

# The Boxer

## Paul Simon

C Am  
I am just a poor boy though my story's seldom told  
G  
I have squandered my resistance  
G7 Dm7 C  
For a pocket full of mumbles, 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 my family, I was no more than a boy  
G  
In the company of strangers  
G7 Dm7 C  
In the quiet of a railway station, running scared  
Am G F  
Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters  
C  
Where the ragged people go  
G F (Em Dm7) C  
Looking for the places only they would know

(refrain)

Am G Am  
Lie la lie; Lie la lie lie lie la lie; Lie la lie;  
F G C  
lie la lie lie, lie la lie la la la lie

C Am  
Asking only workman's wages I come looking for a job  
G  
But I get no offers  
G7 Dm7 C  
Just a come-on from the whores on Seventh Avenue  
Am G F  
I do declare, there were times when I was so lonesome  
C  
I took some comfort there

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Am G Am  
Lie la lie; Lie la lie lie lie la lie; Lie la lie;  
F G C  
lie la lie lie, lie la lie la la la lie

C Am  
Then I'm laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was gone

C  
Going home

G7 Dm7 C  
Where the New York City winters aren't bleeding me

Am G F  
Leading me, going home.

C Am  
In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade

G7 Dm7 C  
And he carries a reminder o ev'ry glove that laid him down

Am G F  
Or cut him till he cried out in his anger and his shame

G F  
I am leaving, I am leaving

C G F (Em Dm7) C  
But the fighter still remains

Am G Am  
Lie la lie; Lie la lie lie lie la lie; Lie la lie;  
F G C  
lie la lie lie, lie la lie la la la lie

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A F#m  
I am just a poor boy though my story's seldom told  
E  
I have squandered my resistance  
E7 Bm7 A  
For a pocket full of mumbles, such are promises  
F#m E D  
All lies and jest, still a man hears what he wants to hear  
A E E7 Bm7 A  
And disregards the rest

A F#m  
When I left my home and my family, I was no more than a boy  
E  
In the company of strangers  
E7 Bm7 A  
In the quiet of a railway station, running scared  
F#m E D  
Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters  
A  
Where the ragged people go  
E D (C#m Bm7) A  
Looking for the places only they would know

(refrain)

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But I get no offers  
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F#m E D  
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A F#m  
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A

Going home  
E7 Bm7 A  
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F#m E D  
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A F#m  
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E7 Bm7 A  
And he carries a reminder o ev'ry glove that laid him down  
F#m E D  
Or cut him till he cried out in his anger and his shame  
E D  
I am leaving, I am leaving  
A E D (C#m Bm7) A  
But the fighter still remains

F#m E F#m  
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D E A  
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