

Bus Stop Boxer

Eels

I don't miss where i came from
But each night i dream about being back home
When i wake up in the morning
I'm too tired
And tired of being alone

So i get up and go downtown
And pick me out a little piece of ground
Where i can prove something to the world
I can prove something to the world

Don't look at me
I'm the bus stop boxer

Daddy put us in the truck and
Dropped us off and said good luck
Then one lucky kid waiting for the bus
Made a winner out of one of us

Don't look at me
I'm the bus stop boxer

Going down to the railroad tracks
Where people know that they better not relax
I'm the man
Baby i am the man
This is where i can make you understand