that they better not relax  
I'm the man  
Baby I am the man  
This is where I can make you understand

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