

The Boxer

Me First and The Gimme Gimmes

[Originally by Simon & Garfunkel]

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 jest, still the man hears what he wants to hear

And disregards the rest When I left my home and family

I was no more than a boy

In the company of strangers

In the quiet of the railway station, running scared Laying low seeking out the poorer quarters where the ragged
people go

Looking for the places only they would know La la li

La la la li la li

La la li

La la la la la li la la la li Asking only workman's wages I come looking for a job

But I get no offers

Just a come-on from some bitch

On Seventh Avenue I do declare there were times when I was so lonesome

I took some comfort there, la la la la la la [repeat chorus] And I'm laying out my winter clothes and wishing I
was gone

Going home

Where the New York City winters aren't bleeding me

Leading me going 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

I am leaving, I am leaving

But the fighter still remains

La la la la la la la la li [repeat chorus twice] Yeay! Yeay! Yeay! Ow!

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