

# 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.