The Boxer

Editors

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 prettyDamn, this place makes a boy out of me
The ring meets my face by the count of threeAn 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 streetDamn, 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 treeDazed in the final count, dazed in the final count
Dazed in the final count, dazed in the final count

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