

Henson Cargill, Boxer

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 and jest
Still a man hears what he wants to hear and disregards the rest

When I left home and my 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
Lai la lai la la lai...

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
[banjo]
Now 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
[guitar]
Lai la lai la la lai...

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 danger and his shame
I am leaving I am leaving but the fighter still remains
Lai la lai la la lai...