

The Boxer

C. J. Johnson

A bruised full moon play fights with the stars
This place is our prison, its cells are the bars
So take me to town, I wanna dance with the city

Show me something ugly and show me something pretty
Damn, this place makes a boy out of me
The ring meets my face by the count of three

An unwanted sun pulls rank in the sky

The boxer isn't finished, he's not ready to die

I'm attracted to the light, I'm attracted to the heat

It's a violent night, there are boxers in the street
Damn, this place makes a boy out of me
The ring meets my face by the count of three

And damn this place makes a boy out of me

The ring meets my face, I'm a fallen oak tree
Dazed in the final count, dazed in the final count
Dazed in the final count, dazed in the final count

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