

# The Boxer

I AM JUST A POOR  
BOY THOUGH MY STORY'S  
SELDOM TOLD I HAVE SQUAN-  
DERED MY RESISTANCE FOR A POCK-  
ETFUL OF MUMBLES SUCH ARE PROMISES  
JEST STILL A MAN HEARS WHAT HE WANTS  
DISREGARDS THE REST WHEN I LEFT MY  
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-LIE- LIE-LIE-LIE  
LIE-LA-LIE LIE-LA-LIE-LIE-LIE-LIE, LIE-LIE-LIE-LIE-LIE ASKING ONLY WORK-  
MAN'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 LIE-LA-LIE LIE-LA-LIE-LIE-LIE-LIE-LIE LIE-LA-LIE  
LIE-LA-LIE-LIE-LIE-LIE-LIE, LIE-LIE-LIE-LIE-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  
ANGER AND HIS SHAME "I AM LEAVING, I AM  
BUT THE FIGHTER STILL REMAINS  
LIE-LA-LIE-LIE- LIE-LIE- LIE LIE-LA-LIE  
LIE-LIE-LIE-LIE, LIE-LIE-LIE-LIE-LIE  
LIE-LA-LIE- LIE-LIE-LIE-LIE  
LIE-LA-LIE LIE-LA-LIE-LIE-LIE-  
LIE-LIE, LIE-LIE-LIE- LIE  
I LOVE YOU

ALL LIES AND  
TO HEAR AND  
HOME AND MY FAMILY  
LIE-LA-LIE  
LIE-LA-LIE-  
LEAVING"  
LIE-LA-LIE  
LIE-LA-LIE-

