

Editors "The Boxer"

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A bruised full moon play fights with the stars,
This place is our prison, it's cells are the bars.
So take me to town, I want to dance with the city,
Show me something ugly and show me something
pretty.

Damn this place, makes a boy out of me,
The ring meets my face by the count of three

An unwanted son pulls rank in the sky,
The boxer isn't finished, he's not ready to die,
I'm attracted to the light, I am attracted to the heat
It's a violent night, there are boxers in the streets.

Damn this place, makes a boy out of me,
The rain meets my face by the count of three.
Damn this place, makes a boy out of me,
The rain meets my face, I'm a fallen oak tree

Dazed in the final count,
Dazed in the final count,
Dazed in the final count,
Dazed in the final count.

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