



B9 – The boxer

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 jest, 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 a 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 Lie la lie Lie la lie Lie la lie 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 Lie la lie.

(Instrumentaal)

Lie la lie Lie la lie Lie la lie Lie la lie 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;
leading me, going home.

In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade
and he carries a reminder of ev'ry glove that laid 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 Lie la lie Lie la lie Lie la lie Lie la lie
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(etc.)