The Boxer (feat. Mumford & Sons & Paul Simon)

Jerry Douglas

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 in 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 the railway station
Runnin' scared
Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters
Where the ragged people go
Lookin' for the places only they would know
Well lie-la-lie
Lie-la-la-lie lie-la-lie
Lie-la-lie
Lie-la-la-lie lie-la-lie
Lie-la-la-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 Seventh Avenue
I do declare, there were times when I was so lonesome
I took some comfort there
And I'm laying out my winter clothes
And wishing I was gone
Goin' home
Where the New York City winters aren't bleedin' me
Leadin' me, goin' home
Well lie-la-la-la-la-lie
Lie-lie-la-la
La-la-la-lie
La-la-la-la
In the clearing stands a boxer
And a fighter by his trade
And he carries the reminders
Of every glove that laid him down

And cut him 'til he cried out
In his anger and his shame
"I am leaving, I am leaving"
But the fighter still remains
Well lie-la-lie
Lie-la-la-lie, la-la-lie
Lie-la-lie
Lie-la-la-lie, la-la-lie
Lie-la-la-la-lie
Lie-la-la-lie, la-la-lie
Lie-la-lie
Lie-la-la-lie, la-la-lie
Lie-la-la-lie
Lie-la-la-lie, la-la-lie
Lie-la-lie
Lie-la-la-lie, la-la-lie
Lie-la-la-la-lie

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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