The Boxer - Song by Simon & Garfunkel

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 la la lie – la la la lie

When I left my 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

Lie-la-lie - Lie-la-lie-lie-lie-lie-lie -Lie-la-lie

Asking only workman's wages, I come looking for a job but I get no offers
Just a come-on from the whores on 7th Avenue
I do declare, there were times when I was so lonesome
I took some comfort there, la-la-la-la-la-la-la

Lie-la-lie - Lie-la-lie-lie-lie-lie-lie Lie-la-lie
Lie-la-lie-lie-lie-lie-lie, lie-lie-lie-lie-lie

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
Or cut him till he cried out in his anger and his shame
"I am leaving, I am leaving" but the fighter still remains

Lie-la-lie - Lie-la-lie-lie-lie-lie-lie Lie-la-lie
Lie-la-lie-lie-lie-lie-lie, lie-lie-lie-lie-lie