

Bob Dylan, The Boxer

I'm just a poor boy
Though my story's seldom told
I have squandered my resistance
For a pocketful of numbles
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 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.

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.

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 every glove that laid him down
And cut him till he cried out
In his anger and his shame
"I am leaving, I am leaving"
But the fighter still remains.