

# The Boxer (feat Jerry Douglas & Paul Simon)

## Mumford & Sons

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 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 station  
Running scared  
Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters  
Where the ragged people go  
Looking for the places only they would know  
Lie la lie...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  
Lie la lie...Then 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 till he cried out  
In his anger and his shame  
"I am leaving, I am leaving"  
But the fighter still remains  
Lie la lie

Songwriters

SIMON, PAUL  
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