

The Boxer

Ben Howard

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 a man hears what he wants to hear
And disregards the rest, hmmmm

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, runnin' scared, laying low
Seeking out the poorer quarters, where the ragged people go
Looking for the places only they would know

Lie la lie, lie la lie la lie la lie
Lie la lie, lie la lie la lie la lie, la la lie la lie

Asking only workman's wages, I come lookin' for a job
But I get no offers
Just a come-on from the whores on 7th Avenue
I do declare, there were times when I was so lonesome
I took some comfort there

Now the years are rolling by me
They are rockin' evenly
I am older than I once was
And younger than I'll be; that's not unusual
Nor is it strange
After changes upon changes
We are more or less the same
After changes we are more or less the same

Lie la lie, lie la lie la lie la lie
Lie la lie, lie la lie la lie la lie, la la lie la lie

And I'm laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was gone
Goin' home
Where the New York City winters aren't bleedin' me, leadin' me
Goin' 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

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