

## **Intolerable Cruelty Movie**

### **"The Boxer"**

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I have squandered my resistance  
For a pocketful of mumbles,  
Such are ppromises  
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

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