

THE BOXER

BY PAUL SIMON

C I am just a poor boy though my story's seldom told **Am**
G
I have squandered my resistance for a pocket full of mumbles
C **Am**
Such are promises. All lies and jests
G **F** **C**
Still a man hears what he wants to hear and disregards the rest
G **F** **C**
Hmmm...hmmm

C When I left my home and my family, I was no more than a boy **Am**
G
In the company of strangers in the quiet of the railway station
C **Am**
Runnin' scared. Laying low
G **F** **C**
Seeking out the poorer quarters where the ragged people go
G **F** **C**
Lookin' for the places only they would know

Am **Em** **Am**
Lie la lie; Lie la lie lie lie la lie; Lie la lie
G **C**
Lie la lie lie; lie la lie la la lie

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

Lie la lie; Lie la lie lie lie la lie; Lie la lie
Lie la lie lie; lie la lie la
Lie la lie; Lie la lie lie lie la lie; Lie la lie
Lie la lie lie; lie la lie la la lie

And I'm laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was gone
Goin' home... where the New York City winters aren't
Bleedin' me Leadin' me...
Goin' home...

In the clearing stands a boxer, and a fighter by his trade
And he carries the reminders of every glove that laid him down
Or cut him 'Til he cried out in his anger and his shame
"I am leaving, I am leaving," but the fighter still remains
Still remains

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