

The Boxer

Waylon Jennings

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.

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 some times when I was so lonesome
And I took some comfort there.

In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade
And he carries the reminders of every glove that laid him down
And cut him till he cried out in his anger and his shame
I am leaving, I am leaving but the fighter still remains...