

# The Boxer

Matt Simons

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

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, 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 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  
La-la-la-la-la-la-la  
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

Then I'm laying out my winter clothes  
Wishing I was gone  
Going home  
Where the New York City winters aren't bleeding me  
Leading me  
To 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"  
So the fighter still remains, still remains  
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  
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