

## Waylon Jennings "Boxer"

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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 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  
[ steel ]  
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 some times when I was so  
lonesome  
And I took some comfort there  
[ guitar - steel ]  
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 till he cried out in his anger and his shame  
I am leaving I am leaving but the fighter still remains

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