

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