

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

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