

Bette Midler, Boxing

Howard, the strangest things
have happened lately when I
take a good swing
and all my dreams
they pivot and slip.
I drop my fists
and they're back, laughing.

Howard, my intentions
become not to lose what I've won.
Ambition has given way
to desperation and I,
I've lost the fight from my eyes.

Boxing's been good to me, Howard.
Now I'm told,
"You're growing old."
The whole time we knew
a couple of years I'd be through.
Has boxing been good to you?

Howard, now I confess
I'm scared and lonely and tired.
Everyone says I'm made of clay,
that I've had my day,
that I'm not cut out for this.
I just know what to say.
And I say,

boxing's been good to me, Howard.
Now I'm told,
"You're growing old."
The whole time we knew
a couple of years I'd be through.
Has boxing been good to you?

Well, sometimes I punch myself
hard as I can.
Yelling, "nobody cares!"
hoping someone will tell me how wrong I am,
Howard.

Boxing's been good to me, Howard.
Now I'm told,
"You're growing old."
The whole time we knew
a couple of years I'd be through.
Has boxing been good,
has boxing been good,
has boxing been good?