

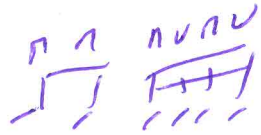
C 1/2 1/2 1/2

THE BOXER

Simon & Garfunkel

C 1/2 | C C/B | Am 1/2
 I am just a poor boy, though my story's seldom told.
 G 1/2 F 1/2
 I have squandered my resistance for a pocket full of mumbles,
 C 1/2 C C/B
 such are promises
 Am G F 1/2
 All lies and jest, still a man hears what he wants to hear
 C 1/2 1/2 1/2
 And disregards the rest

C 1/2 | C C/B | Am
 When I left my home and family, I was no more than a boy
 G 1/2 F 1/2
 In the company of strangers in the quiet of a railway station
 C 1/2 C C/B | Am 1/2 | G 1/2 | F 1/2
 Running scared, laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters.
 1/2 C
 Where the ragged people go,
 G 1/2 F 1/2 C 1/2
 Looking for the places only they would know



Am 1/2 G 1/2
 La la lie, la la lie, la la la lie,
 Am 1/2 F 1/2 G 1/2 C
 La la lie, la la lie, la la la lie, la la la la lie.

C 1/2 | C C/B | Am
 Asking only workman's wages, I come looking for a job,
 G 1/2 F 1/2 C
 But I get no offers, just a come on from the whores on 7th ave
 C C/B | Am 1/2 | G 1/2 | F 1/2 | C 1/2
 I do declare, there were times when I was so lonesome
 C
 I took some comfort there, ..

Am G
 La la lie, la la lie, la la la lie,
 Am G C (Am)
 La la lie, la la lie, la la la lie, la la la la lie.



C /%
 Then I'm laying out my winter clothes
 | C C/B | Am G /%
 And wishing I was gone, going home
 F /% C
 Where the New-York City Winters aren't bleeding me
 | C C/B | Am /% G /% C...
 Leading me, going home

C /% C C/B Am
 In the clearing stands a boxer, And a fighter by his trade,
 G /% F /%
 And he carries the reminders of ev'ry glove, That laid him down
 C | C C/B | Am
 Or cut him till he cried out, In his anger and his shame
 G F /% C | C C/B |
 I am leaving, I am leaving, But the fighter still remains

Am /% G /%
 La la lie, la la lie, la la la lie,
 Am /% F G
 La la lie, la la lie, la la la lie, la la la lie.

Am G C Am G F C G F C

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