

# The Boxer

## Chorus

Lie-la-lie

Lie-la-lie la lie-la-lie

Lie la lie

Lie-la-lie la la la lie la la la lie

I am just a poor boy, though my story's seldom told  
I have squandered my resistance for a pocket full of mumbles, such are promises  
All lies in jest, 'till the man hears what he wants to hear, and disregards the rest  
la la la la la la la la la

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

## Chorus

Asking only workman's wages, I come looking 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. La la la la la la la la la

## Chorus

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

## 18 Bar Instrumental

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

## Chorus