

# The Boxer (feat. Mumford & Sons & Paul Simon)

Jerry Douglas

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 in 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  
Runnin' scared  
Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters  
Where the ragged people go  
Lookin' for the places only they would know  
Well lie-la-lie  
Lie-la-la-lie lie-la-lie  
Lie-la-lie  
Lie-la-la-lie lie-la-lie  
Lie-la-la-la-lie  
Asking only workman's wages  
I come lookin' 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  
And I'm laying out my winter clothes  
And wishing I was gone  
Goin' home  
Where the New York City winters aren't bleedin' me  
Leadin' me, goin' home  
Well lie-la-la-la-la-lie  
Lie-lie-la-la  
La-la-la-lie  
La-la-la-la  
In the clearing stands a boxer  
And a fighter by his trade  
And he carries the reminders  
Of every glove that laid him down

And cut him 'til he cried out  
In his anger and his shame  
"I am leaving, I am leaving"  
But the fighter still remains

Well lie-la-lie  
Lie-la-la-lie, la-la-lie  
Lie-la-lie  
Lie-la-la-lie, la-la-lie  
Lie-la-la-la-lie  
Lie-la-la-lie, la-la-lie  
Lie-la-lie  
Lie-la-la-lie, la-la-lie  
Lie-la-la-lie  
Lie-la-la-lie, la-la-lie  
Lie-la-lie  
Lie-la-la-lie, la-la-lie  
Lie-la-la-la-lie

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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