

The Boxer

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I am just a poor boy Though my story's seldom told I have squandered my resistance For a pocket full of mumbles such are promises All lies and jests Still a man hears what he wants to hear And disregards the rest

When I left my home and my 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

Lie la lie ...

Asking only workman's wages I come looking for a job But I get no offers, Just a come-on from the whores on Seventh Avenue I do declare, there were times when I was so lonesome I took some comfort there

Lie la 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 Bleeding me, going home

In the clearing stands a boxer And a fighter by his trade And he carries the reminders Of ev'ry glove that layed him down Or cut him till he cried out In his anger and his shame "I am leaving, I am leaving" But the fighter still remains

Lie la lie ...