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 aloneSo 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 worldDon't look at me
I'm the bus stop boxerDaddy 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 usDon't look at me
I'm the bus stop boxerGoing 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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