

I am just a

Though my 's seldom told,

I have squandered resistance

for aful of mumbles,

such are promises

all lies and jest.

Still, a man what he wants to hear

and disregards the rest.

When I left and my

I was no more than a boy

in the company of

in the quiet of the station,

running scared,

laying

seeking out the poorer quarters

where the ragged go,

looking for the places

only they would

Lie-la-lie...

Asking workman's wages

I come

but I get no offers,

just a come-on from the whores

on Seventh Avenue.

I do declare

there were when I was so lonesome

I took some comfort

Lie-la-lie...

Then I'm laying out my

and wishing I was gone,

going where the New York City winters

aren't bleeding me,

leading me,

going home.

In the clearing stands a boxer,

and a by his trade

and he carries the reminders

of glove that laid him down

and cut him till he cried out

in his and his shame,

„I am leaving, I am leaving.“

But the fighter still remains.

Lie-la-lie...

nevertheless

waste health

sayings

joke

forget

frightened

look for

worn out

seeking

usually

salary

prostitutes

say, admit

relief

space between buildings

commerce

souvenirs

to protect hands

until

stay

