

I'm The Man From The Underground

Dostoevsky was right, he quiets withers and might
Once you hit him, with nice
Best you'll never be right
For the better of me I must be light
See partners few and little in spite
Of my great desire for sight
I must return to plight
In my cave of healthy delights
I am too weak to fight
Not mentally or in strife
But my insides are slight
My outsides can fight
I box, I'm quick, I never quit
But some I ought miss for my self betterment