

Ben Folds Five

"Boxing"

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Howard, the strangest things
Have happened lately when I
Take a good swing at all my dreams
They pivot and slip
I drop my fists and they're back
Laughing
Howard,

My intention's become
Not to lose what I've won
Ambition has given way to
Desperation and I
Lost the fight for my eyes

CHORUS

Boxing's been good to me, Howard
Now I'm told, "you're growing old"
The whole time we knew
A couple of years I'd be through
Has boxing been good to you?

Howard, now I confess
I'm scared and lonely and tired
They seem to think I'm made of clay
Another day
I'm not cut out for this
I just know what to say
I say

CHORUS

Well sometimes I punch myself
Hard as I can, yelling
"Nobody cares"
Hoping some one will tell me
How wrong I am
Howard,

CHORUS

Boxing's been good to me Howard
Now I'm told
"you're growing old"

The whole time you knew
A couple of years
I'd be through
Has boxing been good. . .
Has boxing been good. . .
Has boxing been good?

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