

# Me First And The Gimme Gimmes, The 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 the 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

La la li  
La la la la li la li  
La la li  
La la la la la li la la la li

Asking only workman's wages I come looking for a job  
But I get no offers  
Just a come-on from some bitch  
On Seventh Avenue

I do declare there were times when I was so lonesome  
I took some comfort there, la la la la la la

(repeat chorus)

And 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 or cut him

'til he cried out in his anger and his shame  
I am leaving, I am leaving  
But the fighter still remains  
La la la la la la la la li

(repeat chorus twice)

Yeay! Yeay! Yeay! Ow!