

The Boxer

Simon and Garfunkel

[C] I am just a poor boy though my story's seldom [Am] told
I have [G] squandered my resistance
For a [G7] pocket full of mumbles such are [C] promises
[Am/C] All lies and jests still a [G] man hears what he [F] wants to hear
And disregards the [C] rest Hm[G7]mmmm

When I [C] left my home and my family I was no more than a [Am] boy
In the [G] company of strangers
In the [G7] quiet of the railway station [C] running scared
[Am/C] Laying low seeking [G] out the poorer [F] quarters
Where the ragged people [C] go
Looking [G7] for the places [F] only they would [C] know

Lie la [Am/C] lie Lie la [Em] lie lie lie lie lie Lie la [Am/C] lie la lie [G7] lie lie [C]
[C] Asking only workman's wages I come looking for a [Am] job
But I get no [G] offers,
Just a [G7] come-on from the whores on Seventh [C] Avenue
[Am/C] I do declare there were [G] times when I was [F] so lonesome
I took some comfort [C] there
Lie la lie [G7] [F] [C]

[C] Then I'm laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was [Am] gone
Going [G] home
Where the [G7] New York City winters aren't [C] bleeding me
[Em] Bleeding me [Am] going [G] home

In the [C] clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his [Am] trade
And he [G] carries the reminders
Of [G7] ev'ry glove that laid him down or [C] cut him till he cried out
In his anger and his [Am/C] shame I am [G] leaving I am [F] leaving
But the fighter still re[C]mains mmm[G7]mmmm [F] [C]

Lie la [Am/C] lie Lie la [Em] lie lie lie lie lie Lie la [Am/C] lie la lie [G7] lie lie [C]

