The Boxer

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 a man hears what he wants to hear
And disregards the rest, hmm

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 Runnin' 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 la lie la lie

Asking only workman's wages
I come lookin' for a job but I get no offers
Just a come-on from the whores on 7th Avenue
I do declare, there were times when I was so lonesome
I took some comfort there, la la la la la la la

Melodie Harp

Lie la lie, lie la lie la lie la lie

And I'm laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was gone
Goin' 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 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 la lie la lie