

# The Boxer

Emmylou Harris

I am just a poor boy though my story's seldom told  
I have squandered my existence  
On a pocket full of mumbles such are promises  
All lies in jest, till a man hears what he wants to hear  
And disregards the rest Well, 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, layin' low, seeking out the poor quarters  
Where the ragged people go looking for the places  
Only they would know Li la li  
Li la li  
Li la li

...

Only seeking 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 In a-laying out my winter clothes  
And wishing I was home, going home  
Where the New York City winters  
Aren't a-bleeding me, bleeding me  
Going home Da da da  
Da da da  
Da da da

...

In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade  
And he carries the reminders  
Of every bloke that laid him down or cleft him  
Till he cried out in his anger and his shame  
I am leaving, I am leaving but the fighter still remains Li la li  
Li la li  
Li la li

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

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>