

# The Boxer

Editors

A bruised full moon  
Play fights with the stars,  
This Place is our prison,  
it's cells are the bars  
So take me to town  
I wanna dance with the city  
Show me something ugly,  
Show me something pretty

Damn this place  
makes a boy out of me  
The ring meets my face  
by the count of three!

An Unwanted sun  
pulls rank in the sky  
The Boxer isn't finished  
He's not ready to die  
I'm attracted to the light  
I'm attracted to the heat  
It's a violent night  
There are boxers in the street

Damn this place  
makes a boy out of me  
The ring meets my face  
by the count of three!

And damn this place  
makes a boy out of me  
The ring meets my Face  
before an oak tree

Dazed in the final rounds  
Dazed in the final rounds  
Dazed in the final rounds  
Dazed in the final rounds