

THE BOXER

Simon & Garfunkel

C Am
I am just a poor boy, though my story's seldom told.
G G7
I have squandered my resistance for a pocket full of mumbles,
C
such are promises
Am G F
All lies and jest, still a man hears what he wants to hear
C G C
And disregards the rest

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

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 Am
Asking only workman's wages, I come looking for a job,
G G7 C
But I get no offers, just a come on from the whores on 7th ave
Am G F
I do declare, there were times when I was so lonesome
C G C
I took some comfort there, La la lie...

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.

Then I'm laying out my winter clothes
And wising I was gone, going home
Where the New-York City Winters aren't bleeding me
Leading me, going home

In the clearing stands a boxer, And a fighter by his trade,
And he carries the reminders of ev'ry glove, That laid him down
Or cut him till he cried out, In his anger and his shame
I am leaving, I am leaving, But the fighter still remains
Lie la lie...

La la lie, la la lie, la la la lie,
La la lie, la la lie, la la la lie, la la la la lie.

Am G C Am G F C G F C