

Colin Linden **"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 pocketful of mumbles,

Such are promises

All lies and 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,

Running scared,

Laying low,

Seeking out the poorer quarters

Where the ragged people go,

Looking for the places

Only they would know.

CHORUS

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.

CHORUS

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,

Leading 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 laid 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

CHORUS

