

Ben Folds, Boxing

Howard,
the strangest things
have happened lately when I
take a good swing
at all my dreams, they
pivot and slip
I drop my fists and they're back,
laughing
Howard,
my intention's become
not to lose what I've won
ambition has given way
to desperation and I
lost the fight from my eyes

boxing's been good to me, Howard
now I'm told,
"you're growing old"
the whole time we knew
a couple of years I'd be through
has boxing been good to you?

Howard,
now I confess
I'm scared
and lonely and tired
they seem to think
I'm made of clay, a-
nother day,
I'm not cut out for this
I just know what to say, I say:

boxing's been good to me, Howard
now I'm told,
"you're growing old"
the whole time we knew
a couple of years I'd be through
has boxing been good to you?

well, sometimes I punch myself hard as I can
yelling, "nobody cares!"
hoping someone will tell me how
wrong I am
no

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now I'm told,
"you're growing old"
the whole time you knew
a couple of years I'd be through

has boxing been good?
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