

The Boxer

Me First and the Gimme Gimmes

I am just a poor boy though my story's seldom told
I have squandered my resistance
For a pocketful of mumbles
Such are promises

All lies and jest, still the man hears what he wants to hear
And disregards the rest

When I left my home and 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

La la li
La la la la li la li
La la li
La la la la la la li la la la li

Asking only workman's wages I come looking for a job
But I get no offers
Just a come-on from some bitch
On Seventh Avenue

I do declare there were times when I was so lonesome
I took some comfort there, la la la la la la

And 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

'til he cried out in his anger and his shame
I am leaving, I am leaving
But the fighter still remains
La la la la la la la la li

Yeay! Yeay! Yeay! Ow!