

## Lee Brice

### "The Boxer"

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I am just a poor boy  
Though my story's seldom told  
I have squandered my resistance  
For a pocket full 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

Lie la lie...

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 times when I was so lonesome  
I took some comfort there

Lie la lie...

Then I'm laying out my winter clothes  
And wishing I was gone  
Going home  
Where the New York City winters aren't bleeding me  
Bleeding me, going home

In the clearing stands a boxer  
And a fighter by his trade  
And he carries the reminders  
Of ev'ry glove that layed 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

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